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SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

HENRY R. CLEVELAND.



A

SELECTION FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

HENRY R. ^{russell}
CLEVELAND.

WITH A MEMOIR

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

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TO HIS
FATHER AND MOTHER,
THESE
MEMORIALS OF THEIR SON,
ARE AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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MEMOIR.

HENRY RUSSELL CLEVELAND was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, on the third day of October, eighteen hundred and eight. He was the second son of Richard J. Cleveland, whose enterprise and energy of character have become so widely known, by his interesting "Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises;" a work alike attractive, from the simple beauty of its style, and valuable, from the lessons of fortitude, patience, and cheerfulness, which it teaches. The maiden name of his mother was Dorcas C. Hiller. As his parents are still living, it would not be becoming to say more, than that few persons have been born and reared under influences more favorable to moral and intellectual growth, than he; and that the judicious kindness, and sympathizing intelligence, which guided his childhood and youth, were always deeply felt and warmly acknowledged by him.

He was, from his birth, a sickly child, of delicate organization, highly susceptible to new impressions, and easily moved to joy or sadness. His perceptions were quick, and he learned with ease, but discovered no particular aptitude for one branch of study, rather than another. His fancy was lively, and his sense of the harmony of numbers early developed. In the amusements and occupations of his childhood, he displayed that quiet perseverance, which was, through life, a conspicuous trait in his character. He was of a very affectionate nature, and his sensitive temperament was powerfully stimulated by praise and caresses.

The first fourteen years of his life were passed in the beautiful village in which he was born, and glided away in the usual employments and studies of that period, without any event of sufficient importance to be recorded in his biography. He was highly fortunate in his instructors. When about six years old, an academy was established in Lancaster, by his father, and a few other persons, and the valuable services of Mr. Sparks were secured as its teacher, whose pupil he became. He passed from the hands of Mr. Sparks into those of Mr. George B. Emerson, and of the late Mr. Solomon P. Miles, who occupied, in succession, the place of instructor, after Mr. Sparks. The names of these gentlemen are a sufficient assurance, that his early education was well provided for. His moral and intellectual qualities were duly appreciated by them all; and he, on his part, recalled their services, with strong

gratitude, and maintained with them, through life, the most friendly relations.

He entered Harvard College, in the autumn of 1823. He was, at that time, boyish in his appearance, and unformed in his manners, and did not, at first, attract the attention of his teachers or classmates, by the superiority of his talents or the ardor of his application. He seemed to study rather from a conscientious sense of duty, than a keen literary ambition, or a strong love of books. From the first, however, he held a respectable rank as a scholar, and his powers were rapidly unfolded, by the studies and associations of college life; and, with the development of his powers, his love of excellence, and his desire to excel, equally increased. His clear judgment, lively fancy, and almost instinctive elegance of taste, were conspicuous in his written exercises, and he showed much aptitude for the moral and political sciences, and for intellectual philosophy. For mathematics, and the exact sciences, he had little taste. In the ancient languages he attained a respectable proficiency. He mastered all the required studies of the college course well; but could hardly be called a brilliant scholar in any particular department. He constantly rose in rank, during his college life, and was one of the sixteen members of his class who were chosen into the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His part, at commencement, which was a colloquy on the standard of taste, was written with marked elegance of style. The moral dangers, to which young men are peculiarly ex-

posed during their college life, he entirely escaped. He had no bad habits to correct, and no irregularities to look back upon with regret, when he came out into the world. All the duties required of him were discharged, with conscientious fidelity. He left college with the same purity of character, and innocence of evil, with which he had entered it. His generous temper, and freedom from selfishness, had also procured him many warm friends, though his circle of acquaintances was rather limited. His manners were at that time unformed, and his habits retiring.

Immediately after being graduated, when hardly nineteen years old, he went, with two of his classmates, Professor Felton, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Mr. Sweetser, of Worcester, to Geneseo, in New York, to take charge of a seminary of education, which had just been established there, and which was called the "Livingston County High School for Boys." He engaged in the occupation of teaching, with much interest, though its duties were quite new to him, and showed a natural aptitude both for discipline and instruction. His residence at Geneseo, and the new experiences through which he there passed, had a marked effect upon his mind and character, and aided essentially in the development of his independence and self-respect. His social nature was also cultivated, in the agreeable society which was to be found in the village and its neighborhood. He learned habits of self-control, from the necessity of governing others; and the task of teaching gave

precision and accuracy to his own knowledge. The little leisure which could be gleaned from the duties of the school, was wisely and thriftily employed. The subjects to which he chiefly devoted himself, were English and Latin literature. He read the principal poets of England with critical attention, and a lively appreciation of their beauties; and he studied, with much care, various Latin authors, in prose and verse. He found something peculiarly congenial to his mind, in the majestic march of Roman genius, and in the quaint simplicity of the early English poets.

He visited Cambridge in the summer of 1828, and it was obvious to his friends there that a year's experience of the grave realities of life had begun to work a change in his manners and character, and to convert him from a boy into a man. After his return to Geneseo, in the autumn of 1828, he was severely attacked by the bilious fever common to that portion of the country, by which he was brought to the verge of the grave. His delicate constitution was severely tried by this disease, and by the excessive quantities of calomel by which it was thrown off. He was long in recovering his former tone of health, and in the opinion of many of his friends never entirely overcame the combined effects of the fever and the treatment. He returned to Cambridge early in the spring of 1829, as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of travelling.

During the next eighteen months, he resided principally in Cambridge, and this was a period of trial

and discipline, the very retrospect of which was never without some painful feeling. From the natural pleasures which belong to youth and health, he was cut off by the long-lingering effects of his illness, and the same cause prevented his engaging in any regular or engrossing occupation. The uncertainty which hung over his future career increased the depression of his spirits, and the shattered state of his nervous system sometimes betrayed itself in an irritability of manner, which was a source of more suffering to himself than to others. As soon as he was able, he resumed his studies and employed himself in teaching private pupils, but his state of health was such that he could neither teach nor study in a manner satisfactory to himself.

In the summer of 1830 he paid a visit to a friend and classmate, who was then residing in Augusta, Maine, whence he was suddenly summoned to Lancaster by an alarming accident which happened to his younger brother. The self-forgetfulness induced by the perilous state in which he found his brother, the affectionate care which his condition called forth, and the kindness and sympathy of the friends who shared in those offices of love which his illness required, all contributed to restore both body and mind to a more healthy tone.

His parents were, at that time, residing in Cuba, his father being vice-consul of the United States at Havana. Before his brother's accident, it had been arranged that he should visit Cuba in the autumn, in the hope that a change of scene, the suspension of his usual

employments, the excitement of travel, and the society of his parents would complete the restoration to his former health and spirits. Accordingly, in the month of November, accompanied by his brother, he sailed for Cuba, and passed the winter in that beautiful island. This was a period of almost unalloyed happiness. The delicious climate, the freedom from anxiety, the tranquil repose in which his hours were passed, and the delight which his affectionate nature felt in being again under his father's roof, were attended with the happiest influences upon his health and spirits. He gained strength daily, and his mind soon recovered its wonted vigor and elasticity. Part of the time was passed in making short excursions into the country, upon visits to his father's friends, by whom he was received with that liberal and elegant hospitality for which the island is justly celebrated. The scenes and events of this winter made a deep impression upon his mind, and were frequently alluded to by him in conversation to the close of his life. The splendors of tropical scenery haunted his memory to the last, and often before he left home for the last time, he spoke of the delight which he anticipated in being permitted again to see those stately and beautiful forms of vegetable life, whose images he recalled so vividly.

He had gone to Cuba, upon his father's invitation, for the purpose of restoration to health, and with no distinct views as to his future course. Like all young Americans of cultivation and taste, he had a strong desire to visit Europe, and to gather fresh

from the soil those impressions, which books can only imperfectly convey. With returning health and energy, this wish grew stronger, and he frankly opened his heart to his father, upon the subject. His father not only interposed no objection, but entered into his plan with that kindliness and sympathy which always characterized him, in his intercourse with his sons. By his generous liberality, too, all material obstacles were removed ; and his son accordingly set sail from Matanzas, for England, on the twentieth day of April, 1831, and, after a pleasant and uneventful voyage, arrived at Cowes on the ninth day of June.

He remained in England about two months. During this period, he saw most of the curious and interesting objects in London, and its immediate vicinity. He also spent a very agreeable month in travelling ; and visited, in the course of this tour, Cambridge, Sheffield, York, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Oxford, and also many of those noble baronial residences, which are so characteristic a part of the scenery and social state of England ; among them, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and Warwick Castle ; not forgetting the venerable ruins of Kenilworth, around which the hand of genius has poured so undying a light. While in England, his health seems to have been perfectly good, and his letters overflow with expressions of that delight, natural to a young, ardent, and cultivated mind, in visiting scenes, so beautiful in themselves, and hallowed by such time-honored associations.

He left London on the twelfth day of August, and arrived in Paris in four days after. Here he established himself in a quiet boarding-house, and entered upon a course of study and occupation, devoting himself, principally, to the French language, and to Latin literature. He had the happiness to find in Paris an old schoolfellow, Mr. Ralph Emerson, who was residing there, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and a warm attachment sprung up between them, which continued unabated through life. They took rooms together in a small house, occupied by a private family, in which they were the only boarders; an arrangement highly agreeable to Mr. Cleveland's quiet habits and domestic tastes.

His course of life was somewhat changed, after he had been in Paris a few weeks, by his accepting an offer which was made to him by Mr. Rives, at the time American Minister in Paris, to take the post of private Secretary, in his office. As the duties of the place were light, occupying, on an average, not more than two hours a day, and the pecuniary compensation, though proportionally moderate, was considerable to one of his economical habits, he did not hesitate to accede to the proposal, especially as the situation, by investing him with the rank of an attaché, gave him a well-defined social position, and some advantages, in the way of borrowing books from public libraries, which he could not otherwise have enjoyed. Nor did he ever have occasion to regret the step he had taken. Mr. Rives's conduct towards him, was kind, honorable, and

courteous, and he always remembered him and Mrs. Rives with warm regard, and grateful esteem. He was soon after chosen Secretary of the American Polish Committee; and, in this capacity, had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with General Lafayette.

He resided in Paris for nearly a year, industriously availing himself of the intellectual advantages which were afforded by that city, and occasionally partaking of its more refined and innocent pleasures, and entering into some of its most agreeable society. The peculiar dangers to which the virtue of youth is there exposed, he entirely avoided. It is not too much to say, that no young man ever left that city, after so long a residence, with a purer spirit, or less familiar with the thousand attractive forms which vice there assumes. He did not leave behind him, as so many do in that luxurious capital, his innocence, his peace of mind, and his self-respect. His whole course of life there might have been published to the world, without awakening a blush on his own part, or a sigh on that of his friends. This will seem no common praise to those who know what Paris is,—how vice is there stripped of all its grossness, and how all that can charm the senses and gratify the taste is employed to corrupt the heart and make shipwreck of the moral nature—and who will remember that he was at an age least fitted to resist these dangerous influences; inexperienced, remote from home, and governed by no restraints but such as were self-imposed. Such an example, too, may

be of service to others, especially to those of our young countrymen who are now, or may be hereafter, residents in that gay capital, and whose yielding virtue may be strengthened by the recollection of his temptations and his victories.

He was present in Paris when the cholera broke out there, and remained steadily at his post, during its whole continuance; and the impressive spectacle of a great city suffering under so tremendous a scourge, stamped itself deeply upon his mind, and was often recalled by him in after years. He was also a witness to the severe contest which took place between the soldiers and the mob, at the funeral of General Lamarque, in June 1832, which he describes in a lively and graphic manner, in one of his letters.

In July 1832, he left Paris and went to Geneva, spending a week in examining that city and the many memorable spots in its vicinity, which nature has made so beautiful, and association so interesting. From Geneva, he entered Italy, and passed through Milan, Venice, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, to Florence, where he arrived on the third day of September. He spent a week in Florence, and then proceeded to Rome, and in that city and in Naples he occupied several weeks, and it need hardly be added, most profitably and delightfully. His perceptions of beauty were vivid, and his knowledge of art was considerable; and in a region so beautiful by nature and so enriched by art, every faculty was called into the most animated exercise, and the highest gratifications were offered to his

taste. His knowledge of the Latin classics was an excellent preparation for a tour in Italy, and enabled him to understand as well as enjoy those memorials of the past which were revealed at every step of his progress.

He returned to Paris, by way of Marseilles, in the latter part of December, and remained in that city during the winter, engaging anew in his former studies and occupations, but not renewing his official connection with Mr. Rives. The subjects of study, to which he principally devoted himself during the whole of his residence in Paris, were, in addition to the language and literature of the country, the Latin classics, many of which were carefully and critically read by him. He returned to America in May 1833. Some of his impressions of Europe were subsequently given to the public in a series of papers, published in the *New England Magazine*, entitled "Scenes in Europe," a portion of which have been reprinted in the present volume.

By his friends, who welcomed him home, it was perceived that his residence in Europe had been productive of unqualified benefit. It had greatly improved his health, enriched his mind, and given manliness and energy to his character and ease and self-possession to his manners. On the other hand, it had had no unfavorable influence upon his moral nature, had produced no change in his views of life and duty, and had not impaired his relish for the simpler habits and less stimulating influences of his own country. He returned to his former friends

with sympathies unchanged and affections unabated, and resumed his former occupations with undiminished interest. He took lodgings in Boston, immediately on his return, and remained there until the latter part of August, without entering upon any distinct or regular employment.

In the latter part of August, he removed to Cambridge, and became attached to the College, in the situation of Proctor. During the time that he resided in Cambridge, he was diligently occupied in the prosecution of his studies and in giving private instruction ; and formed, at this time, some of the most valuable friendships of his life. Early in April, 1834, he visited Washington, and spent a short time in the principal cities through which he passed. In June, his parents returned from Cuba, and in the course of that summer he accompanied them in an excursion to the White Mountains. During the previous autumn, winter, and spring, his health and spirits had been uniformly good ; but in the summer, he suffered occasionally from ill-health, and especially from that sense of weakness and incapacity, which is harder to bear than pain. He was also perplexed and disturbed as to his future course of life. He had reached an age, when it was absolutely necessary to select his profession, and to enter upon some regular and well-defined employment ; and many doubts and fears threw their shadows over his sensitive spirit. Offers were made to him of permanent and honorable situations in various literary institutions ; but as they all involved the necessity of leaving that part of

the country to which his affections had become indissolubly fixed, they were declined. After much deliberation, he determined to become a teacher, and issued proposals for opening a school for boys, in Boston, in conjunction with his classmate and friend, Mr. Edmund L. Cushing; and a school was accordingly opened by them, in the month of October, 1834.

At about the same time, he communicated to the public his views upon education, in a little book, published by Hilliard, Gray, and Co., entitled, "Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys; by a Teacher." The principal object of this essay was, to show that the Greek and Latin languages might be more easily and more thoroughly taught, by a process nearly resembling that by which the modern languages are taught — by using the grammar and dictionary less, by constantly employing the memory in the learning of easy sentences, which had before been previously explained, and by making use of the black-board, and oral instruction, to convey a knowledge of the grammar. The result of this system would be, in an industrious boy of average faculties, a knowledge of the language, and not merely of the books which had been read. This was not stated as a new plan, the result of his own observation and experience, but merely the revival of old methods, such as were employed and vindicated by Ascham, Erasmus, Bacon, and Locke. It is, unquestionably, a better system, than that perpetual slavery of dictionary and grammar, which it was intended to su-

persede; and the details of the process would be perfectly practicable, certainly in a school of moderate size. He proceeds further, to speak of the importance of making a thorough study of the classics, of the collateral light to be thrown upon the authors read, by a knowledge of classical antiquities, history, and mythology; of the manner in which modern history and geography should be taught, as well as arithmetic, reading, declamation, composition, and ethics. In the concluding chapters, he speaks of accomplishments, especially music and drawing, as a part of education, of the profession of a teacher, and of the conduct and discipline of a school. The whole work contains the results of much thought and reading on the subject of education, delivered in a style of simple elegance, and abounds with practical hints of much value to a young teacher. As the work has long been out of print, an extract from it may not be uninteresting, especially as it shows the high and just views he entertained of his profession.

“In the course of instruction I have drawn, it has been equally my object, to give a sketch of the profession of a teacher; which, although much has been said about it, of late years, does not seem yet to be distinctly comprehended, even by teachers themselves. To perform as he ought all the duties I have enjoined upon him, no small time and pains are requisite; long and arduous study alone will enable him to accomplish the task; and he may rest assured that with such views, he has embraced a profession which will command all his powers.

There is no danger of his intellect being ground down and frittered away by school-keeping, as too many apprehend, nor need he, in this case, fear for his fame or respect among men; let it be once known that an instructor possesses the learning and talents necessary for the station I have indicated to him, and he will be an honored man, and his profession will rank, as it should, with the highest and best. Let young men, then, not hesitate to embrace the profession of teaching; they may exalt it as high as they please, and with it they will themselves be elevated. Nor is it necessary that the teacher should be completely accomplished in all these branches, before he begins. I would have him commence with a class of young children, and continue with them till they are ready for the university; let his studies grow in proportion to theirs, and his mind expand with theirs; when he undertakes the care of them, let him feel the responsibility of his station; let him be sensible that they are thus cast upon him, like his own offspring, for better or worse; that upon him depends, in no small degree, their success in life; even their moral existence will receive, perhaps, its deepest impress at his hands: the business he is to commence will never end: he is to form, in his pupils, habits of mind that are never to be lost; to develope thoughts that will expand for ever; to direct their footsteps into paths, which are lost in eternity, and from which there is no turning back. The mind almost quails before such responsibilities, and yet the profession of a teacher is often treated with wanton levity, or even with scorn.

“In connexion with these remarks, I must not omit to urge the importance of an instructor’s becoming intimate with the parents of those who are committed to his care something is undoubtedly known of him, before the child-

ren are yielded to him ; his moral character, his literary attainments, his power of instructing, the plan he is to pursue, have probably been already discussed, by those most interested. But much remains yet. It is extremely desirable that he should find friends, as well as acquaintances, in the parents of his pupils ; and parents, on their part, cannot do too much to promote this object. It is, indeed, most desirable to bind an instructor, by personal feeling, as well as by general motives of duty ; if he is sincerely attached to those who have trusted their offspring to his care, if he realizes the strength of their feelings, witnesses their anxieties and their hopes, and at the same time knows that they, in some degree, turn to him to satisfy their longings ; surely he will enter with more of the same earnestness into the care of their children, than if all this was to him as a sealed book. Much good may be done, too, by free discussions between instructors and parents ; let them unfold to each other their plans and ideas ; surely too great confidence cannot subsist between those who stand in such intimate relation one to the other. Each should be willing to yield. Parents should remember, that the instructor is obliged to follow a system of his own, that he is probably the recipient of many opposing notions, and that he must choose between them ; that what would meet their views would probably be opposed to other's way of thinking ; that it is no easy matter for a man to accommodate himself to the varying opinions he will hear, and impossible to agree with all ; that he must, therefore, in some cases, persevere in his system with a steadiness which will appear to them obstinacy, but which he deems necessary. The teacher, on the other hand, should reflect that the parents, probably, are better acquainted with the disposition and minds of their children than himself. They have, in most cases, the experience

of more years; their advice ought never to be hastily rejected, but will, very frequently, be of great service to him.

“Another advantage of this intimacy is, that it is the surest way of bringing about an intimacy between the teacher and his pupils. When he is welcomed as a son, or a brother, by parents, he soon feels like a parent or a brother to their children; and there grows up between them a friendship, which will be likely to endure through a long life; the feelings of the fireside, too, will then be carried into the school-room, and there all will meet upon the common ground of good understanding and friendship. I know of nothing so likely to banish the artificial coldness, restraint, and fear, which prevail in so many schools.”

The school, opened by Mr. Cleveland and his friend, proved immediately successful; and it is not too much to say, that no better school for boys was ever kept in Boston. The range of instruction was both thorough and wide, embracing the modern languages and the accomplishments of music and drawing, in addition to the branches usually taught in such schools. The reins of discipline were held with a firm yet gentle hand, and both the respect and affection of the pupils were secured. These pupils are now either engaged in the duties of active life, or in immediate preparation for them; and they all hold his memory in grateful regard, and look back upon the time passed in the school, as happily and profitably spent. When he took leave of the school, they presented him with a beautiful copy of Southey's edition of the “Morte d'Arthur,” with an

inscription expressive of their gratitude and affection. With this proof of their good feeling he was much touched, and ever after esteemed the book among the most valuable of his possessions.

In the summer of 1836 he prepared and delivered a lecture before the American Institute of Instruction, on the influence of intellectual action upon civilization, which was heard with great interest at the time, and may now be read with pleasure, for its elevated views, and the tone of animated eloquence with which they are expressed.

Mr. Cleveland was married on the first day of February, 1838, to Miss Sarah P. Perkins, daughter of the late Mr. James Perkins, of Boston, at which time his connection with the school was dissolved. From this period, the course of his life was singularly placid and uneventful. With the exception of a single winter spent in Boston, a few months in Cambridge, and occasional visits to Burlington, in New Jersey, the residence of his wife's mother, he resided at the beautiful estate of Pine Bank, Roxbury. His retiring habits and the delicacy of his organization, gave him a strong preference for that

“Domestic life, in rural leisure passed,”

which is pronounced by the poet to be so favorable to virtue and happiness. His occupations were almost exclusively literary, though no inconsiderable portion of his time was devoted to the duties of a wide and generous hospitality. His friends will long associate his image, his smile of welcome, and the

cordial pressure of his hand, with the breezy lawns of Pine Bank, the beautiful belt of trees which skirts its borders, its winding walks, and gentle waves that die away upon its pebbled shore.

In addition to his contributions to periodical literature, he wrote and delivered a number of lectures. Among these was a course of six lectures on the characteristics of classic and romantic literature, read before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, some extracts from which appear in this volume. He also took much interest in the lyceum established at Burlington, and freely lent them his time and services. In his capacity of lecturer he was always well received by the audiences who heard him. The substantial merit of his performances was enforced by his unaffected and impressive manner of speaking.

He prepared for the press an edition of Sallust, which was published in 1838. His aim was simply to provide a cheap and correct edition for the use of schools, and his task was performed in a manner which reflects much credit upon his judgment and scholarship. The text is correct, and the notes are carefully prepared, brief, and sufficiently numerous. The edition has been adopted as a text-book in many schools; and wherever it is used, it is highly commended.

He also made himself acquainted with the German language, and studied extensively and critically the French, Spanish, and Italian. He went through a wide course of English reading, the evidences of

which still remain in a copious collection of notes and memorandums made with a view to a work which he had in contemplation, on the origin and progress of English literature. In January 1839, his happiness was increased by the birth of a daughter, and in this new relation of a parent he found opened to him a perpetual fountain of sweet emotions. His little girl soon grew familiar to his arms, and in his care of her, and in the patience with which he devoted himself to her entertainment, he showed an almost maternal fondness and tenderness of feeling.

In January, 1840, occurred the awful tragedy of the loss of the steamboat Lexington, an event unparalleled in the annals of New England for its heart-rending character and the horror and grief which it awakened in the community. In these feelings Mr. Cleveland warmly shared, and he subsequently gave utterance to them in a pamphlet entitled "A letter to the Hon. Daniel Webster, on the causes of the destruction of the Lexington, as discovered in the testimony before the coroner's jury in New York. By a Traveller." In this pamphlet it was his purpose to trace the burning of the Lexington to its true causes, from the facts which appeared in evidence before the coroner's jury; and this he has done in a manner which cannot fail to carry conviction to every unbiassed mind. The style is simple and direct, and the strong temptation to indulge in indignant declamation, which his subject presented, is steadily resisted. The analysis of the testimony is very able, and shows a power of dealing with facts and drawing inferences

from them, not often found in minds which have not had the training of the bar.

Mention has been made, heretofore, of Mr. Cleveland's delicacy of health, his constitutional debility, and of the occasional fits of illness with which he was visited. Soon after his marriage, he was attacked by a kind of nervous fever, which, though not alarming, hung about him for some weeks. Subsequently, he seemed to improve, and there appeared to be nothing alarming in the slight interruptions to his usual course of good health, which occasionally occurred. He seemed to be one of those persons, not uncommon in our country, especially among men of sedentary habits, who, with a delicate organization and limited capacity both of action and endurance, yet possess a tolerable share of health, and are quite as likely to reach the period of old age as those of more robust structure. But these hopes and expectations of his friends were not founded upon accurate knowledge, and the strength of his constitution was less than they had fondly supposed.

In the spring of 1841, he delivered, in the Odeon in Boston, a public lecture on the construction and qualities of the organ. This was an uncommonly interesting performance, and will long be remembered as such by the intelligent audience which heard it. His explanations of the various stops and compartments of the instrument were illustrated by the performance of an accomplished organist. He was at that time suffering with a cold, and the exercise of speaking and his subsequent exposure to the at-

mosphere of a raw, damp evening, increased it, and from the effects of this indisposition he never entirely recovered, though no dangerous results were apprehended at the time. His illness seemed to be merely a severe cold, attended with loss of voice. He joined a party of friends in a journey to the South, to avoid the east winds of our spring, and in the hope that a change of air and scene would restore him to his usual health. But upon this journey he grew worse instead of better, and on reaching Baltimore he was found to be too ill to proceed further. His disease had assumed the character of bronchitis, and was not subdued without violent and exhausting remedies. He was warned by his physician, upon his recovery, not to resume the practice of public speaking for two or three years at least. He returned home in a few weeks, engaged anew in his usual employments, and seemed, to a casual observer, as well as he had formerly been.

But in the ensuing autumn and winter, it became but too apparent that the disease had not been eradicated. A common cold was now attended with a swelling of the glands of the throat, a loss of voice, and an irritating cough. The inflammation was, however, supposed to be confined to the throat, and to be productive of temporary inconvenience, only, and not to threaten serious consequences.

In the month of July, 1842, he took a journey on horseback, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles C. Perkins, and the writer of these pages. Our course was through the towns of Concord, Lan-

caster, Greenfield, Charlemont, North Adams, and Williamstown, to Troy, New York, where we remained for a day or two, and from thence we proceeded along the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, to Trenton Falls. The only portion of the journey home done on horseback, was the space between Albany and Springfield. The pleasure which Mr. Cleveland's companions took in this excursion, was much alloyed, by the too apparent indications which it afforded, of his shattered state of health. His cough was constantly more or less troublesome, and his sleep feverish and interrupted. Upon his return home, however, after he had recovered from the fatigues of the journey, he seemed to have been improved and invigorated by it. He gained strength and flesh, and his cough assumed a milder character; and it was hoped by his friends, that there were no elements of disease remaining in his system, which time and care might not remove. But the approach of cold weather proved the fallacy of these hopes. His cough grew worse, and his general health was seriously affected. It was ascertained by the physicians, to whom his case was submitted, that his lungs were diseased; and, in compliance with their advice, he determined to pass the winter in a warmer climate.

He accordingly sailed from Boston, for Matanzas, in Cuba, on the sixth day of November, 1842, and arrived there after a rough passage of eighteen days. He spent about three weeks in Matanzas, and its neighborhood, and then went to Havana. Here he

remained till the latter part of January, when he visited the plantation of Dr. Morell, where he passed a very agreeable fortnight. Upon his return to Havana, he was, for a time, a little undecided, as to his future course. His original intention had been to go from Cuba to Yucatan, and observe with his own eyes, those stupendous ruins, respecting which his curiosity had been powerfully excited, by the interesting pages of Stephens; but, on account of the unsettled state of that country, he was reluctantly compelled to abandon this plan. As his health appeared to have been better at sea than on land, he embraced the opportunity, which offered itself, of taking passage in an American vessel, bound to Curaçoa and Bonaire, to procure a cargo of salt; and sailed in her, from Havana, on the 25th day of February, and returned in her again to Havana, after an agreeable voyage of between five and six weeks, which he enjoyed highly. He was always exempt from the miseries of sea-sickness, and his health and spirits were invariably improved by a sea voyage. He left Havana, for New Orleans, on the 11th day of April, and arrived at the latter place on the 16th. In his letters, he expresses, in the strongest terms, the lively satisfaction he felt, in again setting his foot upon the soil of his own country.

The extracts from Mr. Cleveland's correspondence, which are printed in this volume, will enable the reader to follow him, during his residence in the West Indies, and are highly interesting pictures of

his mind and character. They show an uncommon activity of mind, and accurate powers of observation; and are written in that easy, playful, and flowing style, which forms the highest charm of epistolary composition. They would be attractive to the mere stranger, as agreeable and graphic sketches of what he saw, written in a manner equally removed from stiffness or carelessness; whilst, to his friends, they have a deep and melancholy interest, as the last effusions of a mind so rich, and a heart so warm. Those portions of the correspondence which are not published, are overflowing with expressions of the deepest and liveliest affection, for the friends he had left behind him. Enjoying highly the delicious climate, which spread its charms around him, and the novel scenes through which he passed, and gratefully acknowledging the kindness and hospitality with which he was everywhere welcomed; yet it is easy to perceive that his heart was yearning for his home. One thought of the wintry landscape, that frowned around his family and friends, was more than all the lovely scenes which were blooming before him. He is constantly looking forward to the time, when he should return home, counting the days that are yet to elapse, before he could do so, and anticipating, with warm-hearted impatience, the happiness of that hour, which, alas! he was destined never to behold. No one was more rich in the wealth of friendship,—the best of all earthly possessions—but no amount of affection was ever bestowed upon him, to which his

own heart did not return an ample equivalent. He loved his friends, with an uncalculating and disinterested depth and tenderness of feeling, and separation only drew more closely the cords of love, by which he was bound to them. And now, that we are to see his face no more upon earth, there is a melancholy pleasure in tracing, in these last expressions of his mind, the evidences of an affection, so constant, warm, and sincere, as showed him to be truly worthy of all the confidence he enjoyed, and of all the love that was lavished upon him.

The activity of Mr. Cleveland's mind, during his residence in Cuba, when taken in connexion with his state of health, is quite remarkable. His habits of industry were never interrupted by the claims of illness, nor by the inconveniences attendant upon a wandering life, and a frequent change of residence. As a specimen of the conscientious manner in which he improved his time, the following passage is transcribed from a letter written to his mother, after his return to Havana from Bonaire, in which he mentions the amount of work accomplished, during that voyage, of about five weeks. "I have studied Sales's Spanish Grammar entirely through, with care and attention, performing all the exercises twice; I have translated four books of Telemaque from the French into Spanish, carefully correcting my work by a Spanish translation; I have studied critically, and reviewed with care, two plays of Calderon, occupying two hundred pages; and in the same careful manner have studied through, three or four times,

a volume of poetry, by Espronceda, a modern Spanish poet, the volume containing about three hundred pages. I have read Alison's History of the French Revolution, four volumes of Addison's works, all Byron's dramatic works, Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," McKenzie's "Paul Jones," and Commodore Perry; besides a whole rabble rout of novels, tales, poems, romances, reviews, magazines, and newspapers, too numerous to be catalogued." This, be it remembered, was the five weeks' work of an invalid, absent from home, in pursuit of health, and on a sea voyage, the discomforts and inconveniences of which are, to many persons, a sufficient excuse for total idleness.

In the unpublished portions of his correspondence, he, as a matter of course, makes frequent mention of his health, and generally in a hopeful strain; partly from an ignorance of the character of the insidious disease which was undermining his life, and partly from an amiable wish to spare his friends as much anxiety as possible. But now, in reading his letters, we can perceive that there is nothing in them which would not have suggested to a medical man, more ground for fear than hope, in regard to the termination of his illness. He speaks of his appetite and spirits as good, of his sleep as sound, and of his strength as equal to all the fatigues he was called upon to endure. He writes that he has grown stout, that he is free from pain, and that all his physical sensations are agreeable. But, on the other hand, he writes that his cough

continues obstinately unchanged, and that his feverish symptoms had not at all diminished. The explanation of this apparent incongruity is to be found, in the peculiar character of the malady under which he was laboring, which, being seated in the lungs, would allow the muscular and nervous systems to derive their natural benefit from an active life in the open air, until it had made deeper inroads upon the vital organs, than it seems to have done in Cuba.

In New Orleans, according to a previously arranged plan, Mr. Cleveland was joined by his friend, Mr. Ralph Emerson, of Paris. Their present position, in a strange city, remote from their families, and surrounded by so much that reminded them of France, carried them back at once to their former life in Paris, and caused the intervening eleven years to melt away like a vapor. They recalled old associations, fell into old habits, and renewed the happy life they had led together, when the morning dew was bright upon their hearts. Their residence in New Orleans was protracted to the end of the first week in May, and it was a period of great enjoyment to Mr. Cleveland. He was unconscious of the progress which his disease had made, as neither pain nor weakness had thus far given him any warning admonitions, and his spirits rose with the prospect of soon rejoining his family and friends. Mr. Emerson recalls, with mournful interest, the charm of his conversation, and the attraction of his manners, during their residence in New Orleans. His mind had never seemed more rich or more active;

his conversation overflowed with playful wit and unforced humor, and his varied stores of information were poured forth gracefully, and without effort.

On the sixth day of May, accompanied by Mr. Emerson, he embarked on board the steamboat Missouri, for St. Louis. The proximity into which they were now thrown, from the fact of their occupying the same state-room, afforded Mr. Emerson a better opportunity for observing his friend's cough, than he had heretofore had; and the result of this observation gave him much uneasiness, and this feeling was soon deepened into lively alarm. Whether his disease had, in its natural progress, now reached the point at which its destructive agency first became prominently marked, or whether its course was accelerated, by the inconveniences and discomforts incident to a voyage in a western steamboat, or by some unfavorable local influences, it is impossible to say; but after he had been on board the Missouri a day or two, he grew suddenly and rapidly worse, and, during the latter part of the voyage, he was so weak as to be confined to his berth. Upon their arrival in St. Louis, on the thirteenth day of May, he was carried from the steamboat to the hotel, and every possible accommodation was made for his comfort. Able medical advice was had, and from an examination of his case, there appeared to be but faint hope of his recovery. He himself was not aware of his own alarming condition. He supposed his illness to be one of those slow fevers, by which he had been once or twice before attacked,

and which he should be able to throw off in two or three weeks, so far, at least, as to resume his journey. But after two or three weeks, during which his strength decreased, and his symptoms grew more alarming, he became aware of the serious character of his illness. When this was communicated to him, he remarked to Mr. Elliot, the clergyman who attended him, that he did not shrink from death, nor murmur at the dispensation which called him away so early from all that he loved on earth; but he said that his mind seemed crushed and overwhelmed by a sense of the power of God; that his thoughts wandered, and he could not concentrate them, so as to pray. Mr. Elliot spoke to him upon those soothing and elevating topics, which were suited to his frame of mind, and reminded him, that the love of God was not less than his power, and that both were infinite. He then read to him some passages from the Psalms and the New Testament, and afterwards several prayers, to which Mr. Cleveland fervently responded. As he listened to the prayers, the spirit of consolation seemed to flow into his soul. The troubled look passed from his face, and an expression of peace settled upon it. The weight that hung upon his spirit was removed, and the weakness of the flesh was no longer felt to be a burden.

From this time, Mr. Elliot visited him daily, and found him always in the same state of mind, calm, trustful, and resigned. He spoke of his friends, of the future plans of life which he had formed, but most frequently upon religious subjects. He grew

daily weaker, but the nearer approach of death did not appall him, or shake his faith in God. On Saturday, June 10th, he had a profuse bleeding at the lungs. Mr. Elliot came in soon after. He could then speak only in whispers, and but a few words. He knew his imminent danger, but said it was no shock to him, and that his only fear was that of a lingering illness. He expressed an ardent desire to see his wife once more, who had been written for, and was hourly expected. On the next day, this prayer of his heart was granted, by the arrival of his wife, who was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Charles C. Perkins, and her cousin, Miss Forbes, of Milton. On the same day, the sacrament was administered to him, by Mr. Elliot. During the service, his mind was deeply engaged; and when it was over he beckoned to Mr. Elliot, and, on his approach, took him by the hand, and said to him, "I thank you very much. I feel very happy now."

On Monday morning, June 12th, another attack of bleeding occurred, which proved fatal. He died with perfect calmness, and the expression of his countenance showed that he retained his consciousness for some time after he had lost the power of speech or motion. The last words he spoke, and which were addressed to his wife, were, "Whatever happens, we must trust in God." Mr. Elliot, after giving an account of his illness, and of his intercourse with him, during its continuance, in a letter to his mother, adds, "I have stood by the death-bed of many persons, but have never known any one

more fully prepared to die." Any further remarks upon the closing hours of his life, would only weaken the force of these simple and emphatic words.

The dispensation—severe under any circumstances—of being called upon to die away from home, had, in Mr. Cleveland's case, many alleviating elements. All that medical skill could do, was done for him, for his disease was beyond the reach of mortal power. The people of St. Louis showed the utmost sympathy and kindness. Friends and helpers were found among strangers. Offers of assistance and accommodation were showered upon him to a far greater degree than it was possible to accept. It is only on such occasions that we learn how much of goodness and kindness there is in the world. The friends of Mr. Cleveland will never hear the name of St. Louis without a silent benediction.

Mr. Emerson, at great personal sacrifice, remained by the bedside of his friend, till the last moment, and was everything and did everything that the most tender affection could suggest. So inestimable were his services, so indispensable was he as a friend and a nurse, that it is fearful to think of what would have been Mr. Cleveland's situation, had he not been present. Mr. Elliot, too, acted the part of a faithful Christian friend, and administered the consolations of religion in the spirit of true Christian love. For such services, they can have no higher reward on earth than the consciousness of having been faithful to their trusts. Mr. Cleveland's friends will never

forget the immense debt of gratitude which they owe to them, and many, whom they know not, will bless their names and remember them in their prayers.

The intelligence of Mr. Cleveland's death, though not unexpected, fell heavily upon the hearts of his friends. We are never wholly prepared for the loss of one so gifted with qualities, both valuable and attractive, so fitted to discharge his duties, and in whom there was so much to trust, as well as to love. The shock of separation is bitter when it comes, whatever warning voices may have heralded it. It was felt that the community had sustained a loss, the amount of which could not be generally known, from those retiring habits which his refined taste and delicate health had hitherto imposed on him. He belonged to a class of men, so rare in our country, that the loss of any one of them, in early life, is a misfortune ; — who are prompted by their tastes, and enabled by their circumstances, to devote themselves to literary pursuits, and who add to the ornaments of scholarship the graces of a pure life, and the charm of warm affections. His was a growing nature, and every year enlarged the sphere of his influence, and added to his capacity of acting favorably upon others. It was not simply the loss of a fine mind, and of a spotless character, that was to be lamented, but also of that promise of future excellence, of which his past life gave so confident an assurance.

His mind was more remarkable for the just harmony which prevailed among its various faculties,

than for the prominence of any one. He had a sound judgment, a lively fancy, a playful wit, and a pure taste; which were blended in due proportions, and lent their several attractions to his writings and conversation; but no one was conspicuous, or predominant. His memory was uncommonly retentive, and whatever he had once learned, was held with a firm grasp, and became a permanent possession of his mind. He was urged by no strong and innate impulse, to any one form of intellectual action, but found a congenial exercise for his powers in the pursuits of elegant literature; and by these studies, his mind was expanded and fertilized, his taste refined, and his happiness secured. His views of life, and of men, were correct; his opinions carefully formed, and decidedly, though never arrogantly, expressed. His mind was not darkened by prejudice, or warped by love of paradox. He had no extravagancies of conduct to repent, and no eccentricities of thought to correct. He had an accurate estimate of his own powers, and lost no time in making unsuccessful experiments, and retracing false steps. From no weakness was he further removed, than that of overweening self-confidence, nor did he suffer from the paralyzing touch of that morbid self-distrust, which dooms so many fine spirits to hopeless inaction. His methodical habits, his clear perceptions, and his power of comprehending details, would have made him a good man of business, had such been his vocation. His mind was not remarkably quick in its movements,

nor was it roused to extraordinary exertions, by a strong excitement. Its rate of progress was uniform, and his quiet and invincible perseverance enabled him to accomplish everything he undertook.

He was habitually and conscientiously industrious. It may be said of him, with strict truth, that when in good health, he lost no time. A spirit of order presided over all his employments. He found time for his studies, his friends, and his duties ; and, though always occupied, was never hurried. His attainments were extensive ; remarkably so, considering his constant ill-health, and the occupations which, during much of his life, interfered more or less with his studies. With the literature of antiquity he was well acquainted, and his mind was deeply imbued with its spirit. He had also given much attention to classical mythology, antiquities, and art. He had studied the great writers of Rome with critical care, and the influence of their style is to be traced in the sustained and elaborate beauty of his own periods. He understood the principal languages of modern Europe, and had read the classical authors in each of them, with a lively perception of their peculiar beauties. With English literature, in its various departments, he was well acquainted. Of late years, his favorite reading had been among that splendid constellation of great minds, by which the reigns of Elizabeth and James were adorned ; and he had read with a view to a work on English literature, to which he had hoped to devote the leisure of many years, and for which

he had collected a considerable amount of materials.¹

To his other intellectual accomplishments is to be added a knowledge of architecture and of music. His taste in architecture may be gathered from his article on that subject, reprinted in the present volume. His accuracy of eye and just perception of form, naturally qualified him to judge of the merit of buildings, and this power had been improved by a study of the best works on architecture. With music he was well acquainted, both theoretically and practically. He had studied the laws of harmony, and the principles of musical composition with a thoroughness not common in an amateur, and musical performances were to him a source of the deepest pleasure; and though capable of enjoying and comprehending the highest excellence, he was exempt from

¹ The present volume contains a part, only, of Mr. Cleveland's printed writings. In addition to those which are here contained, and those which have been before specially mentioned, he wrote an article on the Mission at the Sandwich Islands, which appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, for November, 1835; two papers on the Origin and Progress of Music, in the *New England Magazine*, for July and August, 1835; two papers, entitled "My Journal," in the *New England Magazine*, for September and October, 1835; three papers on Copyright, which appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine*, for February, March, and October, 1837; and an article on Fashions in Dress, in the *North American Review*, for July, 1838. He also translated from the French a pamphlet on the Cholera. His unpublished writings comprise the six lectures before mentioned, read before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and lectures on Classic Mythology, on the Spirit of the Middle Ages, on Popular Excitement, on Pompeii, and on the subject, "What Man has done, Man can do."

that morbid fastidiousness which is displeased with anything short of it. His favorite instrument was the organ, and he played upon it with skill, taste and feeling. His touch, in particular — which is a natural gift, depending upon physical organization, and which may be improved, but not created by practice — was uncommonly fine. A simple strain of melody often acquired, from his manner of playing, a depth of expression which was never reached by more brilliant performers.

The manner in which he acquired his knowledge of music, is so characteristic of his perseverance, that it may appropriately be mentioned in this connection. In the long winter vacation of his Sophomore year, he asked his mother to give him lessons in music. She supposed it to be a boyish fancy, and returned him a playful answer, not treating the matter seriously; but finding him resolute in his purpose she attempted to discourage him by a view of the difficulties to be overcome. These, he said, he was aware of, and was prepared to encounter. He stated to his mother that the organ of the Episcopal church in Cambridge was undergoing repairs, which would occupy about a year, at the end of which time an organist would be chosen, who would receive a salary. If he could qualify himself for the situation during the year, he might be chosen, and from the salary a part of his college expenses could be defrayed. His mother consented to give him instruction in the elements of music, on three conditions; first, that he should never allow his musical studies and

practice to interfere with his college lessons; secondly, that he should pursue the study thoroughly, and master the scientific principles of music, and not be content with the acquisition of a mere superficial accomplishment; thirdly, that if he should discover in himself a natural inaptitude for the pursuit, he should desist, and lose no time in useless efforts. All these conditions he readily accepted, and he began the study in good earnest. During the seven weeks in which he remained at home, he made great progress both in the theory and practice of the art. When he returned to Cambridge, he took with him various books of instruction, and the key-board of an old and disused piano. Upon these soundless keys he daily and diligently practised, till he had acquired the power of fingering, when his studies were further pursued upon the college organ, with the aid of occasional lessons from the late Rev. George Otis, an accomplished musician, who was at that time Latin tutor in the college. The result was, that at the end of the year, when the repairs upon the organ in the Episcopal church were completed, he applied for the situation of organist, and was chosen to it, and continued to occupy it till the close of his college life, to the entire satisfaction of the congregation.

His conversational powers were in strict harmony with the qualities of his mind. He could hardly be called a brilliant or eloquent talker, and his discourse did not sparkle with point and epigram. His mind was not strongly influenced by impressions from without, nor was he quickened by the excitement of soci-

ety or the spur of opposition to an unusual flow of thoughts or words. He had no taste for monologue, and very little for conversational contests for victory. In large companies, he was generally silent, and never engrossed the conversation or talked in such a manner as to attract the attention of a circle towards him. But among his intimate friends, and especially at his own home, his conversation was delightful. The various information with which his travels and his reading had furnished him, flowed gracefully from his mind, and his familiar discourse had that scholar-like finish, which the habit of frequent writing generally produces. Perhaps the intellectual quality which was most conspicuous in his conversation, on such occasions, was humor, which was generally displayed by that tone of grave exaggeration which is a marked characteristic of the best specimens of American wit. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and this power gave a peculiar flavor to his remarks, though he never drew the materials for mirth from the faults or foibles of others. From his lips the "blistering dew" of sarcasm never dropped.

His manners were uncommonly winning, and their charm was derived from two qualities of character which he possessed, in an eminent degree — simplicity and gentleness. No one could be in his presence for a moment, without an instinctive perception of his truth and sincerity. His words and actions were without disguise, and without affectation. Whenever he spoke upon any subject, it was

felt by all who heard him, that he had given his true opinion. He never attempted to appear other than he really was. He made no pretension to qualities which he did not possess, and no effort to conceal those which he had. This trait of character inspired great confidence, wherever he was known. The hearts of men were readily opened to one so artless and so unsuspecting, and to feel an interest in him was no more than giving to truth its due respect. His manners, also, were as gentle as they were unaffected. There was no trace in them of that want of repose, which betrays a character deficient in self-respect, and over anxious to please; they were simple, quiet, and self-possessed. He had that ready power of sympathy with others, and that delicate sense of what is passing in another's mind, which are the essence of true politeness. He recognized the rights of every person with whom he conversed, and, in his social relations, was uniformly governed by self-forgetting benevolence. Whenever he had occasion to express a difference of opinion, it was done in a manner at which the most sensitive could not feel wounded. If he ever gave advice to a friend, a duty from which he never shrank, he used great plainness of speech, but with such kindness of spirit, and words of such gentle persuasiveness, that no rebellious swelling of the heart ever followed, and no indignant impulse of self-justification was ever aroused. He never seemed more truly lovable, than when uttering an unpalatable truth. He was a general favorite with young

persons and children, which is a sure proof of an essentially amiable character.

He was, emphatically, a scholar. A lover of books from his childhood, he was never more happy than when occupied with their silent fellowship, but he never fell into any of the easily-besetting weaknesses of men of letters. He discharged, with conscientious fidelity, the duties which devolved upon him, as the head of a household, and the master of a family. He was exact and punctual in all matters of business. In the obligation of a promise, he recognized no distinction between what was trifling and what was of importance. He retained, to the last, that peculiar kind of knowledge, which a New England boy, reared in the country, instinctively learns, but which men of letters are apt to forget. He had an understanding of things, as well as of books. His literary habits did not make him helpless, and his delicate health did not make him effeminate. He could use his hands, when the occasion required it. His habits were manly. He was a hardy pedestrian, and a fearless rider; and all his perceptions of external things were accurate.

His moral nature was highly pure and elevated. He was free from the passions which make men hateful, and from the weaknesses that make them contemptible. Strict justice, and uniform truth, presided over his dealings with others. He was not only thoroughly unselfish, but actively and thoughtfully considerate of the welfare and happiness of those who were around him. All his aims

and purposes were high, and everything that was just, pure, and of good report, found in him a friend. He had an intolerant scorn of all that was mean and low, and any exhibition of such conduct, called forth from him an energy of denunciation not common in his gentle nature. He was governed by high principle in everything, and only they who knew him intimately, could judge of the extent to which, in the smallest concerns, his conduct was regulated by a sense of duty. His virtues were not merely those of impulse and temperament, but were the growth of habitual self-control, and daily self-denial.

His organization was highly sensitive. He suffered keenly, from causes which produce no effect upon men of more robust fibre. Against this physical weakness, he struggled manfully and successfully, and displayed no common strength of character in these daily conflicts, which few could witness or applaud. None but his most intimate friends could know the exhausting efforts it sometimes cost him, to maintain his habitual tranquillity of deportment. His character was always an improving one. He gathered goodness and wisdom from the discipline of life, and in the growth of his virtues there was no fear of rest, still less of relapse.

Mr. Cleveland's moral character was strengthened and supported by a deep-seated principle of religious faith. The religious sentiment was first awakened in his heart, upon his mother's knee and in his mother's arms, and these early impressions grew with

his growth and clung to him through life. Submission to the will of God in hours of trial and discipline, and gratitude for the many blessings with which his life was crowned, were constant states of mind with him. His was never a repining spirit. He never felt that he had deserved more than he had received. He was grateful for the gift of life, for the affections with which it was so blessed and hallowed, and for the opportunities of self-improvement and usefulness which had been granted to him. His character had the crowning charm of humility. Upon the public services of religion he was always a regular attendant, and of late years he had been a careful and habitual student of the Bible. The triumph of his religious faith was seen in that hour when it is ever most severely tried — in the hour of death. His last moments were brightened and sustained by those consolations and supports which Christianity alone can give. He died as a Christian should die, and as a Christian only can die.

But by more than all things else, Mr. Cleveland was distinguished by the warmth, the depth, and the constancy of his affections. To love and be beloved were strong necessities of his nature. Kindness awakened in him a lively sense of gratitude, and his sympathy was ever quick and responsive. In the gratification of the affections furnished by the society of his family and friends, he found the chief happiness of his life. In the various relations of son, brother, husband and father, he was most exemplary; always affectionate, self-forgetting, and thoughtful of others.

Between him and his friends there was the sunshine of perfect love and unbroken confidence. With them he knew no reserve. He shared with them his thoughts, his purposes, his hopes and his fears. Towards them his countenance was never turned but with the most animating expression of kindness and affection. In their society his powers expanded and his nature seemed to breathe its genial atmosphere. In his looks and tones, his words of welcome and the cordial grasp of his hand, there was a persuasive power, which gave assurance to the self-distrustful and made the sensitive feel unconstrained. He was not strongly influenced by new faces or novel associations. The presence of strangers rather checked than aided the flow of his mind. Nor did he take much pleasure in large assemblies, and the pressure of well-dressed crowds. Powerful excitements were always rather oppressive to his gentle and sensitive nature. He far preferred the charm of familiar faces and the music of familiar voices; to be surrounded by a few friends, when, without constraint, the mind may throw off whatever rises to its surface. His tastes were strongly domestic. In more than one family he was received upon the familiar footing of an inmate, before he had gathered round him a household of his own; and after that time, he found under his own roof the elements of a happy and a useful life. Day after day glided tranquilly by in literary studies, and his wearied powers sought no other refreshment than could be supplied by the society of his family and friends. It

is with scenes like these that his image will ever be associated in the hearts of his friends, with the circle that gathers round the winter fireside, with the quiet stroll in the long-lingering twilight of summer, with the occupations and interests which make up the charm of the hallowed words of Family and Home.

We feel the loss of such a man to be a severe bereavement. To his intimate friends it seems as if a portion of the daily light which fell upon their lives were taken away. As we look mournfully into his early grave, the question forces itself upon the mind, Why were such powers, attainments, affections, so soon removed from an earth which had such need of them? But this is not the mood in which this affliction should be contemplated. Gratitude for such a life should not be lost in grief for such a death. The character of a man's life is not determined till its close. The hand of death alone puts a seal upon its excellence. The capacities which we honored, and the virtues which we loved, are not extinguished, but transferred to another sphere. The day of reunion is not far distant with any of us. His life on earth may now be viewed as a complete whole, and the retrospect is animating and inspiring. With him the struggle is over and the palm is won. With him there is no fear of faltering goodness, of decaying virtue, of wandering away from the pure lights which guided his youth. He has been faithful to the end. And now that the darkness of the grave has gathered over his form, and that we are to see his face no more upon earth, a sense of gratitude

should mingle with our sorrow, that we have been permitted to have such a friend and to contemplate such a life. The memory of what he was, should confirm our devotion to duty, our submissiveness to trial, our constancy in labor ; it should make us more pure, more kindly, more self-forgetful. We should show ourselves worthy of the affection with which he regarded us, by a more uniform devotion to those high principles which governed his life and hallowed his death.

WRITINGS.

FELTON'S HOMER.

'OMHPOY 'IALAZ.—*The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of WOLF. With English Notes and FLAXMAN'S Illustrative Designs.* Edited by C. C. FELTON, A. M., *College Professor of Greek in Harvard University.* Boston : Hilliard, Gray & Co. ; Cambridge : Brown, Shattuck & Co. 1833.

From the American Quarterly Review, Vol. xiv. No. xxvii.

WE have examined this volume with great satisfaction. The beauty of the print and the extreme accuracy which prevails throughout, are highly creditable both to the editor and to the accomplished scholar who is at the head of the University press. The book would adorn any library, and will, undoubtedly, from its elegance, be often seen among the motley, but very splendid throng of an American centre-table. The scholar will receive great pleasure from the careful perusal of it. The editor has selected Wolf's text as amended in the Leipzig edition

by Tauchnitz in 1829; this text is too well known to require any comment in this place, and it is only necessary to observe, that the American reprint is worthy of the original. The illustrations from Flaxman form one of the most remarkable and interesting features of the work, and have been extremely well executed by a native artist.

The preface, by Mr. Felton, is brief and unpretending, but contains too much excellent criticism to be passed by unnoticed. Speaking of the object of the work, he says, "My wish has been to lead the young student to read the poem, not in the spirit of a school-boy conning a dull lesson to be 'construed' and 'parsed' and forgotten when the hour of recitation is at an end, but in the delightful consciousness that he is employing his mind upon one of the noblest monuments of the genius of man." Had the same spirit prevailed with numerous other editors of the classics, we should not now see so many instances of professional men abandoning classical studies, and loathing the names of Greek and Latin through very weariness of difficult texts, rendered still more so by snarling notes in an unknown tongue, (we can scarce call it Latin,) written by quarrelling commentators.

We are happy to see that the editor regards the books of the Iliad as "the work of one author, and that author Homer." His view of the work renders it much more interesting, and is, we think, authorized by the innate traits of the poem. The object of the author seems to have been less to describe the war of Troy, than to set forth in becoming terms the

glorious achievements of his hero. Had Homer given the title to his poem, we think it would have been called the *Achilleid*, and this tends to confirm the explanation of the announcement of the poem referred to in the first note, namely, that the whole plan and design of the work are declared in the first five lines. The poet invokes the muse to sing of the continued wrath of Achilles, which brought down a thousand woes upon the Greeks, and sent the souls of many heroes to Hades, "and the will of Jupiter was fulfilled." Now this will of Jupiter is constantly referred to throughout the poem, from the time it is first expressed in answer to the prayer of Thetis. It is, that the Trojan shall prove victorious and destroy many Grecian warriors, in order that the need of Achilles' assistance may be bitterly felt by Agamemnon. Hence all the success of the Trojans is ascribed to Jove, who sits on Mound Ida, and inspires them with ardor and courage; this will is not changed till Achilles returns to battle; and the wrath of the Father of Gods and men is powerfully expressed, when, overcome by the arts of Juno, he sleeps, and awaking, finds that the victorious career of the Trojans has for the moment been checked.

Commencing with this view of the poem, the editor proceeds to state briefly the historical facts which form the basis of the *Iliad*, and then gives a beautiful though rapid critique upon the poem. The remarks are perfectly in accordance with the object of the work as declared at first; and the student must be destitute of every spark of classic

enthusiasm, who can read them without going with renewed ardor to the perusal of the poem. The notes are conceived in the same spirit. They are the conversation of a kind friend, who is thoroughly imbued with the early Grecian taste and impressed with the splendor of Homer, who is interested in our advance and wishes to inspire us with the same taste, and open our eyes to the same splendor. One great recommendation they bear on the very face; that is, they are written in English. To print Latin notes and comments upon a work intended for American or English students, appears to us sheer pedantry and affectation; and we hail with joy a classical work which comes explained through the medium of our own tongue, the fittest of modern languages, save the copious German, to do justice to the unrivalled flexibility and the varying grace of the Greek. In the doubtful passages, the editor has generally given us the most approved versions, sometimes adding his own; other difficult words and phrases he has translated very satisfactorily, for he has evidently taken common sense for his guide; a faithful interpreter sadly neglected by the commentators. The larger notes are a continuation or amplification of the critique he has given in the preface; wherever a passage of more than common beauty or power occurs, he points it out with the characteristics; and the closing note for each book is generally a summary with critical remarks upon the whole. Among the most interesting we would enumerate the note at the close of the second book, the one to the 365th line

of book 6th, upon the parting of Hector and Andromache, the note to line 206, book 9th, to line 829, book 14th, and to line 592, book 15th. The note respecting the shield of Achilles, is highly interesting and satisfactory ; and the description of the grief of Priam and Andromache in the last note to book 23d, is worthy of the original. We could gladly quote many of the beautiful passages with which the editor has filled his comments, but we will restrict ourselves to the paragraph in which he closes his remarks upon Homer ; it is a fair specimen of his style and of the happy spirit of criticism which pervades the work.

“ The close of the poem is marked by the utmost simplicity, but it is a simplicity that accords with the elegant spirit of antiquity. The impression it leaves on the mind is deep. We feel that we have been guided through scenes of infinite variety, beauty, pathos, solemnity, from the terrible onset to the mournful ceremonies of the funeral pyre, by a poet who is perfectly familiar with every aspect of life, and every feeling of the heart ; and when he takes leave of us, it is with the simple consciousness that his song is over, and his task accomplished.”

We cannot but notice the harmony which exists between Mr. Felton's criticism upon the *Iliad*, and Flaxman's illustrations ; each is a comment upon the other. These illustrations add greatly to our interest in reading the poem. So much, indeed, is the pleasure we derive from any work of imagination enhanced by the coöperation of the artist, that it has become fashionable to add this charm to all elegant

editions. Our interest is vastly increased by thus embodying the fancies of the poet, in all works, from the death and burial of Cock Robin, up to the sublime productions of Fuseli, Martin, and Vernet ; for we are thus aided in forming our own conceptions, or what is of still higher satisfaction, we are enabled to compare the efforts of our imagination with those of other men, and to temper our own fancies by the superior glow of genius.

The illustrations by Mr. Flaxman, however, have a stronger title to our esteem than this ; they may be relied on as faithful representations of the habits, manners, and general appearance of the people whom Homer celebrates. They are minutely accurate, and would serve as a guide to the study of antiquities. The editor speaks of Flaxman in these words of the preface :

“ No modern sculptor, according to the opinions of the best judges, has imbibed more thoroughly the spirit of grace and beauty which belongs preëminently to ancient art. His mind may be said to have been cast in a Grecian mould ; he had the same intuitive perception of the beautiful, the same love of simplicity, the same power, which belonged to that intellectual people, of embodying in perfect forms the ideal creations of genius. He spent seven years in studying the remains of antiquity at Rome ; and no man was ever more fitted by nature and education to revive and reproduce the elegant simplicity of the works of the ancients. His illustrations of Homer, designed originally for bas-reliefs, were welcomed, on their appearance, by the applause of all Europe. They have been repeatedly published in England, France, Germany, and Italy,

and have taken, by universal consent, a place among the happiest modern representations of the spirit of the antique."

These remarks are perfectly true; and we would add, that the whole of his life, his perseverance and dauntless energy, his quiet disregard of the unfeeling sentence passed upon him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his deep religion, his domestic affections, the unpretending simplicity of his life, when surrounded by honors and wealth, and courted by the great and the learned, seem but an illustration of that dignity and repose so highly prized by the ancients.

Mere correctness is not the chief merit of Flaxman. It is the high province of the painter or the sculptor to concentrate in the moment, past, present and future; what the poet details in many words, the artist conveys at a single glance. Tales of joy or sorrow, recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, are to be expressed in the one changeless look. Still more, the spirit of the age, the impulses which stamped its features, the passions which swayed it, the superstition, the religion, the virtue of men, are to be brought forward in such a way as to produce a deep and unerring conviction in the mind of the beholder. We well remember seeing, in our earliest years, a vignette resembling the puritan warriors praising God amid heaps of their slaughtered enemies; it gave us an idea of that remarkable class of men, and of the age which all subsequent information has only tended to confirm. Flaxman has equally succeeded in setting before us, society in the

heroic ages; the whole contour of his forms, the attitudes, the expression of countenance, and the grouping of the figures are truly Grecian; and we feel confident, that as he has represented the warriors of Greece and Troy, so they really appeared and acted around the walls of Ilium; that as he has portrayed the divinities who thronged the golden pavement of heaven, inhabited the caverns of the ocean, or sought the deep shades of the infernal kingdom, so they existed in the inspired mind of the blind old poet.

The illustrations afford much information to the uninitiated student, and render the reading of Homer doubly interesting; but the editor has conferred a still higher benefit in thus uniting the two, by leading us to consider the connection which exists between ancient arts and literature. This is a vast, profound, and most interesting study; it has been but little explored in this country, and a few remarks upon it may not be amiss at this time.

Flaxman seems to have been fully aware of the importance of uniting the study of the arts with that of literature, as having grown up together; calling each other into existence, and each aiding to develop and perfect the other; and he frequently alludes to this connection in his admirable lectures upon sculpture. In his remarks upon "ancient art," he says,

"The poems of Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides, are also believed to have been collected in a public library at Athens in this time. Thus was infant art inspired by the spirit of poetry, and the effects of this inspira-

tion are seen in the councils of the Gods, in the friezes of the Parthenon, and the Temple of Theseus, besides innumerable Homeric subjects on the painted vases and Greek basso-relievos of after ages."

Again, in the Lecture on Composition :

"In the Greek compositions, the countenances and figures are of exalted beauty ; the actions display the limbs and body with the greatest variety, energy, and grace ; the subjects are heroic or divine. They have a kindred sublimity with Homer, of patriotism with Tyrtæus, the noble flights of Pindar, the terror of Æschylus, and the tenderness of Sophocles ! "

The fine arts and poetry have not only sprung up and advanced simultaneously, but there is a great analogy between them, in whatever country or age they have existed together. This is strongly illustrated by comparing architecture with contemporary literature, from the golden age of the art in Greece down to the present time. Grace, harmony, and strength, the absence of unnecessary ornament, the simplicity, and yet the exquisite beauty of nature, are the strong marks of Grecian poetry, of Homer, Pindar, and Hesiod, of Æschylus and Sophocles ; these made their works befitting models for all future ages, and stamped them with immortality. Yet would we enumerate the qualities of Grecian architecture, what other terms need we employ ? The Parthenon, the form of which is known to most of our readers, seemed but a magnificent comment upon the preceding poetry which called it into existence.

Strength, majesty, and power were "pillared" in the noble edifice which was destined for eternity. The hand of man, more ruthless than time itself, has laid low this masterpiece of art, and a few shattered colonnades alone remain on the spot to tell of its former glory; but it is rising, in youthful beauty, in many a land that was unknown to its builder, and, like the poetry it celebrated, the Parthenon is immortal.

Tracing the connection between architecture and poetry to a later day, we come to the works of Rome. The literature of the Imperial City, and its architecture, were alike copies from Grecian originals. More profuse ornament and less severe taste characterized them both: yet both contained much of the beauty of their great models. Still they were wanting in dignity, and appeared always of foreign growth, for they were created, not as in Greece, by the spontaneous enthusiasm of a free and conquering people, but at the nod and beck of a despotic emperor.

With far greater pleasure we proceed to consider this connection, after the revival of the arts in Italy. Here, again, we have a strong originality, a solemnity and shady grandeur which till then were unknown. We delight to compare the vast design, the loftiness of imagination, the intense power of thought displayed in Dante's divine comedy, with the kindred attributes of the architecture of his time. A slight attempt at classical imitation is discoverable in both, yet does not injure the effect. We cannot forbear

citing here a description of some of the earliest works of modern architecture, which are grouped together in Pisa.

“—— The traveller, on entering the city gates, is astonished by a scene of architectural magnificence and singularity, not to be equalled in the world. Four stupendous structures of fine marble in one group : The solemn Cathedral, in the general parallelogram of its form resembling an ancient temple, which unites and simplifies the arched divisions of its exterior ; the Baptistry, a circular building, surrounded with arches and columns, crowned with niches, statues, and pinnacles, rising to an apex in the centre, terminated by a statue of the Baptist ; the Falling Tower, (which is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular,) a most elegant cylinder, raised by eight rows of columns, surrounding each other, and surrounding a staircase ; the Cemetery, a long, square corridor, four hundred by two hundred feet, containing the ingenious works of the improvers of painting, down to the sixteenth century. This extraordinary scene, on the evening of a summer's day, with a splendid red sun setting in the dark blue sky, the full moon rising on the opposite side over a city nearly deserted, affects the beholder's mind with such a sense of magnificence, solitude, and wonder, that he scarcely knows whether he is in this world or not.”—*Flaxman's Lectures.*

Such are the impressions too, which are produced on reading Dante ; the same sublimity, loneliness, and silent awe : such are the feelings which arise in the mind of the traveller as he wanders through the streets of the native city of this great man : like his immortal poem, the vast churches, the lofty towers,

the frowning castles of Florence, seem to be the work of the Titans.

We come next to that truly grand style of architecture commonly called the Gothic. The sublime spirit of chivalry seems to have dictated the early literature of England, and to have produced the architecture which arose at the same time. It is to the north of Europe that we must look for the full and free development of this spirit; for the same national differences existed in the days of the crusades, between the north and south of the continent, as at present. The Italian warriors were as brave as those of England, but they were of a gayer and a lighter temperament; their character was much formed by the superior polish and the more dissolute manners of their courts: they wanted that depth of feeling and purity of sentiment which marked the Northern Knight. The revival of Greek and Roman arts so much earlier in Italy than in the north, also prevented the chivalrous ages from producing so great an effect upon architecture in that country. There is a perfect keeping between the old English writings and the superb Gothic edifices which were commenced as early as the twelfth century. A deep and fervent religion seems to have been the moving principle, and is most prominent in both: religion equally called forth the great works of Greece: but the religion of the romantic ages was of a far different character. New ideas of power had been developed by the spread of Christianity. The miracles of holy men, the marvellous and heart-rending tale of

the sufferings and death of a Saviour, the certainty of a life to come, and the revelation of the glory of an omnipotent God, filled the hearts of men, till life faded into insignificance, and all the soul was absorbed in the contemplation of these vast subjects. Hence the statues of mailed warriors slumbered on their tombs, their hands closed in prayer, as commending their spirit to Him who gave it; hence choirs of angels and archangels, of prophets and martyrs and saints, crowded the solemn arches of the cathedral like the vault of heaven, and seemed to join in the "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies;" hence the majestic and lyric style of the early writers, whether in prose or poetry; and hence also may be traced the unrivalled sublimity of Milton, who shared deeply in the spirit of the age of chivalry.

A still more intimate connection exists between literature and the arts of design, by which we here mean sculpture and painting. These are of a higher cast than architecture; like poetry, their subject is man, and the supernatural beings, which, however ideal, must always be represented in the human form: less imposing for grandeur of proportion, it is their object to produce an equally profound effect by appealing more directly to the moral, to the loftiest and deepest feelings of our nature. Their power over us is less visible; it steals upon us unawares; but, like poetry, it captivates the whole soul. That these arts should produce the same effect upon us as the higher efforts of literature, is not surprising, for

they are all but the expression of kindred imagination, sentiments, and emotions : each is the pouring forth of a soul overflowing with irrepressible thought ; each is the language of inspiration. And there is a beautiful harmony in these imaginings, whether they glow on the canvass, breathe in the marble, or are heard in melodious verse and the magic tones of music. Thus it is that the arts illustrate literature ; the grand object of all is the same — to call forth a response in the mind of others. Hence, the same sensations are excited, whether we see the Laocoon in the eloquent marble, or read his sad story in the touching lines of Virgil : whether, with the awful genius of Dante for our guide, we tread the unexplored regions of heaven and hell, or gaze on the terrible vision of the last judgment, which the genius of Michael Angelo has embodied in the Sistine chapel : whether we behold the sculptured forms of ministering spirits bearing up to heaven the soul of the good knight who has died in the faith, or read in Sir Thomas Malory how the holy man in his vision saw the angels “ heave up Sir Launcelot to the heavens,” and of the “ goodly odor,” and the chanting of the seraphs.

Whenever new and great principles, which are to change the form of society, new ideas of power, new religions, new motives to action are developed, there will be found new, original, and powerful literature, and corresponding arts. Nothing is wanting at any time to bring these forward, but a sufficient motive : the mind is not less active nor less powerful in one age

than another. But there are certain epochs in the history of man, when all is destined to be changed. Mighty influences spread over society like a deluge, and destroy all, save the eternal elements from which a new creation is to spring. The waters subside, and the fertile soil again teems with life ; but new trees and plants and new races appear, and but few vestiges of the ancient order of things remain. Two such epochs have already occurred. First, when men had emerged from barbarism like the world from chaos, had formed themselves into society, and had begun to speak with the voice of poetry, and to embody their fancies in the marble. Again, after the lapse of benighted centuries, when, like the earth reappearing from the deluge, the mind a second time teemed in its fulness, and gave birth to those productions which have been the wonder and glory of all successive ages.

At both of these epochs, the secret and source of these vast efforts of the intellect have been a profound faith—not of abstract reason, but of deep sentiment ; not to be cast aside, but filling the soul, absorbing its faculties, and forming almost the sum of its existence : a belief on the part of the artists, not only in the religion they professed, but in the dignity and grandeur of their whole subject ; a deep conviction of its truth, its worthiness to call forth their highest efforts, and its power to expand and enoble the soul in the contemplation. And this faith was not confined to them alone : in their minds it undoubtedly existed in a more distinct, vivid, and

beautiful form, than with the mass ; still it pervaded the whole community, ruled society, and formed the entire spirit of the age. And, indeed, but for this universal faith, the great works of ancient art could not have been produced ; the voice of the poet is mute, and the arm of the sculptor falls nerveless, unless they awaken in the hearts of others an echo to the call of their own inspiration.

This faith was a deep and life-giving principle in the mind of Homer. He was to sing in "new and lofty measures" of a bygone and mightier race, of heroes and demigods and their unrivalled exploits ; of deities whom he adored in sincerity, who had aided in the battles of his country, had protected it with their divinity, and conferred power and honor upon it ; who had marked it for their favored land, and had fixed their abode and established their shrines in its sacred soil. And his strains were to be heard by those who had descended from the heroes he celebrated ; by a race of freemen and warriors, who listened with rapture to the tale of the glorious deeds, the high birth and the divine qualifications of their ancestors. Nor was this faith less remarkable in the ancient sculptors ; they believed in the existence and attributes, and were impressed with the character, of the Deity, whose visible image it was their high duty to portray. Hence the inspiration of their works : and hence that undefinable but evident superiority of the antique statues over modern imitations of the classic. An instance which pointedly illustrates this remark, may be seen in the Perseus of Canova, which

was made to replace the Apollo Belvidere, when that wonder of art was removed from Rome. The artist undoubtedly exerted his utmost power, and the statue is exceedingly beautiful: the head is truly Grecian; the dress, form, and attitude are classic: but, alas! the faith was wanting to give life and divinity to the whole: it is the figure of a beautiful youth, but no trace of inspiration is there. Far different is the great original for which this was to be a substitute. We delight to picture to ourselves the sculptor of the Apollo at the moment of finishing his work; we fancy him gazing at the piece, and gathering, one by one, its varied and almost endless beauties; beholding thus embodied visibly before him his own soul, his religion, his genius; we fancy him forgetting that the work is his own, and ascribing to the presence of the Divinity those magnificent traits with which the marble is invested; and then we can easily imagine him throwing away his chisel, and prostrating himself in adoration before the inspired form he has himself called into existence.

The philosophy of such a faith was not unknown to the ancients; they illustrated it in the beautiful fable of Pygmalion, and his statue animated by the gods—where the ivory seemed to become instinct with life, as the enraptured artist gazed on the lovely form before him, till he forgot it was the work of his own hands.

This faith was not less real and profound, both in artists and the people at large, on the recommencement of poetry and the arts in Italy; it called into

being the superb temples, the wonders of painting and sculpture, and the unrivalled poetry of that hal-
lowed land: and it spread from there into other
countries, till the whole civilized world acknowledg-
ed its power and yielded to its impulses.

We have thus endeavored to show that an intimate
connection exists between the fine arts and literature,
so that one illustrates the other; that this affinity is
not a matter of hazard, but that it previously exists
in the mind; that painting, sculpture, music and
poetry, are but different modes of expressing the
same emotions, and that all are produced by the
irresistible influence of the spirit of the age.

This connection, however, was more intimate in
the early Grecian ages than at any subsequent period.
The number of subjects was more limited; it was
confined to the history and mythology of a single
nation: art was to illustrate but one state of society,
and one religion; all was in prospect; all was yet to
be formed; there were comparatively few previous
models to consult; for though Egypt, and perhaps
other Oriental nations, preceded Greece in civiliza-
tion, they were still far from arriving at perfection.
The Greeks never looked back upon the literature
and arts of these nations as we do upon the works of
Homer and Æschylus, Phidias and Praxiteles, as
models to be implicitly followed, as the perfection of
art, the utmost limit of human powers. On the con-
trary, they discovered traces of a degrading super-
stition and innate barbarism in the monuments of
Egypt, and instinctively rejected them as models.

All was to be formed new ; but as is universally the case at such times, their operations were confined to a comparatively narrow field.

Another circumstance, which tended to bind together the labors of the poet and the artist, was, that they were more exclusively directed to common life than in later ages. This was not owing to a want of poetic feeling, but to the more poetical manner of life which prevailed in the early ages. As it is supposed that the first language of men is poetry, so it is certain that the habits and forms of earlier society are more full of the wild, marvellous, and unreal, which poetry seeks. There was much of what we call romance in the every-day life of the elder Grecians ; they were ruled by feeling, not principle ; in peace, the power of eloquence, not the majesty of the law, directed their movements ; in war, personal courage, not military discipline, decided the fate of the day ; all life was poetry and romance, intense excitement and kindling emotion. Hence the poet and the sculptor sought no further than the life around for subjects on which to employ their genius. Models were afforded at their own hearths, in the streets and the forum, at the tribunals of justice and the altars of the gods. Their representations therefore were marked by a strong analogy, for had they departed widely from the common model, they would have wandered in unknown fields, where none could follow them. Their works were more faithful to the subject than those of modern times, but there was less room and less necessity for the exertion of ima-

gination. Poetry was not then, as at present, a fairy garden, set apart from the rest of the world, teeming with gorgeous and unknown flowers, and guarded by watchful genii ; no walls then encircled the sacred precincts ; no flaming sword waved at the portal ; but all men wandered in the paths and reposed in the shade.

If the representations of real life required less effort of the imagination in the time of Homer, than since the revival of letters, still more was this the case with regard to the supernatural beings. They were less varied in numbers and character, less powerful, less gifted, both in good and evil, than those beings whom the Jewish and Christian religions have revealed. Homer fixed the mythology of Greece ; the sculptors arrayed the gods in the forms he assigned them ; and the people adored them under the attributes he ascribed to them : and what were these gods ? Beings of ideal beauty, yet in the form of man ; of ideal power, yet sharing in mortal weakness ; even occasionally wounded and defeated by man, and partaking in his follies and passions ; gifted, it is true, with immortality, but in this respect not differing from many heroes of mortal origin. These deities were the principal subject of poetry and sculpture whenever they sought to portray supernatural beings : true, there were other dark, mysterious, and unearthly imaginings ; but they had so little certainty and fixedness of form and character, that they are rarely alluded to by the poet, and have never been embodied by the sculptor.

But if the attributes of the Grecian deities were of a less lofty nature than those of the superior beings whom Christianity has made known, the character and attributes of man, considered simply as a mortal and a finite being, were perhaps much more elevated than they are now. The glories of a future existence revealed by our religion, the light which now beams from the throne of the Almighty, and pours its effulgence upon the life to come, seem to throw a shade over the present state of being, which sinks into insignificance when compared with the immortality which awaits us. No theme is more common with the Christian than the worthlessness of existence, without the hope which his religion holds out to him; deprive him of this, and what does life become? — a barren waste, without one green spot to cheer his sad pathway, darkened by the pale shadow of death, and encompassed about with despair. Man, bereft of immortality, is a frail, perishing creature of clay, the sport of his own passions and the powers of nature, deluded through life by the vain phantom of happiness, and finally sinking into oblivion to give place to others, who are to pursue the same unprofitable and cheerless career. With the early Greeks this was far otherwise. We mean not to affirm, that they had no idea of a second existence; on the contrary, they distinctly believed in it: but this belief was rather the innate horror of annihilation than a cheering and sustaining hope. The thought of it seems rarely to have occupied their minds, and never influenced their conduct. Nor

did they conceive of an improved nature ; the soul, divested of its mortal covering, was to wander in the shady realms of Pluto, but melancholy would be its prevailing sentiment, and the memory of past joys would but heighten the gloom of the present. The idea, however, of that expansion of the intellect on arriving at its destined abode, which is to render it susceptible of new and unknown joys, which is to develop its whole nature, and bring forth powers, that here slumber in the germ, and which will efface the past by the immeasurable glory of immortality, seems never to have occurred to them. The present existence embraced within its compass all their powers, wishes, and hopes ; life was dignified by making it an ultimate object. Man was supposed to be born for this world alone ; beyond this, his duties as well as his joys had but a shadowy existence. Hence the intellect, with all its sublime attributes, but served to ennoble man in his present being ; hence the strength of the moral affections, the perception of beauty, the love of truth — in a word, all that for the Christian, is to survive the grave, and increase in immortal proportions when separated from the earth, was concentrated in the present, and had no object beyond this life.

There is something grand and imposing, though deeply affecting, in these views of life. In the eye of the early Greeks, man was born for no preparation for a future existence, but only to direct and enjoy the present. For him the universe was created ; the earth, his dwelling-place, hung central,

and the heavenly luminaries revolved about it, pouring down their light and swaying the seasons for him alone. Not only the inferior orders of beings, but the deities themselves were formed for him. The god of day pursued his ceaseless path through the heavens to cheer his labors, and the chaste queen of night watched over his slumbers. The father of gods and men, the universal Jove, descended from Olympus to inspire him ; Minerva covered him with the awful shield of wisdom ; the goddess of grace and love placed her shrine in his heart ; and immortal powers, captivated with his beauty, forsook their abodes to seek on earth a loveliness which they found not in heaven. Even the stern fates labored for him alone. All existence centered in man ; and were he blotted from being, all things would pass away like a vain pageant, and heaven, earth, and hell, with all their inhabitants, would cease to be.

Nor was man wanting to these high destinies. Forming no idea of future happiness, nor of intellect vaster than his own, he assumed majestically the dominion on earth to which he was born, and girded himself for the fearful contest which was his inheritance. Against the elements which warred with his being, against the terrible powers of Destiny, against the certainty of death, he engaged in a ceaseless struggle for victory. The Sun, amazed at his crimes, started back in his course ; the gods, wounded by his spear, fled howling to Olympus ; and the dreary realms of Tartarus yielded up the dead to his victorious hands. Gathering into the present the might

of an immortal spirit, he sought to ally it more closely to the perishable clay. He coveted, above all things, immortal life, and labored, by his heroic achievements and by uniting himself with the gods, to rise at last to the starry Olympus.

Man, then, among the Greeks, the lord of the universe, to whom even the divinities were but ministering attendants — man, gifted with an all-daring and all-grasping soul, created only to ennoble him here, was the highest manifestation of beauty, power and majesty. Descended from a common parent with his gods, his form was not inferior to their own, but became the only model. For the poet or the sculptor, then, man was the great and only subject, and in him all their efforts were concentrated. In proportion as he approximated in character and attributes to the supernatural beings, the works of genius in every branch, by being limited more exclusively to one model, became analogous.

This approximation, or rather an intimate and inseparable union between the gods and mortals, is nowhere more observable than in Homer : and this is the secret of his mythology : the character of his heroes would be incomplete without the intervention of superior beings. The simplicity which prevails in the earlier stages of society is the cause of this : complication of character was not understood, and when conflicting emotions and passions were discovered, they were ascribed to the presence of a god. For instance, when Achilles is about to draw his sword and rush upon Agamemnon, Minerva glides

from heaven, catches him by the hair, and soothes his rage. Viewed in connection with the interference of the goddess, the character of Achilles appears far more elevated and finished than when we examine the attributes ascribed to him alone. One view shows the courageous young man injured and insulted by his enemy, ready to sacrifice this haughty rival, yet checking himself by prudence, by reflection of the mischief he would produce, and by a feeling of reverence for the chosen leader of the army; the other represents him rash and inconsiderate, regardless of consequences, and eager only to gratify his own vengeance. We have no belief that any allegorical meaning was implied by Homer in his deities; as he has represented, so he worshipped them, and he has devoutly ascribed to their interposition all those counter-emotions which agitate the mind, for he saw man only in the simple straight-forward character in which he has portrayed him. The union of the two was necessary to perfection: and we think Schlegel has evidently mistaken the character of Homer's gods, when he says, "Their appearance is arbitrary and accidental, and can communicate no higher interest to the epic poem than the charm of the wonderful." In numerous instances, this interposition of the gods serves only to complete the character of the mortal: the struggle in the mind of Helen, between her love for Paris and her contempt of his cowardice, is beautifully depicted, by the intervention of Venus, who leads her to his couch: Minerva, guiding the chariot of Diomedes, persuading

the heroes to retire with the horses of Rhesus, and shedding a cloud of glory around the head of Achilles; the dream sent to Agamemnon; Apollo saving *Æneas*; and the presence of Jupiter, inspiring the Trojans, are instances of the same.

In proportion as men philosophize upon character and lose their faith in the gods, this union becomes less intimate. It hardly exists in Virgil; he did not believe with the faith of Homer, and his machinery is comparatively of little importance. In his day, the views of man, which prevailed in the early ages of Greece, were lost; the gods were abandoned to the ignorant, and man was hardly ennobled by being connected with them; philosophy had in a measure taken the place of poetry; allegory was substituted instead of simple faith; men had begun to reason upon a future life; the immortality of the soul was their engrossing theme; impelled by an irresistible curiosity, they sought to penetrate the mysteries of the tomb, and to discover beyond it the condition of the disembodied spirit: they doubted, yet eagerly longed to believe, in its future happiness. To this state of things we owe the splendors of the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Abandoning the heartless imitations of Homer, which are seen in his previous pictures of the gods, the poet comes now to a theme worthy of his utmost powers, — to the representation of that future life which had become the great object of philosophy. He invokes the deities whose empire is over the spirits of the departed, the silent shades, Chaos and Phlegethon, and the vast regions where

the stillness of night forever reigns, while he speaks of those abodes which are concealed from man, though his destined habitation. His imagination, borne up by the vastness of his subject, never flags : he enters with a firm step upon those unexplored shores which are thronged with the dead ; he passes the dismal waters of the Styx, and beholds the far-stretching walls of Tartarus, encircled by the flaming river, and their dusky portal rising in grandeur on its adamantine columns : the iron gates roll back on their hinges, and reveal to his astonished eye the terrors of this abode of crime and suffering. He hurries from the contemplation of wo to the happy fields of Elysium, the habitation of the blessed ; there joy forever dwells, and the mild waters of Lethe, flowing through enchanted meadows, blot out the very memory of sorrow.

These are the vast themes which developed the genius of Virgil in this masterpiece of art, but we discover here no analogy to the sculptured forms of the gods in his time.

If we examine the great characteristics of Grecian art and poetry, we shall find them the same : a perfect harmony prevails throughout, and one may be constantly employed to illustrate the other. Nothing is more remarkable in the early Greek writers, than their naturalness and unaffected simplicity. The *Iliad* abounds in passages of the deepest pathos, yet possessing all the artlessness of the emotions of childhood. How exquisitely does the poet speak of the death of Castor and Pollux ! Helen wonders at not

seeing them in the ranks of the Grecians, and attributes their absence to the shame she had caused them. Homer simply adds —

“ — τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσιζοὺς αἶα
 Ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ αὐθι φιλῆ ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ.”
Iliad, b. 3, l. 243-4.

— Them now the life-producing earth retained
 In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

The parting of Hector and Andromache, and her lament for his death, passages which alone are enough to immortalize the poet, are marked by the same pathos and simplicity. These beauties appear equally in his delineations of character. There is nothing more touching in the *Iliad* than the portrait of Helen. Her exquisite loveliness, her frailty, her humility and self-reproach, the deep sadness to which she yields herself up, and, finally, her anguish as she mourns over the body of Hector, steal away our hearts, and we feel that we have looked upon nature itself. The same simplicity and deep pathos appear in the works of ancient art. We know of no better instance to illustrate this, than the celebrated statue of Niobe. Her upturned and imploring look, which seems to plead for her last remaining child, who clings to her for safety; the dignity of her attitude, the despair painted in her countenance, and the stillness and majesty of her grief, are in perfect keeping with the most tragic portions of the *Iliad*.

The works of the Grecian dramatists are marked by the same characteristics; the utmost simplicity in

the plot, as well as the execution, prevails in the tragedies. The idea of man, to which we have already alluded, conduced much to this. His very existence was tragedy ; born to an endless strife with superior powers, the victim of inexorable fate, coveting immortality, yet certain of death, the very dignity of life and the majesty with which the soul composed itself for its eternal sleep, are subjects worthy the highest powers of the tragic muse. Hence the form of the Greek tragedy was extremely simple, and it rarely resulted in death. The contemplation of man living in the prospect of dissolution, pursued by destiny, and yielding proudly to powers of a mightier nature than his own, was more sad and awful than death itself. Of the Prometheus of *Æschylus*, Schlegel remarks,

“ It is thus an image of human nature itself ; endowed with a miserable foresight, and bound down to a narrow existence, without an ally, and with nothing to oppose to the combined and inexorable powers of nature, but an unshaken will and the consciousness of elevated claims. The other poems of the Greek tragedians are tragedies ; but this may be called tragedy itself ; its purest spirit is revealed with all the annihilating and overpowering influence of its first unmitigated austerity.”

That most remarkable characteristic of the ancient statues, the profound and majestic repose, is no less discoverable in the early Grecian literature. By this repose, as applied to the works of art, is meant the look, attitude, and general appearance, when the

mind is completely possessed and master of itself; when, however strong its sensations or passions, it is still able to quell them, and preserve an inward harmony, which not even the agonies of the last struggle, nor the immediate prospect of death, can overcome. This repose is remarkably visible in the calm and stately form of the Minerva of Phidias; it is not want of life, it is not dulness or stupidity; it is the serenity of wisdom, and the silent happiness of a mind where all the elements are in harmony. But it exists no less in the statue of the dying Gladiator. We see in that wonderful piece, the triumph of mind over bodily pain; the countenance expresses the utmost suffering, yet no contortion is visible; it is composed, solemn, and dignified.

— “ His manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.”

Childe Harold, Canto IV.

His life-blood is fast flowing from the deep wound in his side, and the world is fading from his eyes, but the mind is still victorious, and nature maintains her dignity to the last moment. The same repose, if we may be allowed the expression, is observable in the poetry, whether we consider the melody of the verse, or, what is still more important, the harmony which appears in the delineations of character. Nothing forced or unnatural is ever introduced; passion is never allowed to vanquish intellect, and in representing the strongest emotions, the same dignity and self-possession are preserved. Poetry was considered

entirely as an art by the Greeks, and the same general rules were applied to it as to the fine arts. It was necessary, then, that the same regard to correctness, symmetry, and repose, should be observed. It is said, that, even in portraying the torments of the Laocoon, the sculptor has never violated the line of beauty; and this has been equally preserved in the most highly wrought passages of the early dramatists, especially *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. Even in the *Eumenides* of the former, perhaps the most agitating and heart-stirring of all his pieces, this repose is the prevailing sentiment; it is seen in the slumber of the *Furies*; in the supplication of *Orestes* at the shrine of *Minerva*; in the mild words of the goddess to whose eloquence these terrible beings yield; and, finally, it may be discerned in their promise to bless the land where she holds dominion, and in the sanctuary which she designs for them, where laying aside those awful qualities with which they were invested, they would be revered as the *Eumenides*, the benevolent, the friends of man. It is seen in the *Œdipus Coloneus* of *Sophocles*, where the way-worn and conscience-stricken wanderer finds rest in the very grove of the *Furies*.

That this repose was most highly prized by the ancients, we may infer from its being the constant aim and object of their lives. *Socrates* manifested it in his last moments, and the dying *Cæsar* veiled his face, that he might not violate it. It was the object of all philosophy; the *Epicurean* sought it in tempered indulgence; the *Stoic* in a proud contempt

alike for joy and suffering; we discern it in the fanciful theories of Pythagoras and the sublime musings of Plato. The ancients ascribed this happy repose to their gods; they depicted it in the countenance of Jupiter, which, even in the moments of anger, when he is sending down his thunderbolts, is still represented serene and benevolent; they beheld the same harmony and repose in the order of the heavens, and there they enthroned their gods in blissful realms, beyond the reach of those jarring elements which agitate man on earth.

If these remarks are true, they are sufficient to illustrate the importance of studying ancient art. The works of the Grecian painters and sculptors, which have come down to us, are not to be viewed simply as objects of curiosity, or mere exhibitions of ancient skill and taste. They are indeed interesting, as affording a key to the history of ancient art, and still more as correct specimens of costume and of the human form, in a country where it was developed in the finest proportions. But they have a higher import than this; they reveal to us the soul which dwelt in these noble forms; they exhibit the whole man, his habits of life, his philosophy, and religion; they place society vividly before us, with all its laws and impulses. The fine arts probably exercised a much greater influence in the classic ages, than at present. The statues appear to have been considered not merely the representatives of the gods, but were invested with a mysterious life and agency; and homage was offered directly to them. They

were seen even in the dwellings of the poor, who worshipped their household gods as their nearest benefactors; they guarded the wayfarer in the darkness of night, and they received the adoration of an entire people in the sublime temples religion had consecrated to them. The enduring bronze and marble, which, in a measure, bind together the successive ages, gave to the heroes and the benefactors of mankind an immortality, which was closely allied by superstition to the eternity of the gods: and the Roman, as he arrayed the statues of an illustrious line of ancestry at the funeral pile of a kinsman, seemed to triumph over death. The very sparingness with which the honor of a statue was publicly decreed, shows in what high consideration it was held.

For us, the highest importance of the ancient arts probably consists in their connection with poetry. They form the background and shading of that sublime picture whose outline alone is presented by ancient literature. The works of the early writers allude to a state of society totally different from that which exists at present: they describe man as influenced by motives which have now ceased to operate, agitated by hopes and fears which have become powerless, and worshipping gods whose dominion has passed away. To the uninitiated reader, much is unintelligible in these early productions. He who would read them understandingly, must study in connection the kindred arts; he must transport himself back to the heroic ages, and become familiar with

men as they then lived; he must share in their battles and their feasts, weep round their funeral pyres, and offer libations to their gods; he must become as one of them, and assume even their thoughts, wishes and prospects. Happy the scholar whose fortune it is to visit those lands which the lyres of Homer and Pindar, of Horace and Maro, have celebrated in immortal strains! who treads the soil of the seven-hill'd city, and mused amid her stupendous ruins, or looks down from the Acropolis upon the birth-place and cradle of genius! and who sees, face to face, those inspired traits which called forth the adoration of an earlier race! To few of us who dwell in these distant lands, are such roamings permitted. Yet much may be done by the American student. Let him collect, as far as may be in his power, correct views of Italian and Grecian scenery, and become familiar with those spots which the historian and poet have celebrated; let him study carefully the restorations of classic ruins, which have been made by competent artists. Let him obtain casts in plaster of the masterpieces of antiquity, and examine with minute care the works of such artists as Flaxman, who has conferred a lasting benefit upon the scholar by his labors. Let him thus form his mind to comprehend the spirit of the antique, and then the majestic literatures of Greece and Rome will not be to him as a dead letter, but will penetrate with a quickening power to his inmost soul.

POLITICS OF EUROPE.

Words of a Believer. — *Translated from the French of F. de la Mennais.* New York. Charles de Behr. 1834.

From the North American Review, Vol. xl. No. 37. April, 1835.

WE are glad to find, that a good translation has been made of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*. It is a work of great power and interest. Its character is chiefly political, and it relates, particularly, to the present state of things in France. It is written in the style of the Hebrew prophets, and in the form of visions contains the most violent denunciations of kings. An uncommon dignity is conferred upon the work, by the sentiments of deep religious faith with which it abounds, and which would seem to place it far above the common standard of democratic writings in Europe.

Much doubt, however, has been expressed, with regard to the sincerity of the author. In 1829, the Abbé de la Mennais was called, in the English periodicals, "the Apostle of Royalism." He was the firm adherent of the Bourbons, and seemed to entertain a degree of reverence for abstract royalism. He appeared to be filled with that sentiment

which is called loyalty, and which is little understood here ; — a blind attachment to the person and family of the sovereign, existing, perhaps, as strongly in many who have never even seen him, as in those who have been bred in his presence, — a feeling originating in a high quality of the mind, but leading, not unfrequently, to disastrous consequences. Thus we judge the Abbé de la Mennais to have felt, and thus he was described by the liberal journals, during the reign of Charles X. And now, in 1833, only four years after being distinguished as the apostle of royalism, he publishes a work of the most inflammatory nature, instigating his countrymen to declare perpetual war against kings, and tracing to the wickedness of monarchs all the ills with which the land is filled, and under which Europe is groaning.

Whether he be sincere or not, we do not pretend to judge ; loyalty is, generally, too deep a feeling to be speedily changed. Yet we are of opinion, that enough has happened in France, and throughout the continent, since the commencement of 1830, fairly to account for many changes in men's sentiments ; and we are ready enough to believe, that the feelings expressed in this work have flowed from an honest mind. A cry of indignation and anguish comes wafted on the chilling blast from Siberia ; a voice rises from the flames of Poland, from the dungeons of Austria, from the tombs of the slaughtered citizens of France, and repeats, in awful tones, the lesson, " Put not your trust in Princes ;" and all men

of free and noble minds will catch the sound, and repeat its echoes.

It matters little to us, however, whether the work in question be the result of disappointed ambition, or of generous and manly feeling; there is enough in the present condition of France, to account for the appearance of such a book, without looking farther for the motives of the author. It is chiefly interesting to us, who dwell at a distance, as one of the most remarkable signs of the times. Such books are not the result of ordinary circumstances; they never appear in times of tranquillity, of peaceful subjection, or established freedom. It is only when the battle is to be fought between oppression and liberty, when principles are unsettled, when rights are claimed, but unacknowledged, and the colossal shadow of power is advancing, with its blighting influences, that these dark signs and omens are displayed, announcing times of confusion and war, and "with fear of change perplexing monarchs."

Such is the present state of things in France. Though the government is strong, and the king sits, perhaps, as firmly on his throne as any monarch in Christendom, there is still going on, in that country, a mighty revolution, which commenced at least a century ago, and will not, perhaps, be finished for a century to come; a revolution in the mind and character of the people. Historians commit a great error, in giving us the results of a revolution, for the revolution itself. A civil war, a change of dynasty, or even of the form of a government, the elevation

of one prince, or the death or banishment of another, do not constitute a revolution : they are only its results ; its origin and existence are in the mind of the people at large, and it continues as long as the change is there taking place. To the philosophical observer, the revolution of France commenced as early as the reign of Louis XIV. ; and it has proceeded, with unimpeded step, through the successive years to the present time. The tragic reign of Louis XVI., the horrors of the republic, the romantic career of Napoleon, the restoration, the exploits of July, the *émeutes* of the reign of Louis Philippe, are but different events in a great revolution, which, finding its origin in the character of the people, will not cease till the stormy elements of that character shall have subsided into harmony and peace. This is the only view of the French revolution which can console us for the horrors by which it has been signalized.

In the minds of many, there is nothing to expiate its crimes, — no ray of light falls upon the dark picture of cruelty and suffering it discloses, — all is black with oppression and despair ; and the time is regarded as an awful chasm in the history of man, cut off alike from the past and future, teaching no lesson but the wickedness of our nature, the strength of the people wasted by its own violence, and the nation recovering, at last, from the delirium, like the raving Hercules, only to sit down and weep over its slaughtered children. These views are natural to men, who witnessed the fearful days of the reign

of terror ; and we have deep sympathy and respect for the feelings of those who have uttered, in loud and indignant tones, their detestation of deeds, which seemed to be the work of fiends rather than mortals ; but we still have some doubt, whether such persons are the best fitted to judge of the effects of these deeds. Few are disposed, at the moment when the tornado is passing over them, destroying their dwellings, and ruining their harvest, to speculate upon the healthy atmosphere that will ensue, the increased fertility of their flooded fields, or the fair edifices which will rise from the ruins around them. All thought is absorbed in the terror of the moment. So it is with those who have lived in the midst of the hurricane of revolution ; another generation must grow up, before its good effects can be comprehended. But the time has now come, when it is beginning to be acknowledged that much good has been accomplished.

The American traveller, who for the first time passes over from England into France, is impressed with the fact, that a greater degree of personal freedom exists in the latter country. In France, the mighty families of olden time have been cut off ; the peerage is a shadow ; vast estates have been broken up, and divided among independent landholders ; republican simplicity has taken the place of aristocratic wealth. This is the work of the early revolution. Nor was it a work of time ; the fetters were suddenly burst, and the people found themselves free ; the doors of the dungeon were

opened, and the captive walked forth unrestrained, the whole earth before him, and none to direct or govern. To the nation it was apparent, when they first paused from their deeds of violence, that a mighty object was already accomplished. Their oppressors had vanished, their freedom was achieved. A vast gulf, never to be repassed, in whose wreck-strewn waves lay weltering staff and mitre, sceptre and diadem, now rolled between them and their bondage; and, like the emancipated people of old, they boldly sounded forth the anthem of liberty, though a wilderness of confusion and anarchy was before them.

The vast efforts which characterized the first revolution of France, were not wasted. Even under the iron despotism of Napoleon, we can still discern their effects, in the energies which bore him on to conquest. The tide of revolution was never rolled back upon itself; Napoleon had the genius to direct its course, and it wafted him onward to universal sway, but to check it was beyond his power. It was never to be checked; and France, at his downfall, conquered and humbled, with the stranger encamped in her capital, and his legions polluting her soil, was still free; free through the blood that had been poured out in her early struggles; free because the spirit which had given rise to them was enshrined in the hearts of her children, and could never be quelled.

Much has been done by the French, towards the establishment of free institutions; but much still

remains for them to do. The events of the present reign indicate but too plainly, that attempts may be successfully made to diminish their liberties; that they have yet much to learn in the great lesson of constitutional freedom; and that years must roll away, before their rights will be so fully appreciated and understood by them, as to leave no danger of their being usurped by their rulers.

A glance at the system of policy pursued since the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, will throw some light upon the causes of that bitterness of feeling displayed by the Abbé de la Mennais, in his visions of the characters of kings. In judging of this system, we are not blind to the difficulties which await us. Never was a course of policy more ably and honestly defended; yet never was there an opposition, which enlisted in its ranks men of greater political experience and sagacity, or of purer patriotism. The system has been successful, in accomplishing its objects; it has triumphed over all obstacles, and restored tranquillity to France, while it has preserved the peace of Europe. The very circumstance of its triumph, gives a prepossession in its favor. The sufferings, and outraged feelings of the defeated party, the price of the victory, the good that has been left undone, the high hopes that are crushed, the ardent aspirations that are turned to sickness of heart, are forgotten in the splendor of the power which now holds almost undisputed sway over the destinies of France. On the other hand, the event of the system advocated by

the opposition party is doubtful. In the opinion of many, the horrors of civil contention, arising from the attempts of the Carlists to restore the fallen dynasty, the flames of war spreading over the whole continent, accompanied by a series of bloody revolutions, and resulting a second time, perhaps, in the defeat of the French armies, the humiliating sight of the allied despots in the capital, and the still more humiliating restoration of the thrice ejected race, might have been the consequences of the course of policy which Lafayette would have adopted. The memory of the disasters which befell the republic, is still fresh in the minds of many of the active men of the day; they recollect that the honor of France was only saved by one man; and that the same genius, which enabled him to rescue his country from the dangers which impended, afterwards placed him in the undisputed and unlimited control of her destinies, and gave him the power to trample on her liberties; they remember the tears of patriots shed over the defeat of their dearest hopes, the groans of the aged, from whom their last child had been torn, to be murdered on the battle-field, the return of that branded and degraded family, forced back upon the revolting country, which had purchased their exile in vain, by forty years of bloodshed; and they beheld France in 1830, after the revolution, in much the same relation with regard to the other nations of Europe, that she held when Napoleon was first called to the command of her armies. The course advocated by the opposition, would, in their

opinion, lead to very similar results, — a different system must be adopted, they would say, and this is precisely the one which has been followed, — the *juste milieu* between the exploded principles of legitimacy, and the bold and hazardous career of Napoleon.

We shall endeavor, in the course of our article, to show that these apprehensions were ill-founded. But we would first ask, has the *juste milieu* system responded to the intentions of those who placed its authors in power? Has it answered the expectations of those noble spirits, through whom the last revolution was achieved? Has it advanced the cause of liberty in France? Has it redeemed the solemn pledges which were given to the lovers of freedom throughout Europe, and over the whole world? In a word, have those who originated this system, fulfilled the destinies which were entrusted to them? If they have not, the system is a bad one, and ought to be held up to reprobation. We are desirous that the course of policy, both internal and external, pursued in France, since the revolution of July, should be viewed as it deserves: the consideration of it involves some of the principles which are of vital importance to our own liberties, and we shall be pardoned, we trust, if we devote a few pages to the effort to place it in a proper point of view.

In the first place, then, it seems important to determine with whom the system originated. It was the general opinion, after M. Casimir Perier was

called to the presidency of the council, and up to the time of his death, that the *juste milieu* policy had been conceived and maintained by his talents; and not a few were expecting some marked change in the system, upon the event of his death. To their surprise, however, the same course was continued, with equal energy and success; and it soon became apparent to all reflecting persons, that the system had emanated from a higher source than the distinguished prime minister; that it had been devised and commenced previously to his appointment, and that a more skilful hand than his had held the reins of government. Nor was it long before the master-spirit was revealed. There was one, whose earlier days had been nurtured in the stern school of adversity; to whom the camp and the battle-field were as the routine of daily life; whom more than twenty years of exile, not passed like those of the banished monarchy, in the midst of the pomp and parade and flattery of pretended regal state, but in the realities of penury, flight, and concealment, had hardened into determined and adventurous manhood; who, hunted from land to land, wandering from the mountains of Switzerland to the dreary wastes of Lapland, and the northernmost cape of Europe; and, finding no resting place in the old world, had crossed the ocean, to be again schooled in the lessons of poverty and suffering in the new; and who, in his sojournings in many a foreign land, had acquired a profound insight into national character, an experience in judging of systems of gov-

ernment, and anticipating great political events scarcely equalled, a calmness, perseverance, and courage in prosecuting his objects, which might have been the envy of the greatest statesmen that have lived; and who, anxious rather to conceal, than display, the extent of his political influence and sagacity, had been content with seeing his measures pursued, while the odium or the glory they created were alike indifferent to him. The death of Perier began to open the eyes of men to the true author of a system, which had been attributed solely to him. And a short time afterwards, when the bloody days of June had effected the final, decisive triumph of the administration, the smoke of the battle rolled away from the blood-stained streets of the metropolis, and with it, like a mist, rolled away the curtain which had hitherto veiled the throne, and revealed to astonished and baffled speculators the true founder of the *juste milieu* system, in the person of the king.

There were many, however, to whom this revelation afforded no surprise. To keen and experienced observers, it was obvious that the system had been struck out and adopted, before Perier was called to the ministry. A statesman such as Louis Philippe has proved himself, (and he is now generally allowed to be one of the first of the age,) was not to be influenced in his projects, intentions, or policy, by a change of ministers; he was not a man to be governed by circumstances. With experience and talent enough to discover, almost at a glance, the

whole situation of his country at the moment of his accession to the throne, and with decision and courage enough to fix upon a plan which appeared to him suited to the state of things, it was not to be expected that he should yield himself to the advice and direction of ministers, accordingly as one party or the other should gain the ascendancy. He saw at once, that his only safety depended upon the resolute adoption of some clearly defined system of policy, not to be abandoned till necessity should compel him. It is by no means improbable, that the course to be pursued, in the event of his accession to the throne, had been decided upon by Louis Philippe even before the revolution. It must have been obvious to him, that a change was approaching, and might take place at any convenient moment; and though the folly and madness of the king, which immediately caused the revolution of July, could not, perhaps, have been anticipated, still it was not difficult to perceive that the retrograde policy of the monarch must be finally checked, and that the reaction would be powerful, in proportion to the obstinacy with which this policy was continued. It was obvious that Louis Philippe was likely to be called to the head of the government, in the event of a revolution, or at least, that this event was not improbable; and the omission on the part of the fallen dynasty to secure his person, is spoken of by political writers as one of the numerous proofs of that extraordinary blindness with which the administration appeared to be struck, on this momentous occasion.

Could a new Chamber of Deputies have been elected immediately after the events of July, it is very likely a different policy might have been adopted. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it is not improbable that there would have been returns from nearly all France, of men who would have united in one great party, at the head of which would have been Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and others of that stamp, whose measures it would have been vain for the Duke of Orleans, even if he had been called to the throne, to oppose or attempt to direct. But the Chamber had been already elected, but a short time before the close of the reign of Charles ; and though composed of a large majority of men liberal for the time, it was still not prepared for the opinions of the liberal party, which made its appearance at the moment of the revolution. They were men who, if the reign of Charles had continued, would have constituted a powerful, honest, and independent opposition, or more probably they would have gained the ascendancy, and a ministry would have been selected from their number ; but after the revolution, they were not ready to meet the bold views of Lafayette and his party. They were completely *juste milieu* men, and the king whom they had made, manifested his sagacity in devising a system which, while it was adapted to the views of a majority in the Chamber, and would be likely to receive their support, was the one which appeared the safest for himself, and the best suited to his capacities. We do not mean,

however, to convey the idea, that if the king had determined to follow the counsels of the more liberal party, he would have been opposed by this Chamber. They were in a complete state of doubt and uncertainty; they wanted equally the decided views of those who now eagerly looked forward to the emancipation of all Europe, as the result of their own glorious struggle, and as the great work which was before them to do, and the fixed partialities, on the other hand, of those who were still desirous of restoring the fallen dynasty. They would probably have been ready to give their support to a much bolder policy than that actually adopted by the king, but they were not likely to originate any system of themselves. With such a Chamber, it was easy for the king to choose that course which seemed best to himself; and he alone, therefore, must be considered responsible for the one which was adopted.

His first object was to employ every means to fix himself firmly on the throne. He accordingly, in the letters which he addressed to the different sovereigns, announcing his accession, assumed a style more becoming a suppliant tributary, than the monarch of a first-rate power. The passionate impotence of the Duke of Modena, who returned his letter unopened, could be received with a smile; yet that smile, had it rested on the lip of Napoleon, might have cost the duke his principality. But the cringing letter of Louis Philippe to the Emperor of Austria, in which he speaks of the glorious revolu-

tion of July as a catastrophe, and the haughty reply of the autocrat, were alike degrading to the national honor of France, and insulting to the feelings of free-men throughout the world.

The next act which disgraced the administration, was the abandonment of the Spanish refugees. Several hundreds of them, after the revolution of July, flocked into France, where they received money and passports for Spain. Two of the ministers, MM. Guizot and Montalivet, had personal interviews with some of them, the result of which was, that they resolved again to attempt the recovery of their liberties. And what was the consequence? They were abandoned to the mercy of a monarch, who refused to recognize the revolution of July, and the king whom it had placed upon the throne, "and whose prime minister, (says M. Sarrans, in his *Life of Lafayette*,) had addressed a circular to all the authorities of the kingdom, most insulting to Louis Philippe, and hostile to the principles of July." "The brother of the unhappy Riego expelled from Paris, Torrijos, the old Lope de Calderon, the noble Pinto, and fifty others, martyrs of liberty, forced into the snare, and assassinated without trial on the part of Spain, without remonstrance on the part of France, who had placed arms in their hands." Such were the consequences of the trust, which these victims reposed in the good faith of the government of the barricades.

The first cabinet was of short duration; it quailed before the fierce spirits of Paris, and retired from

office, not daring, as is supposed, to incur the responsibilities attendant upon the impending trial of the ex-ministers. The new cabinet enlisted, however, several of the same members, with Lafitte for its president. It was during his administration, that the system adopted by the king began to show a decisive character, though it was still concealed from the public. Before the expiration of five months, the patriotic and generous prime minister, the long-tried friend of the king, who had sacrificed a princely fortune for the good of his country, discovered that he was no longer in the confidence of the king, and the other members of the cabinet. His honest views were thwarted, his plans countermined, his measures palsied. Lafayette and Dupont de l'Eure had already been driven to resign, by the action of a system utterly opposed to their views. "And the result of these two resignations," says M. Pepin, one of the most zealous defenders of Louis Philippe, "was to cause the moderate element, (that is the *juste milieu*,) to triumph in the cabinet, as it had triumphed in the Chamber." The immediate cause of Lafitte's resignation is said to have been this. On the 5th of March, a courier arrived at the hotel of M. Sebastiani, minister of foreign affairs, with a despatch from Marshal Maison, the ambassador of France at the court of Vienna. The despatch contained these remarkable words: "I am now convinced, that in order to avert the dangers which threaten France, it is necessary, without delay, and before the levies of Austria can

be organized, to take the first step in the war, and throw an army into Piedmont." This important communication was withheld from the president of the council for two days after its arrival; and it was only upon his urgent demand, when he had accidentally heard of its having come to hand, that he was permitted to read it. This want of confidence on the part of the king and the minister of foreign affairs, showed Lafitte that it was time for him to withdraw from the cabinet; and he immediately sent in his resignation. It was evident, that the king or his cabinet had adopted already a system opposed to his own, and to that of the friends of freedom, who had ranged themselves under the banners of Lafayette. And even at this time, a name was not wanting to the system. The king, in his reply to a deputation from Gaillac, in January, had used the following words: "We will endeavor to keep ourselves in a just medium, (*juste milieu*) equally distant from the abuses of royal power, and from the excesses of popular power." "And in those words," says M. Pepin, "was unfolded an entire system, in which the king prides himself."

Casimir Perier was now called to the presidency of the council, and the system in which the king prided himself, was at once openly avowed and vindicated. A powerful opposition appeared against it, but unequal to its supporters in numbers. At the head of this party were the Lafayettes, Odillon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamarque, and others, whose names are identified with liberty over the

whole éarth. The *juste milieu* however prevailed. The elective franchise was tampered with, and finally so established, that the thirty-two millions who people the soil of France, afford at the highest estimate but about two hundred thousand voters. The Belgian revolution had already broken out, and the troops of Holland were driven from every hold in the country, except the citadel of Antwerp, from which their cannon threatened destruction to the fairest city in Belgium. An armistice succeeded, while the cunning Talleyrand was wasting his time at the conference of London, in endeavoring to arrange by articles and protocols, an affair that was becoming ridiculous, by its long continuance, and which a single word from the king of France might have settled. But the *juste milieu* system must be persevered in. The Duke of Némours was refused to the Belgians for their king, and it was not till more than a year afterwards, when the great powers had evinced in the clearest manner possible, that nothing could drive them to a war, that a *quasi* pledge of support was given to Belgium, in the person of a princess of France, and the French cannon turned against the citadel of Antwerp, from whose walls the nation had so long been mocked by the troops of the king of Holland.

Meantime the revolution burst out in Poland, and that fine people were left to fight their battles unaided, against the overwhelming power of Russia. It is needless to recall the brilliant exploits, the dazzling victories, the sad defeats, and the ruin and

desolation which ensued in that unhappy war. No helping hand was extended by France ; no voice of encouragement was offered. The struggle was at length over, and the stillness of death succeeded. And then the French minister of foreign affairs dared to insult the nation by the formal declaration, that "*order reigns in Warsaw.*" Yes! the order that reigns over the blackened and smoking ruin, — the order of the tomb and the charnel-house, — the order of death.

The insurrections in Italy were not more successful, nor better sustained by the aid of France. A few troops were thrown into Ancona, only to elicit the enthusiasm of the people at the sight of their tri-colored flag, — to show that Austria was unwilling to be drawn into a war on any condition, — to be insulted by the pope, and ignominiously withdrawn ; while not an arm was raised to check the operation of that bloody edict of Cardinal Albani. Thus ended the last struggle for liberty in Europe ; and the monarch of France sat smiling on his throne, while tyranny was triumphantly striding over the continent, and the victims of its cruelty were stretching forth their hands in vain to him whose duty it was to rescue them.

The strength of the government was now increasing ; eleven millions of francs per annum were voted by the obsequious Chambers for the civil list, to that citizen king who had solemnly promised to dispense with any such provision. The insurrections at Lyons, Grenoble, and other cities in the south of

France, were quelled by the standing army; and the national guard, that early object of jealousy and terror, was disbanded throughout a large portion of the kingdom. Finally, came the battles of the 5th and 6th of June, 1832, to establish beyond a question the power of the administration. Up to this time, some outrage in Paris had marked every month of Louis Philippe's reign. But the battles of June were more than a common *émeute*. Had the insurgents succeeded, the affair might, perhaps, have been called another glorious revolution; as it resulted, it is characterized, and probably with justice, as a mad rebellion. We shall not attempt to offer any excuse for those who were in arms against the government on this occasion. We hold in abhorrence this hasty appeal to arms, which characterizes the inhabitants of Paris; and we believe, that although it was provoked by the jealous severity of the police, it was still unjustifiable on every ground. But we reflect with sorrow and indignation upon the vindictive measures of the government upon that occasion. When we think of the bloody victory that was gained, — of that awful tragedy in the parish of St. Méry, where two hundred young men from the schools of Paris had entrenched themselves in a house, upon which the veteran Soult, commanding in person, was pouring the cross fire of artillery from two streets; when we remember their desperate resistance, their cries of liberty or death, as they met the invading troops, or threw themselves in reckless despair from the windows, upon the

bristling bayonets beneath ; when we think of how much was lost to their country in this profitless warfare ; when our imagination turns to their homes, over which a blight has come for ever, to the tears of their mothers, to the gray hairs which have been brought down in sorrow to the grave, and when we remember who was the author of this bloody drama, we can feel some sympathy with the denunciations of the Abbé de la Mennais.

The victory of St. Méry was followed up by military law established in the capital, crowds swept away to the prisons, to linger unheard of for months, trials instituted without number, schools broken up ; the finest portion of the national guard disbanded, and a despotic police pervading the city, breaking into the printing-offices, and violating domestic retirement. Despotism never used a more effective tool than Louis Philippe found in his prefect of police, Gisquet. Deceitful, cowardly, vindictive, he was the proper person to persecute the vanquished, to render their imprisonment wretched, to trample the populace still lower. “ Your husband is one of those wretches whom I will exterminate,” was his answer to a poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, who had come to the office of the police to inquire for her husband, who had been hurried with the crowd into the indiscriminate prison.

Thus was the power of the government established. Many months elapsed before any serious disturbances took place in Paris, — and these, together with the renewed insurrections in Lyons,

were readily quelled. The capture of the Duchess of Berri in La Vendée, put an end to the war in that province ; and the circumstances which occurred during her imprisonment, threw such ridicule upon herself and the whole party, that they have never seriously disturbed the peace of the country since that time. The opposition generally has been declining. The last returns to the Chambers gave an overwhelming majority in favor of the administration ; and the few patriots, who still gathered round the standard of French liberty, were left to mourn in silence over their fallen hopes, or to offer their unavailing resistance to the encroachments of arbitrary power.

At this moment of humiliation and sorrow to all true lovers of freedom, it pleased the Almighty arbiter of human destinies, to call to himself that distinguished patriot and hero, whose name has been the watchword of liberty in two worlds, for the last half century. We shall not venture, in this place, to offer any eulogy upon Lafayette. The record of his noble deeds, his dazzling career, his stern integrity, his invincible fortitude, is engraved in ineffaceable characters on the heart of every true American. His noblest triumph was the heartfelt welcome of a nation ; his highest eulogy its universal mourning. He has been called away when the measure of his destiny was full ; and the work assigned him to do on the earth was accomplished. He has been removed from a scene, which would have harrowed up his feelings, and embittered his life, and where

his efforts would have been without avail, to the land of peace. But, alas, for the suffering country he has left! she has lost the best friend of her liberties,—the steadiest foe of her tyrants. Alas, for the exiles from every land, who felt that while Lafayette lived, they still had a home; they are again scattered, and wanderers on the face of the earth,—their friend, their protector, their father is gone,—and the cup of their bereavement is full.

We have thus endeavored to set forth in a hasty sketch, the principal features of the *juste milieu* system, and to show that its real author is the king.

Still it will be said that this system, though odious and deplorable, is, on the whole, the best that could have been devised for the actual state of the country. The usual arguments in favor of the system are, 1st. That it has saved Europe from a series of the most disastrous wars and frightful revolutions, while it has maintained tranquillity at home, strengthened the government, destroyed the hopes of the exiled party, and prevented the recurrence of that frightful licentiousness which blackened the cause of the early revolution. 2d. That no pledge of assistance had been given to Poland, or any other nation in Europe, which should attempt to assert its rights.

As to the first of these reasons, it appears by no means certain, that a bolder policy on the part of France would have led to a general war in Europe. The position of the country, with regard to the other powers of the continent, was very different

- from what it had been when war was declared by Louis XVI. The despots of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, had then much to learn, — and the lesson was taught them in a manner never to be forgotten. They had then, for the first time, to experience what efforts the awakened liberties of a people can make; how vain is the attempt to conquer them; how impossible it is to roll back the tide of freedom, when it comes on in its power. They then vainly hoped, that the old order of things might be restored; that a conquering army could bend back the minds of an enfranchised people to the yoke; that the *fiat* of an emperor could conjure up the departed form of despotism, or breathe the breath of life into its mangled remains. They had yet to learn, that when a great nation has become inspired with the love of liberty, all the power on earth cannot force it back to subjection; it may be conquered, annihilated, but not enslaved. The people of Europe, also, had then a great lesson to learn from the French nation. They were to be taught that they have rights which no man may violate, — that it is their duty to assert these rights, — that their condition in the scale of being may be raised above the rank to which it has been forced down, — that freedom is not the dream of antiquity, a school-boy's tale, but a living, enkindling, exalting reality, which it belongs to them to grasp. All these things had been learned by the nations of Europe, before the revolution of July. The humbled monarchs had yielded and fled before the idol of a *people* mad with liberty; — they had

seen that Europe could not bound their energies and their ambition ; they had felt their power, and they well knew that, had not the idol of a conquering *people* betrayed his enthusiastic worshippers, they would never have been overcome. They had, indeed, been conquered, but not till they had propagated the doctrines of *freedom* throughout the continent. That name, which it was impiety to utter when it was first heard, had now become the sacred watchword of patriots ; it had been wafted to the distant regions of Poland and Lithuania, it had penetrated to Sweden and Norway, spread itself over the vast extent of Germany, and revived with more than classic ardor on the hallowed soil of Italy. The Austrian trembled on his throne, at its portentous sound, and the Russian autocrat was not deaf to it, in the capital of his forefathers. Still the French people has been finally conquered ; the ancient dynasty had been forced back upon them, and the old order of things did, in some sort, appear to be restored. Europe was slumbering in tranquillity, when the calm was broken, as by a peal of thunder. The revolution of July came not merely to vindicate the assaulted rights of a people ; it had a higher destiny than this ; it exalted the very character of liberty itself ; it showed that this divine principle has a power of life, which is beyond the reach of tyrants ; that it cannot be destroyed ; that although it may seem for a time to be extinguished, it will blaze forth with tenfold power at some moment when it may least be expected.

It would be difficult to describe the amazement and consternation, which seized the various governments of Europe, at the news of this ominous event. Their terror was manifest to the most careless observer; the very hirelings of tyranny, the lowest menials of legitimacy reflected, in their pallid countenances, the panic which filled the hearts of their masters. Then it was seen how futile are congresses of monarchs and intrigues of cabinets, how powerless are paper treaties, how like the merest cobweb are the cunning contrivances of diplomatists, when compared with the power of a people who have once known what it is to be free.

In this state of general consternation, we are of opinion that, had France assumed a menacing attitude, Russia would gladly have compounded for her own tranquillity, by complying with the long neglected articles of the treaty of Vienna, in respect to the independence of Poland, and that Austria would have removed some portion, at least, of the intolerable burden imposed upon Lombardy and the Papal states. We do not believe that a war would have ensued, had France insisted strenuously on the recognition of the rights of these two countries; for, as the event has proved, there never was a time when the great powers evinced a stronger reluctance to a war, than since the last French revolution. Notwithstanding the pacific disposition of France, there have been, since July, 1830, so many occasions which might have led to a war, and fifty years before would have done so, and which, neverthe-

less, have been suffered to pass unnoticed, or have been adjusted by diplomacy, that the skill of politicians, in predicting the future, has been completely baffled. That the Emperor of Russia should have remained at rest, while his kinsman of Holland was driven step by step from Belgium, till not a foot of earth was left in that province which he could call his own, that Austria should have put up tamely with the defiance at Ancona, that the northern powers should have looked on quietly, while one strong-hold of legitimacy was destroyed in Portugal, and that they should have suffered the constitutional cause to make head in Spain, without raising an arm to arrest its progress, are facts for which no precedent, we believe, can be found in the past history of Europe.

That the great powers had reason to be alarmed, and that a war would have been almost ruinous to them, there can be no reason to doubt. They were well aware, that liberal principles had been disseminated throughout the continent; that a restless spirit was at work, and that the mass of the people was moved by it; they felt that the doctrines of legitimacy had been undermined, and that their thrones rested upon a hollow foundation. Their apprehensions were well-grounded; in a few days after they received the tidings of the French revolution, the flames burst forth in Belgium, and again with redoubled fury in Poland. A war with France, they well knew, would only extend the mischief. A series of revolutions would have ensued, the most

fearful, perhaps, that the earth ever witnessed ; the continent would have been deluged with blood, and empires and kingdoms, states and principalities, confounded in one common ruin. The consequences of such a war, it appears to us, were vastly more to be dreaded by the three great powers, than by France.

It is a common argument against such a course of policy, that a war would have led inevitably to insurrection at home, which in all probability would have resulted in the overthrow of the government. These fears we believe to be without sufficient foundation. Upon the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, the nation was divided into three great parties. The first of these was represented by Lafayette, and was foremost in the cause of liberal principles. Their watch-word was non-intervention, and their great principle was, that no power should be allowed to interfere with the spread of the cause of freedom. That Austria, for instance, should not be suffered to interpose between the Pope and his subjects in the northern legations, who were struggling for their rights. Their motives were pure, and their designs benevolent and noble. They had none of the ambition, the grasping of power, and the love of conquest, which characterized Napoleon. They never desired war, save in behalf of a people suffering from tyranny, and struggling to be free ; nor did they wish to interfere, till this struggle had actually begun. They offered nothing but their own splendid example, to induce

any nation to throw off the yoke ; they deprecated, as much as any one, the effects of a war, but they believed that there were considerations of a higher import than the maintenance of peace.

The next party, if indeed it can be so named, consisted of the *juste milieu* men. They were represented in the Chamber by those men whom we have already described as decidedly liberal, had the reign of Charles continued, but who still were not ready to join heartily with the more liberal party, which the revolution formed. They would not have offered any resistance, had the king decided upon a bolder policy ; but they, with equal or greater readiness, fell in with the prudent measures which he actually adopted. This party was probably the largest in the kingdom ; yet this circumstance is of smaller consequence from the consideration, that the decision of the king would have carried it with large numbers, and the policy which he should have adopted, would, undoubtedly, have had the support of a majority from among this party.

The third great party consisted of the Carlists, the declared partisans of the fallen dynasty. This party enlisted in its ranks a large number of removed office-holders, who, having lost their support, were ready to do anything to restore the former state of things. Besides these, were numbers who adhered to the Bourbons from true loyalty, and finally, a few miserable slaves, whom fifty years' experience had taught nothing of freedom, and who, now hugging the links of their broken chains, were longing for servitude again.

Much was apprehended from this party, in case of a war. But the event seems to have proved, that these apprehensions were groundless. When we remember the total want of enthusiasm with which the Duchess of Berri was received in the southern provinces, and in every part of France which she traversed, except the province of La Vendée, the very trifling effect which the war in that quarter produced, especially when compared with the outrages of the opposite party in Paris and Lyons, and which were occasioned by the *juste milieu* system, and when we recollect that in the end, this dreaded party was rendered powerless by the shame which a silly woman had cast upon it, we cannot but believe that the Carlist party was too contemptible to have been taken into consideration in deciding upon the policy to be pursued by the cabinet of Louis Philippe. In choosing a bolder system, the government at any rate would have only had to encounter the violence of this party ; whereas the *juste milieu* system ensured the opposition of two different parties, the Liberals and the Carlists ; and on one occasion, one deplorable occasion, was witnessed the unholy coalition of the two, in arms against the government. In the event then of a war, we firmly believe that the administration would have had less opposition to contend with at home, than the *juste milieu* system actually encountered. It will, perhaps, be objected to this argument, that we have made no mention of the republican party, from which the government had more to fear than from

any other ; that this party, which has been the terror of the king, which undoubtedly produced the great disturbances in Paris, and the southern cities of France, and was only repressed by a powerful armed force, would have proved too strong for the government, if the army had been employed in foreign service. We reply to these remarks, that republicanism, as a party, hardly existed in France, at the commencement of the present reign. Lafayette, the foremost of the liberal party, was convinced that the time was not yet come for a republic in France ; and nearly the whole of his party agreed with him in this opinion. The name of republicanism was full of terror to a large portion of the best citizens of France, and was only popular with a few. The liberal party were completely satisfied, all but an inconsiderable number of reckless spirits, with a constitutional monarchy. But the contemptible policy of the *juste milieu* actually formed a republican party, by no means insignificant for numbers or talent. Wearied with the exhibition of king-craft, sick with deferred hopes, and maddened with oppression, thousands, who would have formed the noblest support of a true citizen king, and a throne based upon constitutional principles, were driven into the ranks of ultra-opposition, and became the dread and scourge of the administration. Had the system of Lafayette been adopted, the republicans, as a party, would have had no considerable power, and the king would have received the support of two parties, embracing by far the greatest portion of

the talent and wealth, as well as the physical power of the kingdom. When we take into account, also, the number of paupers to whom a war would have given employment, and the amount of industry which it would have put into operation, we feel confident, that domestic troubles would have been very trifling in the event of a general war. The allied powers feared nothing, then, so much as war; and with good reason; while on the other hand, they were reasonably expecting and dreading a commencement of hostilities on the part of France.

The position of France, at the moment immediately succeeding the revolution of July, is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant in her history. With the finest army in Europe, completely equipped, a flourishing commerce, the treasury enriched, by the spoils of recent conquest, standing foremost in the cause of freedom, and rejoicing in recovered liberty, we behold her occupying a more exalted condition, than when Napoleon had led her on to the plenitude of dominion. We reflect with heartfelt emotion upon the glorious power which she then might have exerted. She had but to speak the word, and the dungeons, where the martyrs of liberty were pining, would have been thrown open; at the touch of her hand, the chains would have fallen from the captive. Freedom and happiness awaited her footsteps, and emancipated nations would have shouted her name in accents of enthusiastic gratitude. These were the splendid destinies for which she was apparently reserved. But they have not been fulfilled.

The second argument in defence of the *juste milieu* is, that no pledges had been given by the government, to support Poland or Italy. Whether official promises had been sent, or not, we cannot pretend to decide. The fact was confidently asserted by the opposition, though strongly denied by the administration. But we believe that pledges of a higher nature than written declarations or treaties, had been given, not only to Poland and Italy, but to the lovers of freedom throughout Europe. The revolution of July was the most solemn pledge that could have been offered; it came, not from a king and a cabinet, but a whole nation offered with their shouts of triumph, and sealed by their blood, not the result of diplomatic skill, but of ardent and elevated enthusiasm, the outpouring of unalloyed and noble sentiment. And thus it was received by the nations of Europe. They saw that it was for the interest of the liberal cause to do everything to increase itself; that the friends of liberty have a common cause; that the ordinary principles of national safety would make such a combination desirable to France, and not comprehending the possibility of such a system as the *juste milieu*, two nations fearlessly rose up in arms to assert their rights. They were disappointed in their expectations, though they reasoned upon just grounds; they knew by what sort of men the revolution of July had been achieved; they were familiar with their sentiments and principles, and well knew what to expect from them. That the king whom they had raised to the

throne, and the cabinet which had proceeded from their numbers, should betray the principles which they were called to support, and the party to which they owed their political existence, was beyond the reach of human foresight to predict. The pledge might not have been written on parchment, and signed with the king's hand, — but it was written in characters never to be obliterated, on the enduring page of history, and solemnly ratified by the blood of the revolution.

Having witnessed the deplorable policy of the present king of France, and looking with horror upon the new and awful crimes which have stained the thrones of Europe within the past three years, the Abbé de la Mennais seems to have exerted his utmost powers, to represent in the most hideous form the characters of monarchs, and their conspiracies against the rights of man, and to incite the people to rise in rebellion against them.¹

Nothing can be better adapted to take a strong hold upon the minds of the people of France, and especially the Parisians, than a work of this kind. It has met, we are told by the translator, with an immense sale, and its influence has been so great, that the government has thought it necessary to cause a book to be written in reply to it, in the same style.

The work is remarkable for its independence; while it shows the strong features of several parties

¹ Some extracts are here omitted.

in politics, it belongs strictly to none. In the views it presents of the character of kings, and the ferocity which it exhibits when denouncing them, the book goes to the utmost length of the violent republicans of the metropolis; but again, in the highly religious sentiments it contains, it is widely removed from the creed of the liberal party. As a whole, this party may be said to have abandoned religion; and to such a length do they carry their contempt for its sentiments, that when Silvio Pellico's account of his imprisonment, (a work which, in its apostolic gentleness and humble devotion, we consider the most powerful and touching appeal against tyranny ever made,) was first published in France, the journals of the liberal party utterly refused to notice it on account of its religious character. With this party, therefore, the Abbé could not expect any sympathy whatever, in the love of God and of Christ, which is enforced in every chapter of the work. Religion exists in no party in France, unless it be that of the friends of legitimacy; and with these it is only valued in its connection with the state. As for the king's party, the *juste milieu* men, they are ready for religion or infidelity, just as the one or the other will best help their purposes. In the reply to the Abbé's book, which is called Words of a Seer, *Paroles d'un Voyant*, they take the revolting side of atheism; and the work commences in these words: "In the name of imperishable humanity, our God."

We doubt not, however, that there may be found

in the kingdom of France numbers, who, like our author, ranging under no particular party, may still entertain sentiments of the most sincere religion, united with a love of freedom and of their country, and who will receive this work almost as the words of an evangelist. There is, moreover, a power and beauty in the style, and an earnestness in the sentiments of liberty, which cannot fail to recommend it to all but the blind advocates of legitimacy.

While we sympathize, in many respects, most heartily with the author, and while we cannot withhold our admiration for the doctrines of liberty and religion which the work contains, we still have very strong doubts whether the book, if it have any effect at all, can operate for good, especially with the people of France. The Abbé de la Mennais has come boldly forward as a teacher of the people; but he has taught them the wrong lesson; has directed their energies to the wrong object, and excited their feelings in a wrong cause. That they have a great lesson to learn, there can be no doubt; that they are yet ignorant of the true basis upon which their liberties ought to be founded, is but too obvious, even to a careless observer; and we grieve to find that the author, with all his power, has done but little to help them to this knowledge.

His great mistake is in endeavoring to excite the animosity and vengeance of the people, against the persons of kings, instead of cultivating in them a love for constitutional rights, which, when once breathed into a community, and existing as a lively

principle in the minds of the people, will place it beyond the power of a monarch to become a tyrant. The people of France, since the first dawn of freedom among them, have ever been too ready to fly to arms, as a relief from their troubles; from the time of the execution, (we had almost said the murder) of Louis XVI., down to the attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe and his family in the Tuilleries, they have evinced little enough reverence for the person of the monarch. Towards the present king, we verily believe not an individual bosom beats with a sentiment of loyalty; and the monarch of France would now be judged in all cases, nearly as a private citizen. There is little need of exciting the feelings of the populace against him, from any danger that may arise in a feeling of personal attachment. But there is great danger in exciting this lively and high-spirited people to acts of violence. The *émeutes* of the metropolis have been its disgrace and its curse; and the scenes of blood which it has witnessed, have done more, perhaps, than any other thing, to retard the progress of liberty, both in France, and on the continent generally. The liberties of France are in danger, no doubt; and in danger from the monarch personally; he has done much to turn back the tide of freedom, — he has abandoned the principles which placed him upon the throne, — he has lawlessly imprisoned his innocent subjects, — he has checked the liberty of the press, — he has violated the charter in the most open and tyrannical manner; and after all this, he

remains more firmly than ever on the throne. How is it that tyranny has been thus triumphant? How has a people, so nobly distinguished for their unquenchable love of freedom, so fearless in war, so lately triumphant over the legions of an oppressor, while the laurels won in the hallowed conflict were yet unfaded, how has this people again suffered itself to be trampled upon? We answer, that although the monarch has betrayed the nation, still the great fault is in the people themselves; they have been wanting to their own rights, — they have, by acts of lawless violence, in a measure compelled the king to become a tyrant, — they have mistaken the meaning of liberty, and disgraced its name, — they have been wanting, finally, in that reverence towards their constitution, without which no nation can be free.

Here, then, was the great truth which the Abbé de la Mennais ought to have urged; the love and respect for constitutional rights; he ought to have represented, with all his eloquence, the majesty and sanctity of civil law, and the sacred nature of the constitution; he should have demonstrated that this is the key-stone of liberty, that it binds the monarch no less than the people, and that, if he violates it, he aims the deadliest blow at their rights. The French people have yet to learn a sufficient degree of reverence for law; and in this respect consists the great difference between the liberty of France and that of England. We have already remarked, that a greater degree of personal freedom pervades

all classes of people in the former country than in the latter ; but, on the other hand, with the reverence which exists in England for monarch and state dignitaries, for church establishment and titled men, there exists at the same time a respect for law, which has effectually prevented the liberties of the people from retrograding, and has with slow, but unvarying progress, been advancing their rights for centuries. There is no country in the old world where the law holds a more undisputed sway than in England. The constitution has come down from the days of Magna Charta, with the accumulated dignity of ages upon it : and the Englishman regards with a feeling of unmingled horror any attempt to violate its articles. In France, this is not so ; the people have not yet learned to revere their constitution ; the generation that is now passing away, is older than the charter of their rights, and the younger portion of the people have witnessed too many revolutions to have been brought up in the idea of the permanence of any government or laws ; they have not yet had time, since their emancipation, to acquire that feeling of sanctity which the law ought to inspire among every free people. The vital principle of every constitution is its durability, and the difficulty with which any change is made in it, — and it will readily be comprehended, how little opportunity the French people have possessed, for acquiring just views, with regard to the inviolability of constitutions, when the reflection is made, that since the adoption of the federal constitution in this

country, the form of government in France has been changed oftener than the Presidents of the United States. There has been nothing in that country, to give an idea of stability in government; the constitution has been changed, violated, trampled upon again and again; and it is impossible, under such circumstances, that the sacredness of its character should be understood. True, the revolution of July was the result of the most flagrant violation of constitutional rights; but it was excited by wrongs which touched most directly the personal comfort of a large class, — hundreds of workingmen were thrown out of employ, and were deprived of their daily bread, by the ordinances of Charles X. In 1832, when the present king had no less openly violated the constitution, by establishing martial law in the capital, the enormity was tamely submitted to. The populace, who from behind the barricades, and with arms in their hands, could at one moment cry *à bas le roi*, and the instant after, by a slight exhibition of personal courage, be made to throw down their arms, and cry *vive le roi*, have yet much to learn in the book of freedom. In teaching this great lesson, our author is utterly deficient.

In one respect, however, he is undoubtedly in advance of ordinary political writers; this is in holding up, as the surest means of acquiring and preserving liberty, the sincere worship of God, and the serving no master but Christ. His principle is correct, though his application of it is wrong; nothing

can be less in accordance with Christianity, than the feelings of exasperation and vengeance which he excites. His views, however, of the influence of religion upon the liberties of a people, are bold, and appear to us just. The connection between religion and politics is a very different thing from the connection between church and state. The latter is only a vulgar, but powerful, support to government, founded on the ignorance of a people, and degrading Christianity to a system of little more value than the pagan rites of Rome. The other elevates the science of government to the high rank it naturally occupies, breathes into it the pure spirit of life, gives it a singleness of purpose and energy of action, and causes it to operate with the sole view to the happiness of a people; it nerves the arm of the patriot, and assures him that the God of battles is his defender; it cheers the prisoner in his dungeon, and upholds the martyr on the scaffold; and tyrants tremble and fall before its irresistible power.

The religious sentiments of the author pervade the whole work; as a specimen of them, we cite portions of the twenty-second chapter.

“ Understand well, how to become free ;

“ To be free, it is necessary to love God above everything, for if ye love God, ye will do his will ; and the will of God is justice and love, without which there is no liberty.

“ Love God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself, and bondage would disappear from the earth.

“ Liberty is like the kingdom of heaven ; it suffereth

violence, and the violent take it by force. But the violence which shall place you in the possession of liberty, is not the ferocious violence of thieves and robbers, oppression, vengeance, and cruelty; but a will, strong and inflexible; a courage, calm and generous.

“The most holy cause becomes most impious and execrable, when crime is employed to sustain it. The man of crime from a slave may become a tyrant, but never will he become free.”

We had intended to say something upon the present state of literature and religion in France, of which the work in question is no less a sign, than of the political condition of the country; but our article has already been too far protracted, and we hasten to conclude.

The views we have taken of the present condition of that interesting country, have a momentous bearing on our own. Are not our liberties in danger, and from the same cause, that seems to retard the progress of freedom in France? Have we not, like the people of France, evinced that we are not enough aware of the sanctity of the charter of our rights? Have not we, like them, been dazzled and blinded by personal courage, and military glory? Have we not been too ready to take up arms, to avenge our real or fancied wrongs? Have there not been acted among us, within the last year, scenes more disgraceful to a people, and to human nature, than the *émeutes* under Louis Philippe, or even than the mad carnage of the old revolution? We much fear that the respect for order, the submission to law,

the majestic calmness and moderation which distinguished our fathers, and which alone could have called forth the fair form of our republic from the chaos of revolution, are passing away from their descendants. Like the French, we are in danger of abandoning the feeling of reverence for all institutions; and like them, so surely as we do this, we shall be trodden under foot by a tyrant; it matters little whether he be called king or president.

In this hour of darkness and danger, it behoves all good men to combine together for the preservation of good institutions, by expressing, in tones of reproach and indignation, their abhorrence of deeds of violence, and above all, by holding up to just infamy, the more cunning instigators of such crimes; and by endeavoring to cultivate among the people a more elevated morality, more sincere religion, and higher views of the sacred and inviolable character of laws.

CLASSIC MYTHOLOGY.

Scriptores Rerum Mythicarum Latini tres, Romæ nuper reperti. Ad fidem codicum MSS. Guelferbytanorum, Gottingensis, Gothani et Parisiensis, Integriores edidit ac Scholiis illustravit DR. GEORGIUS HENRICUS BODE, Ordinis Philos. Gotting. Assessor, Societatis literar. quæ Cantabrigiæ Americanorum floret Socius. Celles. 1834.

Three Latin Writers on Mythology lately discovered at Rome. A more complete edition, from Manuscript Texts at Wolfenbützel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris, illustrated with Notes. By GEORGE HENRY BODE, Assessor of the Philosophical Society at Gottingen, Member of the Society of P. B. K. at Cambridge, America. 1834.

From the North American Review, Vol. xli. No. lxxxix.

ABOUT three years ago, Angelo Maio, the discoverer and editor of the lost books of Cicero "de Republica," published the works of three Roman writers upon Classic Mythology. He supposes these writers to have been Hyginus, Placidus, and Leontius, who flourished after the commencement of the fifth century. The work before us is an edition of the same

writers, by Dr. Bode, improved by a careful comparison with manuscripts in the libraries of Wolfenbützel, Gottingen, Gotha, and Paris, and illustrated with critical notes.

The name of the editor is a sufficient guaranty of the correctness and value of the work. Dr. Bode has long been known to the literary world as a profound scholar. His dissertation upon the Orphic poetry, which gained the prize at Gottingen, introduced him, in early youth, into the fellowship of the learned, with distinguished honors; and his career has since made good the excellent promise of his first efforts. Having resided for several years in one of the literary institutions of New England, and being well known and highly esteemed by American scholars, his departure for Germany, in 1828, was witnessed with regret by all to whom the cause of learning is dear. We learn with satisfaction that this gentleman is about to return to our land, in consequence of an invitation from the University at Cambridge, and to set up his household gods beneath the shades of Harvard.¹

The collection of Roman writers on mythology, which Dr. Bode has edited, should be in the hands of every teacher, as it embodies, in a convenient form, the principal fables of classic religion, and will be found extremely useful as a book of reference. Copious extracts might be made from it, for the use

¹ This removal, however, never took place, and Dr. Bode still resides in Germany.

of pupils, as the Latin is simple and easy, and though written at a comparatively recent period, is still for the most part classical in the construction.

The instructor must not, however, depend upon such works as this, for his knowledge of Greek and Roman mythology; the only resource for the faithful teacher is an acquaintance with classic authors. Let him drink from the very source of those "wells undefiled," whose waters have fertilized the world; let him hold communion, not through the medium of translations and commentaries, but in their original and matchless language, with those elder bards who have celebrated the praises of their gods in strains that will never be mute. The early epic, cheerful and serene as the unclouded sky in the theology which it embodies, the darker and more awful visions of tragedy, the lyric devotion, the "pictured page" of the historian, are the sources from which the genuine scholar must derive his knowledge of this most important branch of classical learning. With the hope of aiding the teacher in this pursuit, we intend to offer a few remarks which may serve as an introduction and guide to the study of classic mythology.

The classic mythology seems to have been regarded by the Greeks with nearly the same veneration with which the Hebrew nation regard the books of their sacred writers. The poems of Homer, Hesiod, and a few others of their early bards, constitute what may be called a Greek bible. They give, according to the popular notions, a history of the creation and

of the gods, and then, devoting themselves to the particular history of one nation, they detail the nature and origin and progress of Greece. The Greeks believed themselves to be the favored people of heaven;—the mighty heroes, the ancestors of their race, were allied to, and descended from, the gods;—not a hill-top in their land—not a river nor a fountain, but was the favored abode of some deity. Their faith, though not based on truth, was sincere and deep, and seems to deserve our respect and our earnest consideration.

These remarks, however, do not equally apply to the religion of Rome, as we find it embodied in Latin literature. An important distinction is to be made by the student between the religion of Greece, which is contained in the poems of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, and the dramatic writers, and that of Rome, as set forth in the writings of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. It may be explained in a few words; the poets of Greece were, in some degree at least, believers in the religion which they celebrated; the poets of Rome were not. The Romans, it is true, derived their worship, in part, from the Greeks; and the general features of the two are similar. Probably, too, the worship of the uneducated class in Rome, in the days of Augustus, was as sincere as that of the same class in Greece in the time of Solon; but the more elevated ranks, the enlightened and educated men in Rome, either regarded it as a vain and worthless superstition, or amused themselves with its poetry; they placed no faith in it. As it is from this

class, however, that the student of the present day must derive his knowledge of Roman religion, it seems to be worth a moment's attention to investigate the differences which this want of belief has introduced between Greek and Roman mythology, as embodied by the poets.

In the first place, then, the characters of the gods, as they are portrayed by the Greek poets, are more elevated and pleasing, than they are made to appear by Roman writers. They are chargeable with great deficiencies in both; they are haughty, tyrannical, passionate; occasionally displaying the most ridiculous weaknesses of humanity; but in the Greek poets they are invested with the majesty and glory of immortals. We feel, as we stand in their presence, that they are not of earthly race; they inspire us with awe; they vindicate their celestial nature. In the Roman poets they are endowed, not with immortal natures, but only with more than human power. They are essentially human in their language and actions.

The Greek writers abound in descriptions of the personal appearance of the gods; they exhibit them in every variety of situation and employment, with a minuteness of description which might serve as a guide to the painter and sculptor. Phidias is supposed to have derived from Homer those grand ideas of the immortal forms, which he has embodied in marble and ivory. The Latin poets, on the contrary, give but few such descriptions. Who, for instance, could form any idea of the figure of Juno from the

Æneid, through the whole of which she is made to play a conspicuous part? Many of the gods are not mentioned in the poem; and with the exception of the sixth book, which we regard as a distinct and peculiar effort of genius, and one or two allegorical passages, the portraits of the immortals are extremely slight and indistinct. The *Iliad*, on the other hand, embodies almost an entire theogony; and the representations of the deities are made with such care and minuteness, that they seem to stand visibly before us.

The cause of this difference between the Greek and Roman poets is obvious. To Homer and Hesiod was allotted the proud duty of making known to their countrymen the gods who watched over them, and from whom they were descended. They rose at once to the rank and dignity of prophets. To them had been revealed the splendid vision of Olympus, the pavement of gold, the gorgeous throne of Jove, the flaming car of Minerva, the portals of heaven, watched by the Hours and spontaneously unfolding at the approach of the celestial messengers. For them the impenetrable veil of the past had been removed, and they had gazed upon the infancy of creation, — they had seen primeval Chaos, and Love, eldest of the immortals, moving in solitude over the tenantless earth, — then, as a glorious vision, rose up before them the children of heaven in glittering array, immortal in their nature, and irresistible in their power. They had listened to the hymns of the muses, and received from their hands the laurel bough, the token of kindred inspiration; and they

knew that from their lips would proceed, as the responses of an oracle, the religion of their land.

In the days of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, nothing remained to be declared respecting the gods. The early Greek poems were familiar to all readers, and the statuary, which was brought from Greece, had so established the persons and attributes of the deities in the minds of the people, that description seemed superfluous. It was only when allegory assumed the place of simple faith, as in the celebrated instance of Fame in the *Æneid*, that there was any occasion for minute or accurate representations of the celestial forms.

Another effect of the want of faith in Latin poetry, especially the *Æneid*, is to render the appearance and interposition of the gods in reality, what it is very properly called, — machinery. It is mere machinery, and in many instances nearly as clumsy as the abortive contrivances of a theatre. In Virgil, it is like the strings and wooden joints with which the limbs of a puppet are moved. In Homer, it is the natural and spontaneous motion of the muscles, easy, graceful, and strong.

But, to the modern student, the most important consequence of this difference in the degree of faith reposed in their religion by the Greeks and the Romans, is undoubtedly to be traced in the moral effect of the study, as pursued in the one language or the other. In forming an opinion of the propriety or indecency of any work, the first and most important consideration is the intention of the writer. Was

his object a bad one? Did he intend to excite the passions, to throw a false lustre upon vice, to bewilder the ideas of right and wrong? Was his mind, in a word, filled with impurity, a source from which no good thoughts could proceed? It is the spirit, not the letter, which constitutes the objection to a work. Who would think of applying the term indecent to a work upon surgery or natural history? And, on the contrary, how easy it is to clothe the most revolting ideas in the language of refinement! Moreover, the mind of the reader must be in a depraved state, to discover indelicacy where the thoughts of the writer were unsullied;—none but the falsely educated, or the depraved in their imagination, would discover food for the passions, for instance, in the sculpture of Greece; and so it is with regard to the descriptions of the gods.

It is with such views that we must examine the Greek and Roman mythology. In the former we shall find, it is true, a few passages which should be sealed up from the student; but they are very rare, and do not appear to have been dictated by impure minds. In general, the Greek writers are singularly free from the charge of indecency;—their own thoughts were evidently unsullied; they never degraded their beautiful theology, by rendering it the exciter of unholy passions; they never descended from the lofty station they occupied as the interpreters of the gods, to minister at the altars of indecency and wantonness.

But the same undefiled spirit is not always discov-

erable in the poets of Rome. There, poetry was the growth of a dissolute and ribald age. Epicureanism had usurped the place of religion, and had spread its seducing snares round many of the noblest minds. Lucretius and Horace were professedly its disciples; and Ovid, in his voluptuous elegance, must also be ranked with them. From every side arose the sound of revelry and debauch; not yet degraded to the vulgar wantonness of Messalina, but warbling in the delicious and ensnaring lays of Horace and Catullus, as, crowned with garlands and redolent of perfumes, they reclined through the livelong day in the shades of the luxurious gardens of Mæcenas, or on the banks of the rushing Anio. By such minds as these, the fair religion of Greece was viewed only in its poetic form, and was easily perverted to the channel of their licentious dreams.

Wherever, then, the mythology of Greece is found degraded by later writers to the base office of exciting passion, of arraying indecency in the garb of allurements, it is to be set down as unworthy of its origin; as throwing no light upon the sincere worship of the ancients, and adding nothing to the knowledge of the student, except to show him that the poets of Rome flourished in a degenerate age. To the scholar we would say, then, expurgate your Horaces and your Ovids, till not an obscene thought shall stain their pages; and you may be sure that nothing will be lost in your inquiries respecting the classic religion.

With these exceptions, much of beauty and gran-

deur may be discovered in the classic mythology, whether we study it in the Greek or in the Latin language. Nor shall we find much difficulty in distinguishing its most remarkable and interesting characteristics. The first and most important of these is, that it invests matter with mind; it beholds in the visible world only the embodying of spirit, — the dwelling-place of the unseen and unsubstantial essence of life. In the view of the early Greeks, the world was not merely instinct with life, it was the habitation of divinity. As the human body is the tabernacle of the soul, so they believed the universe around them, the heavenly bodies, the earth and sea, rivers and fountains, trees and flowers, mountains and valleys, to be only the haunts of superior and more ethereal natures. But they saw that the frame of man is perishable; it grows old and dies, and is no longer the habitation of spirit. On the other hand, the elements seem to be eternal; the world shows no signs of age; the rivers flow on in undiminished grandeur through countless ages. The ceaseless rolling of the immeasurable sea, the undimmed lustre of the sun and moon and stars, the everlasting hills, the freshness and glory of returning spring, all spoke to them of eternal duration; and they believed that the Soul, which had enshrined itself in a home, over which time has no influence, must likewise be eternal; it was more enduring and of greater power than the soul of man, which needs its habitation but a span of years, and then consigns it to decay and oblivion; it was divine in its nature;

it was God. Hence, in their eyes, outward nature was invested with a dignity and grandeur, which rendered it holy, and impressed them with veneration and awe. It was the embodying of the divinity; their deep and dark groves, their fountains, the mountain tops, the firmament, the unexplored caverns of the ocean, were consecrated as the permanent habitation of their gods.

It was this trait in the classic mythology, which rendered it so highly poetical. With the Greeks, all that belonged to poetry belonged also peculiarly to religion. The same name was applied in their language to the prophet and the bard; and they hailed the fancies of the poet as revelations from their gods. Hence, as the Grecian bard sang the praises of the immortals, the lively minds of that gifted race welcomed and repeated the beautiful fictions which added new charms to their religion. In man's connection with the outward world, they beheld his communion with the gods. Was the fair youth drowned in the dark waters of the sea? It was the tutelary nymphs who, enamored of his beauty, had carried him down to their blissful abodes, to enjoy with them an eternity of happiness beyond the reach of the pains and sorrows of human life. Was the lovely maiden lost to her companions, as she gathered flowers on the fields of *Ætna*? She was not dead; she was reigning in awful pomp over the world of shades, by the side of her stately consort, who had braved the hated light of the upper earth to win her. The fires that blazed from the unfathomed crater of

the volcano, the planets that glittered in the firmament, the golden clouds, bathed in the effulgence of the setting sun, the winds that wafted perfumes from the balmy south or rushed in their terrors from the unknown north, the mysterious songs that echoed from the shores of Ausonia, the enchanted fruit that ripened in the garden of the Hesperides, the trees that dropped amber on the banks of the king of rivers, were all intimately connected with this poetic religion, and spoke to man of his dependence on the gods.

The effect of thus embodying divinity in the outward world, was to increase very rapidly the number of deities. Every spot had its peculiar genius; each element was the habitation of a god; no branch of human industry, no pursuit in which body or mind was engaged, no portion of the varied universe was without its tutelary deity. The number of gods, worshipped in Greece, is said to have been about thirty thousand; and they became so numerous in Rome, that it was at length found necessary to dispose of them by colonization. This vast number of deities is generally spoken of by writers on mythology, as a disgraceful feature in the religion of Greece and Rome; as only rendering their idolatry more disgusting; and as a still wider deviation from the worship of the true God. We are, however, inclined to view it under a more favorable aspect; it may be regarded as the natural conclusion of a mind enlightened by no revelation, but discovering the traces of more than mortal power in every object of the uni-

verse; — perceiving new forms, and more wonderful indications of creative spirit, the farther it investigated nature, and assigning to each varying department a peculiar divinity. Could such a mind have extended its research still farther, it would undoubtedly have found in the endless wonders which present themselves, the proofs of a still greater number of deities, and have multiplied the theogony far beyond the point to which it was actually carried. But the question at once arises, to what result would such progress have at length extended? When and where would it have been arrested? To this we can only reply, that we believe its tendency was towards the knowledge of the one Infinite and Omnipotent God. To enlightened and reflecting worshippers the word needed but to be spoken which could explain the mystery of the universe, and make it plain, that in every portion there was but the same all-pervading nature; which could reconcile the contradiction of the elements and explain their union; which, like the key-stone of the universe, was to bind all in perfect and indissoluble order; — and this word was God. Towards this grand idea, the religion of Greece seems to us to have been constantly verging; it beamed on the soul of Socrates; it hallowed the thoughts of Plato; it was not unknown to the vast mind of Cicero.

Another remarkable characteristic of the classic religion, was its intimate connection with the concerns of life. It was not peculiarly set apart for certain days and particular rites, and consecrated

exclusively to temples and sacred spots. True, it abounded in ceremonies; it reared to the honor of the gods temples, whose proportions are immortal, and enshrined within them those matchless forms, which have been the wonder of all succeeding ages; it honored certain days of every year with august celebrations; but it found other shrines as sacred as the altars of the Parthenon; other rites as holy as the mysteries of Eleusis, other days as religious as the Saturnalia and the Thesmophoria. The domestic worship of the ancients, especially the Romans, is among the most beautiful portions of their religion, and seems to have been considered of equal importance and sacredness with their public rites. It had even greater attractions; the hearths, where burned a fire as pure as that over which the victims were immolated, seemed to be the shrine of the domestic affections—the altars of the Genius of Home. Here were offered up the vows of conjugal fidelity, of parental love, of filial duty; here was the last retreat from sorrow and adversity, the innermost citadel of the dearest of man's possessions. The Penates, who never abandoned the individual over whom they had peculiar charge, who shared with him alike his prosperity and his misfortunes, who retreated with him from his burning and tottering mansion and his ruined city, and, wherever he again established his home, still presided over the new precincts and made them holy; the Lares, who watched over the weary traveller and guarded him from harm; the Triviæ, who lighted his footsteps; the Genii, who presided

at the happy birth-day, were all of a character to attract the love as well as veneration of their worshippers. But the classic worship extended even farther than this; it conferred a degree of sanctity upon all the occupations, interests and amusements of men, and rendered them acts of religion. For every branch of industry, every recreation, every enterprise, civil or military, there was some peculiar presiding deity, to whom acceptable homage was offered by the very act performed.

From the whole land of Greece, then, arose one universal sound of devotion and praise. The laborer worshipped his gods by his toils in the garden and the vineyard; offerings of praise ascended from all who were engaged in the different vocations of active life; from the shepherd, and the goatherd, and the mariner; from the hunter who followed the moonlight chase over the hills of Bœotia, the virgins that revelled on the vine-clad steeps of Taygetus, or bathed in the waves of the Sperchius, the bards and the heroes who contended for the prize at Olympia, the warrior who rode triumphant over the field of carnage, and directed the storm of battle from his blood-dripping car.

Finally, the classic mythology was characterized by the grand ideas which it revealed, and through which it acted with almost incalculable power on the national mind, both in Greece and Rome. It distinctly taught the doctrine of immortal life after death; of happiness for the good and punishment for the wicked. The belief in the soul's annihilation

seems never to have been generally entertained in Greece. Homer speaks of a dim and shadowy existence, which continued after the termination of the present life, though not of a nature to console and cheer by the prospect. Achilles gives a melancholy representation to Ulysses of his existence in the world of shades. But visions of a happier existence seem also to have visited the mind of the great poet. In the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, where Menelaus relates to Telemachus the splendid prophecy of Proteus respecting himself, we find a beautiful description of the Elysian fields.

Pindar, in his second *Olympic*, gives a beautiful picture of the habitation of the virtuous after death.

“ ——— they,
Alike by night, alike by day,
Behold the glory of the sun ;
Their lives unlaboring pass away ;
They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground,
Nor yet upturn the waters of the sea
For empty aliment :
But in the blessed company
Of spirits, by the gods with honor crowned,
Men who rejoiced to keep their oaths unshent,
Their days through tearless ages run.

And they that thrice above, below
This earth, with transmigrating entity
Have stood their trial, passing to and fro,
And from the unjust society
Have kept their souls aloof and free ;
They take the way which Jove did long ordain,

To Saturn's ancient tower beside the deep ;
Where gales, that softly breathe,
Fresh springing from the bosom of the main,
Through islands of the blessed blow.
And flowers, like burning gold of hue,
Some on the green earth creep ;
Some bourgeon on the splendid trees ;
Some in cool nurturing streams their blossoms steep ;
The blissful troops, of these,
For their twined wrists inwoven bracelets wreath,
And garlands for their brow."

But besides this, there was still a higher state of being, which, though attained by very few, seems to have held out hopes and encouragement to all. Those great men who, by their splendid achievements, by the good they had done to their country and to mankind, by their patience under labors, perils, and suffering, their piety and obedience to the gods, their incorruptible faith, their justice, their filial reverence, had far distinguished themselves above their fellow-men, were not merely rewarded by a life of peace and pleasure in the Elysian fields, or the islands of the blessed ; they were transferred at once to the glorious mansions of Olympus, allied to the immortals, invited to the *symposium* of Jove, and worshipped by grateful mortals, in whose minds the memory of their benefits was never to fade away.

It is worthy of remark, that this apotheosis of their heroes seems to have been more distinctly impressed upon the belief of the Greeks, than the after-existence of the virtuous. Death was to them the great-

est of enemies ; and the hope of a future life does not appear to have been sufficiently strong to deprive their last moments of terror. The great object, the absorbing wish of the Grecian hero, was to conquer death, to which he believed that his gods were not subject. The religion, which held out to him the hope of allying himself to the immortals, and thus escaping the passage of the dark valley, must be regarded as rising in its attractions and the sublimity of its promises, above anything that paganism had previously offered.

But the action of the classic mythology upon the minds of its believers was not less remarkable in the new ideas of power which it disclosed, than in the hopes it held forth. It was distinguished by making known the existence of greater Power, than had before been conceived by any save those who worshipped the true God. It went beyond the elements and revealed their Creator ; it enshrined in the stars a ruling Spirit ; it assigned to the universe a Master ; it spoke to the mind of a superior Intelligence ; and the influence which it thus exerted was attended with consequences so remarkable, that it is worth a moment's attention to trace them.

The revelation of the knowledge of greater power, of vaster intelligence, in a word, of mind, differing in capacity, not in nature, from the human, is necessarily attended by an increase of capacity in the mind to which this knowledge is conveyed. When the sublime idea of Infinite Power has dawned upon the soul, it increases capacity by awakening thought. It

appeals to the deepest and most intense interests of man ; it speaks of his eternal nature, his powers, prospects, hopes and destinies. Such knowledge, also, gives the proper direction to thought, leading it into paths which terminate in the Infinite, and preventing the waste of strength on subjects which are obscured by falsehood, and which can never afford satisfactory results. It directs the mind to all that is immutably true, reveals the everlasting laws of taste, and leads to the study of the intrinsically beautiful: It increases the powers, because it addresses itself to a kindred immortality ; because it speaks to the profound and eternal principles of the mind, as " deep calls unto deep."

Moreover, the mind is strengthened by the knowledge of infinite power, because in this way the qualities are developed in their just proportions ; every principle of the mind is exercised alike ; and one faculty is not allowed to grow up at the expense of others. The moral powers are thus cultivated equally with the intellectual, reason is elevated, hope is placed on a sure foundation, thought is illumined, all becomes radiant with life and energy, and the soul grows up in immortal proportions, which are to gather new power and loveliness through eternity.

But, besides this, the knowledge of an infinite power is necessary to reconcile and harmonize the various faculties and propensities of the mind. If it be true that the mystery of the universe around us, the conflicting elements, the varying worlds, the thousand different existences, can only be explained

by the knowledge of God, much more is this the case, with regard to the universe of soul, in which the apparent contradictions are greater than those in the world around us; the passions that rage are fiercer than the winds and the waves, the powers stronger than the elements, the hopes and aspirations loftier than the stars. The idea of the Infinite reconciles the jarring elements, shows the object and explains the agreement of the faculties; it reveals the soul to itself, satisfies its doubts and apprehensions, and shows the perfection of its nature, in which all the varying powers and apparently contending elements have, in reality, but one common object, and are united in the end in perfect and uninterrupted harmony.

Briefly, then, the idea of the Infinite increases the powers, by developing the germ of immortality and infinity, which is wrapped up in the soul, as the sun calls forth the fruit from the tender bud. It speaks with a kindred voice to every faculty of the mind; it meets with genial power every lofty thought, every high and holy imagining, every aspiration for a better and purer state of existence. It opens a boundless field for the operation of mind. Here, "may the heart muse till the fire burns;" here, ardent hopes will meet with no repulse; here visions of greater loveliness than the earth can boast, not transitory and fading like the vain fabric of a dream, but founded on truth and enduring to eternity, thoughts that will never die, rise up in beautiful succession, and respond to the glorious power which summons them.

Of this nature, though in a limited degree, was the influence exerted by the classic religion upon the minds of its believers. It established the worship of mind instead of nature, made known to man a vaster intelligence, and directed his worship to objects of a nature in reality superior to his own. Religion, then, began to elevate instead of degrading the mind, as it had done before; hope was held out as a motive, instead of fear; morals began to be inculcated, and duties of a higher kind than mere outward ceremonies were taught. Human nature seemed to be exalted above the condition in which it had previously existed: men began to know and to reverence their own souls, to comprehend the power and duration of mind, its triumph over matter, its divine origin.

To this influence of the classic religion, we attribute in a great degree the learning, refinement, and power of the Grecian nations. It elevated the national intellect, and with superior intelligence came immediately superior power, and a mighty progress in the arts and literature. It was then first made known to the world, that the most precious possessions of a country are its worthy children, the best riches are intelligence, and freedom, the companion of intellectual cultivation. This great lesson was taught in the strains of Homer and the living marble of Praxiteles; it was repeated in every revolving Olympiad; it was illustrated by the countless myriads of Persia, who came like waves of the sea to spend their vain strength at Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ.

The religion of Greece, then, accomplished a mighty work. It actually advanced mankind one step, never to be retraced, on the way to that degree of knowledge and refinement for which they seem to be destined ; and in some degree put an end to that worship of material existence, which had previously degraded and chained down the mind. In the fulness of time, too, this religion was doomed to fall, because the truth was but partially found in it, and because men were ready for higher and better things. Like the beautiful fairy in the eastern tale, who perished for the want of the vainly-sought pomegranate seed, the spirit of classic mythology at length passed away ; but not till it had conquered and destroyed the hideous genius of material worship, and restored the deformed soul to its original and lovely proportions.

If these remarks are just, they will do something to rescue the study of the classic mythology from the opprobrium that has been cast upon it ; to show that it may be pursued without corrupting and degrading the mind, and that there are beautiful and interesting features in it, if we will but seek for them. Still, it will be asked, What is the use of studying this mythology ? Why spend our time upon the discarded and forgotten notions of a people who lived, at best, in the glimmering light of paganism, and who can exert no influence upon the present state of society ?

To this we reply, in the first place, that it is the key to ancient art ; it explains and renders interesting what would otherwise be incomprehensible and

vague as the unknown hieroglyphic. Without the knowledge of the mythology, the collections and remains of Grecian and Roman art would be devoid of meaning, and of comparatively trifling interest; the beautiful forms of the Apollos and the Venuses, the majestic proportions of the Pantheon, the storied frieze of the Parthenon, would convey no definite idea to the mind; and those noble halls and galleries, where the traveller gratifies his longing eye, and the artist awakens his genius at the shrine of divinities in whose lineaments the fire of elder inspiration is yet burning; the grand and solemn ruins over which thousands of years have spread their sacred mantle, those frescoed walls on which the Luculli and the Cæsars loved to gaze, the mosaic pavements which graced the halls of Cicero, would speak only insoluble enigmas. The objects of classic art, which have been preserved, and the fabled religion of Greece and Rome, respond beautifully to each other; and they should be studied in connection.

The mythology, however, does more than merely satisfy curiosity as to the name and attributes which each statue represents; it reveals to us the spirit of ancient art, shows us the causes which called it into being, the secret of its development, the mystery of its perfections. We have already pointed out that remarkable characteristic of the religion of Greece, by which it universally invests matter with mind, assigning to every object in nature its own in-dwelling deity. But it went beyond this; not content

with worshipping through the outward form of the universe, it sought to gaze directly upon the spirit with which matter is inspired, and to behold face to face the divinity who was but too faintly exhibited in his works. Hence arose sculpture, the earliest and the latest effort to reveal the divine existence to man; it assumed, as was to be expected, that form which is superior to all other natures, and fashioning it in ideal beauty, shewed to adoring multitudes the splendid manifestation of celestial being, in the forms of the Jupiter of Phidias, the Venus of Cleomenes, and the Apollo of the Vatican.

But of still higher importance is the connection of the mythology with classic literature, especially to the American student, for whom access to the highest objects of art is difficult or impossible. This argument in favor of the study of mythology is the one most commonly brought forward; it is remarked, and with propriety, that much would be unintelligible in the classic writers without this knowledge, — many allusions would be lost, — many passages obscure, — much of the interest diminished. These remarks are undoubtedly just, as far as they extend; but they do not seem to do justice to the cause which they attempt to vindicate. The knowledge which they imply may be of a very inferior sort, a mere catalogue of idle names or school-boy tales. We are far from insisting upon a minute knowledge of names and dates in this branch of learning. For the professed scholar, indeed, it is necessary; but such knowledge should not be a principal object with the

student. Were no other light to be thrown upon classic literature by the mythology, than the gossiping information too commonly given in our schools and those of England, that certain names stand for certain individuals or places, that Pan means the god of shepherds, Minerva the goddess of wisdom, Arethusa a woman changed into a fountain in Ortygia, and so on to the end of the chapter; if no deductions are to be drawn from these facts, and mythology does nothing more than announce them, the study of it may perhaps deserve to be ridiculed. But it extends far beyond this; it does not merely illustrate ancient literature; it absolutely called it into being, and constitutes the very spirit of its existence. The deep devotion of the early Greek poets, connecting the history of their nation with the worship of the gods, and ennobling their origin by the revelations of their religion, first gave birth to their literature. It was the result of profound faith and ardent devotion; the picture of a mind, in which patriotism and poetic imagination were beautifully blended, and fixed their stamp indelibly upon the thoughts. To appreciate this literature, it is necessary to assume, as far as possible, the state of mind which dictated it; to stand in the place of the poet; to look back with him upon an ancestral race of heroes and demigods, now enshrined in the palace of Olympus; to behold with his eye the glorious train of the immortals, watching over the concerns of man, and directing the universe; in short, to comprehend the spirit, not merely the outward form of his religion.

The different influences, exerted upon literature by the classic religion and by Christianity, may be remarkably illustrated by a comparison between ancient and modern tragedy. The leading characteristic of Greek tragedy, as Schlegel remarks, is the idea of fate upon which it was founded. The notion of fate, as thus illustrated, was of the most dark and awful kind. As understood by the tragedians, fate was consummate and irresistible; power, swaying alike the gods and mortals; for man it was the most dreaded of enemies, uncompromising and merciless, propitiated neither by prayers nor sacrifices, accepting no worship, offering no good. It was manifested in the power of the elements, which conquered and destroyed him; in the majestic rolling on of time, in the misfortunes and sorrows of life, and lastly, in the dreaded event of death. Nor were the gods more exempt from its terrible influences; their immortality only subjected them the more surely to its power; in the sufferings it inflicted upon them, they longed for death; but they longed in vain. Fate, as thus conceived, seems to have resembled, in respect to its power, our idea of the power of Providence; but in all other points the ideas of Fate and Providence are widely at variance. Providence is a power which calls into being, clothes with beauty and develops in perfection. Fate exerted no influence but to crush, torment and destroy; it gave birth to no new existence, nor added anything to the beauty of creation; it found no pleasure in happiness, no sorrow in misery; dark and mysterious as

the night, it was only seen by the lurid glare of the ruin it wrought. Providence exerts a benign action on the mind, calling forth thought and developing moral worth. Fate operated upon the mind only through physical suffering; it carried on an eternal warfare with the soul, whose indomitable will defied, while it submitted to necessity. Providence confers inward power; Fate sports with outward weakness; the former unfolds the immortal principle contained in the soul, and reveals the prospect of eternal life; the latter encompasses the mind with the dark shadow of death, or terrifies it with the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery. Fate, as thus viewed, constituted the spirit of Greek tragedy. A power, from which there is no hope of escape and no appeal, which is superior to the might of the gods themselves, implacable as the storm and inevitable as time, afforded subjects for tragedy in the ordinary pursuits of life; but still more in the immortal existences, the splendor of whose station only rendered their sorrows more conspicuous and awful.

This idea of Fate led to a very remarkable difference between ancient and modern tragedy, in the choice of subjects of suffering. Ancient tragedy sought for its heroes the most exalted, powerful, and even virtuous characters; it delighted to exhibit the sublime spectacle of an immortal nature, overwhelmed by the power of fate, yet in the midst of calamities and sufferings not to be imagined without horror bearing up against an eternity of woe, and defying and even insulting the force to which it is compelled

to yield. Unlike the awful creation in which the interest of the *Paradise Lost* is centred, the heroes of ancient tragedy were often the friends and benefactors of mankind; or if they were stained with crime, it was not the result of their own will, but of the malignant operation of a destiny, which they could neither foresee nor avert. Modern tragedy, on the other hand, seems to choose for subjects characters which, however virtuous and attractive, fall short of the splendid attributes with which the ancient heroes were invested. They have not the same power of endurance and indomitable will; they yield to sorrow; they make us weep for their frailty, their tenderness, their misery; they seek relief from the weight of woe in death; and the genius of modern tragedy chants over them, as they go down to the tomb, her solemn and heart-melting requiem, far differing from the sublime and triumphant strains which are sounded forth by the unconquered and immortal heroes of the Grecian drama. In general, the characters to which the interest of Shakspeare's tragedy principally belongs, are not of the highest intellectual or moral power. Goethe's remarks upon *Hamlet* will apply, in this respect, to many of the other characters. In his fine critique upon this play he remarks, "To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action, laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only flowers in

its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him, the present is too hard. Impossibilities are required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind." ¹ There is a yielding to misfortune, a feebleness, which equally seems to mark the characters of Lear, Romeo, Othello, and Macbeth. The character in Shakspeare, which appears in some points to approach nearest to the subjects of ancient drama, is Lady Macbeth. In the power of her mind, in the boldness and decision with which she plans and executes crime, in her scorn for weakness, her freedom from fear and remorse, she may well be compared with the Medea of Euripides. Still, there are vast differences between the two. Lady Macbeth is absorbed by one ruling passion; the love of power, the burning desire to reign. In the horrors of the chamber of murder, at the awful feast where the dead mingle with the living in their revels, in the haunted sleep-walk, she still clings to the blood-stained diadem with which crime has encircled her brow. There is no tragedy for her; her march is triumph-

¹ Wilhelm Meister.

ant to the throne ; and the last words we hear from her, reveal a mind still victorious over remorse. She is to be regarded as the source rather than the object of tragedy ; she seems in a degree to supply the place of fate ; through her influence Macbeth is urged on as by the impulse of destiny to the commission of crime ; her power sustains, nerves and encourages him, and opens the path of ambition through torrents of blood. The veil is drawn over her fall ; to witness it, would add nothing to the interest of the drama ; she retires when her task is finished, and the victim of her power and her crimes gathers into himself the depth of tragedy, which marks the close of the piece.

Like Lady Macbeth, Medea is endowed with uncommon powers of mind, boldness in crime and remorselessness of conscience ; like her, she is absorbed by one ruling passion, her love for Jason. But the tragedy of the piece consists in the misery and despair with which she is surrounded. She has severed, one by one, the ties which bound her to the society of man. An outraged parent, a murdered brother, a home abandoned and left desolate, monarchs insulted and destroyed, are the sacrifices offered on the altar of her fidelity and affection for one to whom she clings as her last, solitary hope. There seems no farther retreat for her ; one green spot alone remains in the wilderness her crimes have created around her ; if the storm sweep over it, she is lost. The extreme misfortune, the uttermost extent of woe, is now impending ; the play represents her

at the moment when Jason, forgetting all that she has accomplished and all that she has sacrificed, is about to repudiate her and espouse another woman. We follow her with a dreadful interest through the ravings of despair, the conception of new and more daring crime, the struggles and agony of a mother's tenderness, contending with the pride, and hatred, and revenge of an immortal ; and when, triumphant over herself and almost over fate, she disappears at last with the words of taunting and scorn on her lips, we know that she has lighted a fire in her bosom which will burn and torture her forever.

Such is the power of ancient tragedy, manifested in the voice of wailing, mingled with pride and scorn, which comes from the rock of Prometheus ; in the depth and intensity of hatred and despair in Electra ; in the involuntary crimes of *Œdipus*, and the awful revenge of *Orestes*.

The cause of this difference between the subjects of ancient and those of modern tragedy is obvious ; it consists in the belief of the omnipotence and the benevolent character of the deity, which has taken the place of the dark visions of fate that terrified the ancients. Their supreme power was malignant, inexorable, hostile to man. The Christian beholds in Omnipotence goodness, equal to its power ; the one depresses and renders desperate ; the other sustains, encourages, makes triumphant ; the former was the source of tragedy ; the latter conquers woe. For the Christian, there is a power which upholds and consoles in the midst of sorrow ; which renders mis-

fortune easy to bear ; which robs death of his sting, and the grave of its victory. The great mind, which is fortified by this power, is beyond the reach of tragedy ; in the midst of the trials and sadness of a mortal career, there is still open beyond it a blissful existence, a light shining from heaven, which sheds its lustre upon the vale of tears, and cheers the heavy-laden wayfarer to his eternal home.

Lastly, the classic mythology is worthy of attention, as making known to us our own nature. This we deem the highest object of study, and the one which all efforts of learning ought to keep constantly in view. The erudition of editors and commentators, the researches of the antiquarian, the lore of the university and the monastery are wasted, except inasmuch as they tend, directly or indirectly, to promote this great object. The literature that does not contribute to this end is of little value, and soon perishes. Poetry must show forth the nature of man by harmonizing with it, by resting on its principles, by proceeding from its depths, by reflecting as a mirror the human soul, or it will not be enduring. The same may be said of history. He who supposes that the importance of this branch of learning consists in the precedents it affords, in the amount of experience, the wisdom of ages which it sums up, errs greatly. The history of one age can be no guide to the statesman of another, except as far as it makes him acquainted with human nature, reveals to him the secret springs of action, and shows the influences by which man may be acted on singly or in

masses. Its true object is to portray an eternal nature, by representing its operations. But nothing shows forth the soul with such undisguised clearness and fidelity as religion, the embodying of the profoundest thought, the most ardent and devout aspirations, the most far-reaching hopes. Whether religion be revealed from God, or the result only of a mind speculating upon itself and the universe around, it is in harmony with our nature, it speaks to the thoughts which previously existed, and unfolds the germs which are innate in the soul. In this way alone can it find any response; were religion to speak to us of attributes and qualities of which we are not conscious, it would gain no credence, but would be a dead letter, powerless and transitory. All religion, which is sincerely believed, which is enshrined in the heart, is in the likeness of the mind; and it reveals our nature more than anything else, because it embraces the whole circle of our faculties and calls them forth in their just proportions; because it is the most solemn and unfeigned outpouring of the heart. Hence, one of the first inquiries respecting newly-discovered tribes or nations, is with regard to their religion; and from the answer, we draw more certain deductions with respect to their intellectual and moral qualities, and their general character, than from any other facts concerning them. If we could become intimately acquainted with the religion of every country and every period, we should perhaps know far more of the variety, power, and beauty of the mind, than we do at present.

But there is much of which history takes no note ; — many of the deepest and most sacred attributes of man. The religion of the different ages and nations ascends in sublime concert from every portion of the habitable world ; from the banks of the sacred Ganges, the mysterious haunts of Memphis, the olive groves of Attica, the blood-stained halls of the worshippers of Odin, the gorgeous temples of Mexico, the pleasant hunting-grounds of the Delaware, over which the benign spirit of the south breathes a second and lovelier summer. Millions of high and noble minds, unknown to observation, and seen only by the Author of their being, have blended their ardent devotion in the solemn anthem of the nations. Their longing desires, their deep-seated hopes, the offerings of gratitude, the faith of the mother weeping over the tomb of her children, yet believing that her treasures are laid up in heaven, the love which death cannot conquer, and the friendship which the grave cannot sever, may have passed without notice on the earth ; — but there is a history whose records are written in heaven, and whose living page, blotted perhaps with the tears of the recording angel, is unrolled before the throne of the Almighty. It is the history of man as a religious being ; the history of the soul ; of its errors in the darkness of paganism ; its efforts to burst into futurity ; the fair creations which it summoned up, lighted by the fires of imagination, yet ever varying and fading like the glories of a sunset sky ; its long wanderings, when, roaming dove-like, over the encompassing deluge, it found

nought but the olive-branch of hope, and finally the rapture with which it welcomed the tidings of Revelation. In this momentous history, the religion of Greece and Rome occupies no small nor insignificant place. It shows the utmost verge which man, unaided by light from heaven, can reach; the native dignity and grace, and athletic strength of the mind; the stern force with which, like the primeval race of Titans, it strove to mount to Olympus; the sublime resignation with which it awaited the coming of the last great foe. Happily for the scholar, happily for all who would be versed in the lore of the soul, this eventful portion of the spiritual history of man has been embodied in a literature, which is destined to endure till human nature itself shall be changed.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

The American Builder's General Price Book and Estimator ; deduced from extensive Experience in the Art of Building. By JAMES GALLIER, Architect. Boston. M. Burns, 134, Washington street.

From the North American Review, Vol. xliii. No. xciii.

THE rules of Architecture are probably violated more frequently, in practice, than those of the other fine arts; and in no civilized country are they less regarded, than in the United States. In this art we may fairly claim originality. There may be no American literature, painting, sculpture; but there certainly is American architecture. We have columns, which mock at the narrow limits of the Grecian orders; domes, whose proportions are more stupendous, if not more vast, than the marvel of Angelo; ornaments, which it would baffle the genius of Palladio to class; and "shingle palaces," that rival pandemonium itself, rising "like an exhalation,"

" Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Are set, and Doric pillars overlaid."

Thus far the art, with us, is in a very chaotic state,

however. There are certain causes existing here to oppose its progress, which have not been found in other countries, and which must always exert a considerable influence upon architecture in the United States. Still there is room for great improvement; and we propose in this article to speak of some of our principal edifices, public and private, as specimens of art, and to offer some hints with regard to the forms which architecture would naturally assume in our country. We shall express our opinions with frankness, as in no other way could we contribute anything towards an object, which appears to us of great public importance; and we do this with the less scruple, as, in the cases where we are compelled to find most fault, we are wholly ignorant whose are the works on which we are animadverting.

Regular architecture has appeared under two general forms; the Grecian, including the round arch and the dome, and the Gothic, or pointed-arch style. Each of these forms owes its origin and perfection to a deep and enthusiastic sentiment, which pervaded society, and constituted the spirit of the age. Classic religion gave birth to Grecian architecture; the spirit of the Crusades called the Gothic style into being. In like manner we shall find that the spirit of the age was the origin of American architecture, in its genuine form. The settlement of New England was the result of a deep sentiment, with which the hearts of our Pilgrim fathers were filled, — the stern spirit of Puritanism. This dis-

played itself in every possible form, but in none more strikingly than in the architecture. Houses of worship, which they disdained to call Churches, and which still bear universally the name of Meeting-houses, were erected almost before the first rude dwellings were completed; and the style of architecture, if indeed it deserves the appellation, arrived at its perfection in less than a century after the first settlement of the country. The simplest form of the meeting-house is much like that of a large barn with gable-ends. There are doors on three sides, each one having a small porch, or square tower, rising as high as the eaves of the building, to contain a flight of stairs conducting to the gallery. No cornice, no ornament of any sort, graces the exterior; but the uniformity of the sides and extremities of the building is broken, by the unaccountable number of windows with which our ancestors saw fit to adorn the sacred edifice. We speak within bounds, when we say, that the number of windows in an old-fashioned meeting-house of seventy feet by fifty, is never less than forty. Around three sides of the interior runs a gallery, supported upon columns of an unknown order. The ceiling is plastered; but the huge rafters, which project from the walls about six feet below the eaves, and help to support the roof, are not concealed. On the fourth side, and directly opposite the middle of the long gallery, stands the pulpit, upon which the whole magnificence of architecture, that the age could boast of, was lavished. The fluted pilasters, with their won-

drous capitals; the heavy balustrade of the staircase; the graceful elevation of the desk; the superb bow window, in whose presence the other lesser lights seem to withdraw, and hide their diminished forms; and, more than all, the majestic sounding-board, which canopied the whole, heavy with mouldings, and rising in the centre into a boss, most marvellously sculptured; all these formed an assemblage of magnificent objects, which seemed to mock at the Puritanical simplicity of the remaining parts of the edifice. If the ambition of the builders was lofty enough for a steeple, one of the gable porches was made to rise considerably above the ridge-pole. Upon this was erected the belfry, a structure which strongly resembles the top of an urn, standing upon six or eight legs. From the belfry a slender spire shoots up, terminated with a gilt vane.

There was, however, another form of the steepled meeting-house, which we believe is of earlier date than the one last described. This sort of edifice, of which very few now remain, is square; the four sides of the roof meet in a point over the centre of the building, and from this point springs the steeple, consisting of a belfry and spire. We must not forget one remarkable contrivance in our early churches, the arrangement of the pew seats. These were made with hinges, so that in prayer-time they might be raised up, and allow the occupants to lean against the back of the pew; at the close of the prayer they were slammed down, with a noise like the broad-side of a frigate, and served as a warning to all the back-

sliders in the village, who were remiss in their attendance at meeting.

Such were the early houses of worship in our land. But few of them remain, and these are rapidly disappearing, before the spirit of improvement. Yet we should be sorry to lose all traces of them; for not even the Gothic minster, with all its splendors, — the tall windows of stained glass, the lofty arches and vaults, crowded with prophets, martyrs, and saints, the canopied tombs, where repose in solemn marble the mailed knights and the mitred abbots, the carved stalls of the choir, where kings are proud to have their seats, — is more characteristic of the spirit of the Crusades, than the old meeting-house of the Puritanical temper of our forefathers. This spirit is still a strong element in the New England character; but it is much modified and softened. Commerce and politics have now become as much the objects of thought with us as religion, which so exclusively occupied our forefathers; and our commercial and political edifices rival our churches in size and cost. Every capital of the Union has its state-house, which makes some pretension at least to architectural elegance. Every commercial city, and every town of two or three thousand inhabitants, has one or more banking-houses, which are generally as much decorated as the resources of the company will allow. Meantime, the Grecian and Gothic styles, neither of which is discoverable in the earlier architecture of the country, are beginning to appear in every village.

The most costly, and undoubtedly the noblest edifice in the United States, is the Capitol at Washington. There is one great fault in its construction, which is not, however, to be attributed to the artist who designed the building. This is the centre dome, which is very heavy, ill-proportioned, and out of place. By the original design it had the same curve as the domes over the wings, which are low, and very elegant. The plan was partially changed for the centre dome, and it now rises with a high and very ugly curve, from a base not half large enough to support it. The Capitol is built of a stone commonly called Potomac freestone, of a rich brown color. A more beautiful material we have never seen ; but unfortunately, the parts which were completed, when Washington was taken in the late war, were so begrimed with smoke, from the burning of the edifice, that it was found necessary, upon repairing and completing it, to paint the whole ; so that, at a short distance, one would suppose it to be constructed of white marble. The interior is simple and elegant. The Rotunda, which is under the large dome, is probably the finest room in America. It would, undoubtedly, add greatly to its beauty, as well as to that of the Senate Chamber and the Hall of Representatives, if the ceilings were painted in fresco. But this kind of decoration has not yet come into use amongst us.

Philadelphia abounds more in good architecture than any city of the Union, notwithstanding that the tall column in Baltimore, and the little trophy of

marble near Barnum's hotel, have gained for the latter the proud name of the Monumental City. The United States Bank, the Mint, and the Exchange, are the finest specimens of architecture which Philadelphia contains. The very material of which they are composed, white marble, gives them an imposing appearance, and the style of architecture is suited to the material. The Bank is undoubtedly the most faultless monument of its size in the United States. It is of the purest Doric, classic in its proportions, and severely chaste and simple. Indeed, considering the place in which it stands, in the midst of a populous city, and in close neighborhood to other buildings, a higher degree of ornament would not have been amiss; if the frieze and pediments had been adorned with bas-reliefs, a good effect would have been produced. It is much to be regretted, that an edifice of so much architectural merit should be so badly placed. It stands in a small area, hemmed in by buildings on every side, so that it is impossible to obtain a distinct view of the whole. Now the very nature of the Doric order requires that it should be exhibited in an open or commanding situation. The idea which it is intended to convey, is that of duration. The massive columns, the vast blocks which rest upon them, and, more than all, the heavy proportions of the Doric, seem to bid defiance to the elements, and to time itself. Could the very foundations of the earth assume a harmonious form, and rear themselves into symmetry, it seems as if they must create this order,

which, more than any other, combines strength and durability, with beauty of proportion. Hence Doric monuments should always stand in open and exposed places, and not seem to court the shelter of other edifices. They should appear to brave the elements, and invite the storm. The air should circulate freely around, and the clear open sky should alone encompass them. The Greeks acted upon this principle, when they built the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and the far-famed Hesperian temples on the plain of Pæstum. One may easily imagine how much the effect produced by the Bank in Philadelphia would be heightened, if it had been erected on the summit of Fair Mount, instead of the confined spot in which it stands. "The President, Directors, and Company," probably would not thank us for this suggestion; but we remind them that we are speaking only in an architectural sense.

In speaking of the United States Bank, we cannot avoid noticing the peculiar aptness of the Grecian architecture for banking-houses. The simplicity of the form, so well adapted to strength and durability; the plain walls, with the heavy entablature, not requiring the relief of windows; the broad steps, which invite the crowd; the lofty porticoes, which overhang them; the quiet cella, where everlasting silence prevails, form a befitting temple for the worship of the blind goddess. And this style of building has been found to answer the purpose so well, that it prevails throughout the country, wherever an edifice is erected expressly for a banking-house.

The architecture of New York is truly meagre; but, after being at a stand for many years, is at last in a fair way to be improved. The Custom-House, judging from the plans, will be a superb edifice. It is to be of one of the higher Grecian orders, with fluted columns and a pediment at each extremity; the whole of white marble. The City Hall has hitherto been the most remarkable building in the city. It abounds in small ornaments, and, being of white marble, which contrasts pleasingly with the green trees of the Park, makes a pretty appearance; but as a whole, it is very deficient in character, and fails to produce the effect which should be expected from its size and cost. The new building for the University, which is of the Gothic order, has some striking merits; and, though far from perfect, is still very interesting, as the first remarkable specimen of a style, which has been but lately introduced into this country. Thus far the Gothic order, where it has appeared in the United States, has been almost exclusively appropriated to churches. Wherever it has been found necessary to erect large secular edifices, they have either been entirely destitute of ornament, and belonging to no order of architecture, or slightly adorned with Grecian cornices and pilasters. Instances of this architecture appear all over the country; but we do not recollect any that are more illustrative of what we mean, than most of the College buildings at Cambridge, New England. We would cite these as very perfect specimens of no known order of architecture; vast brick barns, des-

titute alike of symmetry, ornament, and taste ; and with all their plain and uncouth proportions, there is a sort of horrible regularity and squareness about them, which heightens their deformity. Four of these edifices are guiltless of any attempt at elegance of architecture, and, making no pretensions, perhaps hardly deserve to be noticed. But what shall we say of the stone edifice, which insults us with its long piazza,¹ and its wooden Ionic pilasters, and the entablature which extends part way across the front ? The proportions of this wonderful building are about one hundred feet, by forty or fifty ; at the ends, it is three stories high, with basement rooms ; the sides are partly two stories, and partly three stories high, the great expanse of wall being somewhat relieved by the pilasters and entablature. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the whole building, however, is the piazza or portico, which runs along part of the western side or front. It is approached by a lofty flight of stone steps, guarded by an iron balustrade ; *nine* columns, from twelve to fifteen feet high, each of a single block of granite, and surmounted by a Tuscan capital of soap-stone, are ranged along the front of the piazza, and support a flat roof eight inches thick, and so light and insignificant, that it seems as if a breath of wind would blow it away. We doubt whether the world contains any other architectural abortion to be compared to this. The Gothic style admirably relieves architects from the

¹ This piazza has since been removed. — Ed.

embarrassment of combining size, convenience, and elegance, in buildings intended for civil or domestic purposes. The various towers, oriel windows, and battlements, and the pointed arches, obviate the disagreeable effect which a large and unbroken expanse of wall produces, and are increased in grandeur the more the proportions of the building are magnified. The new University at New York is on this account vastly handsomer than any college building which we have seen in the United States. This style of architecture might, with excellent effect, be employed for any edifice, which is to be large, and at the same time to contain a number of different rooms, varying in size. We have always thought it peculiarly appropriate to the Court-houses in our large cities, which, besides the large halls for the sessions of the courts, contain numerous small rooms for offices, libraries, and other purposes. A proof of the convenience of this style is, that it has been selected in the construction of several of the larger prisons, as the one at Auburn, N. Y., and others. In these buildings, however, the beauty of the Gothic cannot be entirely displayed, as the windows must necessarily be small and narrow, and the florid ornaments would not be appropriate. We are happy to learn that the edifice, which is about to be erected for the library at Cambridge, is to be of the Gothic order.

Coming northward from New York, we cannot help noticing the State-House at New Haven; a chaste Grecian building of the temple form, sur-

rounded by a colonnade, and forming a remarkable contrast to the uncouth buildings of the college. But let us proceed to Boston, "the Athens of America." Athens it may be; but the days of Pericles have not yet come, if we may judge from the architecture of the city, which is singularly bad. The first and most important edifice which is seen upon approaching Boston, is the State-House. The situation is truly noble, being the most elevated in the city, and rendering the dome a conspicuous object for many miles both by land and sea. The architect of the State-House deserves great praise for his general plan. The idea was extremely good, to place on a high elevation a building of such a description, that its proportions might be at the same time lofty and grand, and which was to be surmounted by a dome. The effect of this is very striking. The dome rises above every other object, crowning the city, and seeming to give a unity and decided character to the whole. We doubt whether any other plan could have produced so good an effect at a distance; as the dome depends less, for the impression it makes, upon the detail of ornament, than any other form of building. The general idea of the architect was excellent; but the execution, though not a failure, is on many accounts very bad. The wings of the building are so short, as to appear mean, and render the whole too small for the dome which surmounts it. This fault, however, we believe is not to be attributed to the architect. The original plan made the wings more ex-

tensive ; but they were clipped by our legislature, who could not afford to buy so much architecture. The *façade* is certainly handsome, but would be much improved, if the columns in the Corinthian portico were single throughout, instead of being doubled at the extremities. The great fault, however, is the dome, which is very heavy. The circular tower or foundation, upon which it rests, should have been carried up much higher, and surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade. The same architect who planned the State-House, designed many years afterwards a much smaller dome for the Church in Lancaster, Massachusetts, the proportions of which are almost faultless. The church itself is beneath criticism; but the cupola which surmounts the tower, consisting of a circular Ionic colonnade, with open arches between the columns, and a light and elegant dome springing from it, is hardly equalled for beauty in our country. Could the same happy idea have occurred to the artist, while planning the State-House, we might now have made our boast of Boston architecture. The next remarkable edifice is the Massachusetts General Hospital, some parts of which are fine. The Ionic portico in front, taken alone, is dignified and imposing; but the angle of the pediment unfortunately rises higher than the roof of the body, and thus produces an unpleasant effect. The square tower, and the dome which surmounts it, are rather handsome ; as a whole, however, we consider it a failure.

We regret that there is no better instance to illus-

trate our remarks upon the conveniences of Gothic architecture, than the Masonic Temple; an edifice, which, in consequence of its pointed windows and the small spires which stick up like asses' ears at the front corners, claims to be Gothic. Barbarous enough it certainly is. The front belongs to the early English style, and the remainder of the building, to be in keeping with it, should be adorned with buttresses and flying buttresses, battlements, pinnacles, niches, and canopies, and a profusion of sculpture. Unfortunately the sides of the edifice do not belong to the same age as the front; and the low-arched windows are very disagreeably contrasted with the more elegant proportions of the one in front. But criticism is wasted on such a building; the whole is bad.

The most perfect piece of architecture in Boston, is the *façade* of the Tremont Theatre. The only fault we find in it is the steepness of the roof, which is too great for classical elegance. With this exception, it is uncommonly chaste and dignified, and the proportions are admirable. We should be glad to see the two niches occupied by statues, and the pediment adorned with a *bas-relief*. It is difficult to explain on paper the merits of this edifice, because they consist chiefly in the beauty of the proportions; the height of the whole, compared with its breadth, and the proportion of the upper story to the basement. One of its great beauties is the simplicity of the architecture. Upon a base of solid masonry, pierced by three arched doorways of great

depth, rises a second story, containing three lofty windows, and supported by Ionic pilasters. This story is carried up so high, that the basement seems only a proper foundation for it. Above this rises the pediment, which, though too heavy, is far from being a deformity.

Another very pretty building, belonging to Boston, though probably unknown to two-thirds of the inhabitants, is the Hospital at Rainsford's Island. It is of an oblong form, entirely surrounded by a Doric portico like the Parthenon; and standing upon a bold rocky promontory, jutting out from the island, it makes a fine appearance when viewed from the neighboring shores, or from the boats which pass in front.

Some of the banks in Boston are pretty, particularly a small stone edifice opposite the Boylston Market, the proportions of which are very good. The edifice erected in State Street, for the United States Branch Bank, is an instance of what occurs very frequently in the city, great *expense*, with very little *effect*. In designing any building, some regard must be had to the place in which it is to stand. Now it appears to us, that, as the Bank in question was to be smothered between other houses, in such a manner that Michael Angelo himself would have been puzzled to make it look well, it was of little or no consequence what the architecture should be. A plain edifice of brick or rough stone, with a *façade* but slightly ornamented, would have answered as well as anything else. It is very

evident that somebody was obliged to pay for those enormous shafts of a single block of granite each ; and it is equally evident, that, as far as architecture is concerned, the money was thrown away. With the edifice, independently of the situation, we have no fault to find. If it stood upon the summit of Beacon Hill, in an open area, we doubt not it would make a beautiful appearance ; at present its beauties are lost.

These remarks lead us to the examination of another building, which, as we never saw the plan, has been an unfailing source of wonder to us, as we have watched its progress ; we mean the new Court-House, which is now so nearly completed, that one can form a pretty good idea of what it is intended to be. For the benefit of those who have not looked upon this astonishing structure, we will attempt a description, though with a very faint hope of doing justice to the genius of the designer. Let the reader imagine a building so long, narrow, and high, as to resemble a sheet of bakers' gingerbread standing upon the edge, and he will have some notion of the outline. "I think, gentlemen," said a western friend of ours to a building committee, who were asking his opinion of an edifice of nearly the same proportions as the new Court-House, "I think, gentlemen, if you please, that if you were to turn your academy over upon the side, it would cover a good deal of land." We doubt if good nature itself could, in conscience, say anything more than this, in praise of the Court-House. The sides of this

elongated and attenuated pile are pierced by numerous windows of different sizes, some arched and some square. At each extremity is a door, above which towers a dead wall, terminated by a cornice, like that of the sides, of the simplest form. From this, the roof slopes back towards the centre. Near the eaves of each end of the building, rises a broad, thin chimney of stone, terminating in several small pyramids, the effect of which is very remarkable. Thus far there is nothing in the edifice to complain of, because thus far it makes no pretence to architecture; and had the artist, or the civic committee, or whoever was concerned, been content with leaving it in this state, we should have been satisfied with having a cheap structure, whose internal arrangements answered the purpose for which they were designed. But it seems as if, after the building was planned, it was thought necessary to make a little display of taste and classical skill; and accordingly we have Grecian porticoes built against the end walls. When General Jackson and Major Downing were at the village of Downingville, the President made a speech to the people, of which the Major gives a report. "Here," says he, "the General was goin' to stop, but says I in his ear, 'You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.' Here he off hat again; 'E pluribus unum,' says he, 'sine quâ non.' 'That'll do, General,' says I." Our architect's porticoes are about as appropriate to the other part of the building, as the General's Latin to the speech he had been making. In themselves they are extremely beautiful.

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They are of the Doric order, and consist of four fluted columns, the shafts of a single block, rising above a lofty flight of steps, and surmounted by a pediment of the true Attic proportions. But they do not belong to the building; they would look just as well, and would seem as appropriate, if they stood on the opposite side of the street; they add nothing to the beauty of the edifice, because it has no beauty to add to, and they certainly do not constitute its beauty, because no one thinks of viewing them as parts of it. We should be in favor, therefore, of having them removed from their unfavorable position at the ends of the Court-House, and carefully preserved, till they can be used for some building of Grecian architecture, to which they may seem actually to belong; and we assure the architect, that his fame would not be in the least diminished by the abstraction.

We have thus far avoided speaking of the churches, while noticing the public edifices of our various cities, because we wished to treat of sacred architecture separately. It assumes, in this country, a form essentially different from that which distinguishes it in Europe. Our forefathers appear to have been desirous to obliterate entirely the memory of the stately worship from which they had fled; and they studiously avoided every thing, in the construction of their houses of devotion, which might recall it. Not only is the entire form of the early meeting-house unlike that of the church, but all the interior divisions of nave, transept, and choir are utterly confounded and lost. The pulpit and communion table

are placed on the long side, that they may not remind any one of the chancel and altar ; the aisles are mere alleys, running between the pews and across the building, as the case required ; the long columns extending to the roof have disappeared, and all traces of the church, as it exists in Europe, are lost in the plain and Puritanical meeting-houses of our ancestors. The churches which have been erected within the last half-century, are, with few exceptions, rather modifications of the first plain meeting-houses, than imitations of the European churches. Still, the tendency has been towards the church style of building. The pulpit is now placed at the extremity of the room ; the aisles begin to be distinguished ; occasionally tall columns are found, dividing the interior into aisles, and supporting the roof ; and the entrance is at the front. With these changes also have been introduced the tall windows reaching to the whole height of the edifice, whereas the old houses of worship were always divided into as many as two, and sometimes even into three stories. A much greater amount of ornament is also found upon our modern churches, than was allowed to those of the last century. There is not to be found, however, in the United States, a single instance of a church built in the style of the English Cathedrals, with nave and transept, and the screen parting the choir from the nave, or the lady chapel behind the choir. One important distinction is now made, which was entirely neglected by our ancestors ; namely, between churches which are to have steeples, and those

which are to be built without. The latter are beginning to assume a distinct style ; generally that of the oblong Grecian temple, with a projecting portico in front supported by columns of the height of the edifice. Great improvement has also been made in the form of steeples, wherever they appear.

The loftiest steeple in the United States, we believe, is that of Park-Street Church, in Boston, which rises somewhat above two hundred feet. The proportions of the steeple are good, though by some they may, perhaps, be considered too heavy ; and the various divisions harmonize well. If any portion is too heavy, it is the spire, which from its great elevation should be extremely light. The ornaments are of the Grecian order. We should have preferred to have them of the Gothic, which the architect might have employed as appropriately, the body of the church belonging to no order whatever ; but on the whole we regard it as an elegant structure.

One of the best-proportioned steeples in our country is at Salem, in Massachusetts ; the work of a native artist. The whole church is the best specimen of architecture in that city, notwithstanding the various efforts which have been made since its erection. We are not aware that it has any name ; but the building will easily be recognized as the only church in Chestnut Street. The Ionic portico in front is uncommonly elegant, though simple and unpretending. Above this rises the steeple, to the height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its principal merit is beauty of proportion, which is not equal-

led in any steeple, that we know of, in the United States.

The lightest and most graceful steeple in Boston, of the Gothic order, is in Federal Street. We believe the Federal-Street Church is the first attempt at this style of architecture in Massachusetts, and one of the first in the United States. It has great faults, and indeed few merits except the steeple. One great defect is dividing the building into two stories, of which the upper windows only have the pointed arch. The piers in the interior are good, consisting of the clusters of columns with foliage. There is nothing in the form of the edifice to distinguish it as Gothic, and Grecian ornaments with round arches might have been employed with equal propriety. The same remarks apply to Grace Church in New York, which is also a specimen of the early American Gothic. The windows in that building, if we remember rightly, are lofty; but they are only distinguished as Gothic by having the pointed arch. The artist seems to have forgotten that mullions, tracery, and transoms are equally characteristic of this order.

Since the erection of these churches, the Gothic order has come greatly into use, not only in cities, but throughout the country; with great faults, however, as it is not uncommon to see a church with pointed windows, and a portico supported by Grecian columns, like the Orthodox Church in Bolton, Massachusetts, and many in the western towns of New York. Buttresses are almost unknown; and as for

flying buttresses, we do not believe there is an instance of them in the United States. The interior of these churches is generally still less Gothic than the outside. In very few is there any appearance of aisles; and if the gallery and pulpit are ornamented, they are quite as often Grecian as Gothic. No distinction is made in the form of the building with regard to its being of the Grecian or Gothic order; and in general, if the ornaments were not to be applied till the body of the edifice was finished in other respects, no one could tell, unless by the pointed windows, to what style of architecture it was intended to belong. As for the richer ornaments of the florid Gothic, they are not to be found on any edifice in the country.

This style of architecture is, however, undergoing considerable improvement. Trinity Church in Boston is superior to any edifice in the city of the same style, that was built before it, and we are inclined to think that the tower is the best Gothic in the United States. As a whole, the building has many faults. We especially dislike the use of two kinds of arches; the flat arch at the side windows, and the high arch in front, which belongs to a different style of Gothic. The sides of the church look bare and mean from the want of buttresses, dripstones to the windows, machicolated or open-work battlements, and other appropriate ornaments. The interior is very poor; the vast expanse of white-washed walls, and of pine painted white, is disagreeable to the eye; the ceiling over the middle aisle is too low, and the length is

not great enough for the other proportions. The interior of Grace Church is much better, though the effect is injured by the glare of white. We regard this as the nearest approach, that has yet been made in Boston, to what a Gothic interior ought to be.

The prettiest Gothic churches in our country, are at Gardiner, Me., and at Hartford, Conn. Though neither of them is richly ornamented, they have both, and particularly the one at Hartford, the proportions and general form of the Gothic, and are proofs of far better taste, as well as of greater knowledge, than appears in the construction of most of our churches; and we are not aware that there are in either of them any of those gross violations of architectural rules, which are so common among us.

In concluding our remarks upon Gothic churches, we will select one example for criticism, which we believe is more universally known than any Gothic structure in the country; the church at Cambridge, in which the annual Commencement performances of the University take place. The front is the best part of the building. It has a square tower, ornamented at the corners by small octagonal towers, and having in its front a broad low-arched door, and a lofty window of the early Gothic. The belfry opens with pointed arches, above which rises the spire. Four small spires or minarets rise also from the four corners of the tower. In each side of the building, near the ends, are two doors, between shallow buttresses which are surmounted by spires; the space over these doors is adorned by Gothic arched pan-

nels, and surmounted by a battlement. There are three windows, with high arches, and adorned with mullions and transom on the side ; but there are no buttresses between them, and the battlement is not continued above them, which is a great fault. The form of the building is of the most awkward kind ; so nearly the same in length and breadth, that the interior, after separating a few feet for the porch, is square. It is not divided by piers into aisles, nor are there any divisions in the ceiling to denote them ; indeed, but for the pointed windows and the pulpit, one would never discover from the interior, to what order the edifice was intended to belong. One of the greatest defects of the building is the roof, which is extremely uncouth and barn-like in its appearance, there being nothing to relieve the dull expanse of shingling. The space from the eaves to the ridge-pole is about the same as from the eaves to the ground, and no effort whatever has been made by the architect to conceal this deformity. The tower and spire are both too short, and have the appearance of having been cut off, and curtailed of their fair proportion. In general, the edifice looks more like a barn with a steeple to it, than anything else.

Near by, as if to increase the hideousness of this Cathedral, is the modest and beautiful little Episcopal Church, whose faultless proportions have so often been praised, but never imitated. We mention it, only to take the opportunity again to express the wish that it may be copied in stone ; regarding it, as we do, as faultless, both externally, and in the interior.

St. Paul's Church in Boston has undoubtedly the

finest interior of any in the city. The chancel is supported by two columns of Grecian Ionic; the ceiling is arched and elegantly pannelled; the windows are lofty and arched; and the gallery extends only across the extremity opposite the pulpit. The simplicity and excellent proportion of the whole give it a solemn, grand, and even colossal appearance. The exterior is not so good. The slope of the roof is too steep for Grecian architecture; which makes the pediment so heavy, that the Ionic columns, or piles of cheeses as they have been called, do not seem sufficient for its support.

We cannot take leave of Boston, without bestowing a word upon two abortions of ugliness which purport to be churches, fronting upon Washington Street at the South-End. We cannot believe that any architect planned these monstrous edifices. Corporate bodies, it is said, have no conscience, and these buildings may possibly be the result of corporate irresponsibleness; no individual of mortal race could have been atrocious enough to design them. We attempt no criticism upon them. Were we to make the effort, we should be in the situation of the clergyman, who, being called to visit a dying man, after a little conversation with him, came from his chamber, declaring with some warmth that the man's ideas of right and wrong were so utterly perverted and confused, that he neither knew where to begin nor where to end with him. One is tempted by these horrible structures to the wickedness of wishing, that

“The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, or Fire,”

or any other means of destruction might "deal upon" them, and relieve the street of their presence.

The remarks we have made upon the architecture of the New England churches, apply equally to those of the South. Neither New York nor Philadelphia contains a church, which has any claims to be called fine architecture, or which is worthy of the wealth and population of those cities. There are two in Baltimore which are better; the Unitarian and the Catholic. The former is remarkably elegant in the form and proportions of the interior, having some resemblance to the Pantheon. The Catholic Church, or Cathedral we believe it is, has the divisions of nave, transept, and chancel; and the interior is imposing, though too plain. It is of the Grecian order, with arched windows. We think the Gothic would have been more appropriate.

The Ecclesiastical architecture in our country is in a very unsettled, ill-defined state. It has neither the stern simplicity and unpretending rudeness of the puritanical meeting-houses, nor the grace and richness of form and ornament of European churches. It seems worth while then to inquire, what kind of churches the religion of our country requires, and what points are to be particularly attended to in their construction.

The majority of our religious societies are of denominations corresponding to the English Protestant Dissenters; and their services require, that the church should be provided with pews or seats, and should be of such a size that the voice of the preacher may be

heard with ease in every part of the building. It is also desirable that the clergyman should be seen by the whole congregation. Hence, their churches ought never to be very large, or crowded with ornament in the interior; especially should massive columns be avoided. The same remarks apply to the Episcopal churches of the United States. It is not to be expected that this form of worship should be found here, attended with the same pomp and splendor as in England. There is no need of a choir in our Episcopal churches; nor is the cathedral service daily chanted in them as in the minsters of England. The Catholics of the United States are not numerous or wealthy enough to rear edifices worthy of their superb ritual; and they have, at the same time, so many models abroad for their churches, that any advice from us would seem superfluous. There are some considerations, however, which may be of service to the majority of Christians in erecting churches. In the first place, we earnestly recommend to all societies who are preparing to build, however small and insignificant their edifice is to be, to employ an architect to make a regular plan, and then to abide strictly by the plan. The plague of architects, and the destruction of symmetry and elegance in our churches, is the disposition so universally prevalent, either to go to work without any plan, or to modify the original one. Were a committee of gentlemen, unacquainted with painting, to attempt to alter and improve one of Allston's pictures, each one adding or erasing to suit his own taste, it

may easily be imagined what an effect would be produced ; yet this would hardly be more absurd, than the various alterations made by building committees in the plans of architects. It should be remembered, that, in general, alterations must either cost more than to follow the plan, or else the beauty of the building must be sacrificed.

It is extremely desirable that our churches should be made of some more durable material than wood, of which the most of them consist. Stone or brick may be had in every part of the country. The Quincy granite is easily obtained for all towns upon or near the sea-coast, and forms a very elegant material. We like it especially, rough-hewn, as in Trinity Church. Granite and slate quarries abound throughout New England ; besides which there are quarries of marble and free-stone, the most beautiful material for churches which we have ever seen. If the churches are composed of such durable substances, they are less expensive in the end, as they require much less repair, and, if properly built, may last for centuries. Besides this, there are associations and sentiments connected with ancient buildings, which cannot be called up by those of our own age. We have a natural reverence for antiquity. We regard an edifice over which ages have rolled with a respect we cannot feel for those of our own time. True, we Americans have but little opportunity to experience these feelings ; but we are certainly not less affected with veneration for whatever antiquities we do possess, than other nations for the

remains which are found among them. A peculiar sacredness, however, seems to invest ancient churches, where our forefathers have met and worshipped ; where the voice of eloquence and the solemn strains of music have been heard for ages ; around whose walls repose in their last sleep those friends whom the closest ties have endeared to us. We may comprehend how much the value of our sacred edifices would be increased by age, if we imagine the Pilgrim fathers to have built upon the shore of Plymouth a church, no matter how rude, of sufficient strength and durability to be in preservation at this time. With what veneration should we regard such an edifice ; how carefully should we protect it ; how eagerly should we enter the sacred precincts, hallowed by the memory of the mighty dead ; with what emotions should we listen to our orators, if their eloquence were heightened by the recollections and associations, which would arise in such a temple ! It may be received as a truth, that, if a church be so constructed as to defy the inroads of time, every revolving year will add to its value.

The situation of a church, particularly in the country, is also to be carefully attended to. If possible, let it be placed in the midst of a grove of trees ; if not, let trees be set out around it. Nothing can be less picturesque than the appearance of most of our country churches, standing as they generally do, upon some naked hill, without a shrub or even a blade of grass round them, and a long row of sheds for horses half encircling them. There are two

churches which we remember to have seen, that strikingly illustrate the effect produced by trees surrounding them. One of these is the chapel of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, a little bijou. Alas, how forlorn is the Chapel of Cambridge compared with this ! The other is the Catholic Church at South Boston, a modest little brick structure, which hides its unpretending form in a rich grove of oaks, and forms a delightful contrast to the absolutely disgusting churches which one passes on the way to it. There is much in this little edifice, which we could wish to see copied. It is built of durable material, and, if the work is faithfully done, may last for centuries ; nothing can be less ornamented, yet the form, entirely different from that of most of our churches, is highly picturesque. It stands upon a hill-side, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, and yet is sheltered from the gaze of passers, by the beautiful grove which surrounds it. We know of nothing in the country round Boston, to be compared to it.

We would impress upon our readers the fact, that a handsome church costs no more than an ugly one ; because the beauty of such buildings depends much more upon the proportions, than upon the ornaments employed. By attending to a few points, a great deal of elegance may be secured at a comparatively cheap rate. Great care should be taken, that no ornament should be used which is disproportionate in cost to the other parts of the building ; that all the ornaments should belong to the same style of archi-

ture ; and that none should be used, but for some express purpose, either to aid in the support of the edifice, or to conceal some deformity. If the church is to be of Grecian architecture, it is better to secure a classical roof, which is very flat, and consequently costs more, and at the same time, if necessary, to give up the portico with columns, which are very expensive, than to have a portico and a steep roof. A very elegant church may be had at a small expense by merely erecting an oblong edifice of proper proportions, with a flat roof of the same angle as that of the Parthenon, and giving it no other ornament than a Doric entablature, supported perhaps by pilasters. In the interior, it is better to make the pulpit and gallery very simple, and to finish the ceiling with a proper cornice, if the funds of the society are not enough for both. The most common deformity in our churches, is the roof, which is generally so steep as to appear extremely uncouth and heavy. Every effort should be made to obviate this. In Grecian buildings, the roof should be made as flat as those of the classical models, and covered with lead or zinc to guard it from the weather. The difference in expense will not be great, and, to secure this beauty, many of the ornaments which are common in our churches had better be abandoned. The Gothic roof is much steeper than the Grecian ; but at the same time this beautiful style provides an expedient for concealing the roof, and obviates the unpleasant effect produced by it. We are not aware, that, in any instance in our country, the architect has avail-

ed himself of this advantage, which the Gothic offers; and yet we think that many of the usual ornaments had better be sacrificed, in order to secure this. A Gothic church is generally divided into three aisles, which are distinguished by the piers or columns which go from the floor to the ceiling. To correspond to these, the roof should be divided into two portions; the slope should begin as usual at the eaves, and be carried up till it covers the side aisles; here it should be interrupted by a wall rising perpendicularly over the piers, and supporting the remaining part of the roof. When the roof is thus divided, the lower portion is nearly concealed by the battlement; and the upper part is too narrow to produce a bad effect. Besides this, with such a roof the ceiling is of course higher over the middle than the side aisles, and being ribbed and arched is very imposing. We doubt whether it is expedient for us to employ, in the construction of our churches, an order which depends so much upon ornaments for its effect, as the Gothic. We are not yet rich enough to build Gothic churches; nor is there a single example in the United States which does justice to this noble style. If, however, we are to have it, let us begin in the right way, and build really Gothic edifices, instead of Yankee meeting-houses with Gothic ornaments on them, which we have now. Let it be remembered, that pointed arches cannot alone constitute this style; and that all the common ornaments, the mullions, tracery, foliage, transoms, clustered pillars, battlements, parapets, spires, minarets, crockets, buttresses,

niches, canopies, are wasted, if they are attached to a huge unseemly barn, like the one in Cambridge. The Gothic depends, not less than the Grecian, for its beauty, on form and proportion. A church built in this style should be much greater in length than in breadth. A steeple is not necessary; but, if it is resolved upon, let it be well-shaped rather than highly ornamented; and we should prefer that the building should be without a steeple, rather than be deprived of buttresses. It is also highly desirable to introduce the division of the roof to which we have alluded above, as this adds greatly to the effect both externally and in the interior. As yet, stained windows are hardly known in our country; and still, if our congregations would sacrifice some of the luxuries of the pews, gallery, and pulpit, they might afford this precious ornament, which we prize more than any that adorns the sacred edifices abroad. The effect of one large window of stained glass can hardly be conceived by those who have not witnessed it; and if the money, which it would cost, could be saved by building the pulpit of pine, instead of mahogany, by having the organ in a cheap case, and by lining the pews with moreen instead of velvet, we think it would much better be expended on so noble a decoration.

We cannot dismiss the subject of churches without offering a word upon the arrangement of the singing-seats. These are generally in the front of the gallery, opposite the pulpit, the most prominent and exposed situation in the building. The organ is

usually placed immediately behind the first row of seats, leaving only a narrow space between the keys and the front of the gallery. Now it is a principle in music, very little recognized here, that the performers should be concealed. The effect of such an arrangement is remarkably illustrated in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and in many of the convents in Europe, where the nuns chant behind a lattice. By placing the organ and singers in a recess with a back wall, the music is improved in several ways. There is a certain mingling and union of sound which cannot be produced when the performers are stationed in a long row round the front gallery; and the tones are echoed from the recess with a power and harmony, that are lost in a considerable degree, when the music is performed in a more exposed situation. As our churches are commonly built, it would be extremely easy to have such an arrangement for the music, by cutting a recess from the back of the gallery into a porch or tower, large enough to contain the organ and singers. The whole front of this recess should be open to the church, and the back closely walled up; and we venture to predict, that, if such an orchestra as this were built, it would contribute greatly to the effect of the music. A contrivance somewhat similar to this has been lately adopted in the Chapel of the University of Cambridge, and renders it one of the finest music rooms in the country.

Nearly connected with sacred architecture, is another branch of the art, which is quite new in the

United States, though it has been cultivated and perfected for centuries in Europe ; — Sepulchral architecture, which has been unknown in our country till within a few years, unless perhaps the rude grave-stones of our burying-grounds may be thought to deserve the name.

The only remarkable display of this architecture is at the Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston. Too much praise cannot be given to those, who originated this design and selected the place. A lovelier spot we never saw. The lofty heights, the deep glens and valleys, the calm reservoirs which reflect the surrounding hills and the skies from their unruffled surface, the deep shades, the retirement and peace of this hallowed ground, the tasteful paths winding with labyrinthine turns along the varied surface, the green turf and the sweet flowers which bloom over the silent graves, the simple monuments of white marble which are discerned here and there amid the shade, the birds that warble their lays undisturbed by the invading hand of man, all conspire to throw a charm over the place that we can find nowhere else. Its natural beauty is not equalled by that of the famous Campo Santo of Pisa, the cemetery at Liverpool, or even Père la Chaise. In architectural splendor it falls far short of these, and of many other cemeteries of the old world. Nor is it to be expected, that we should see at Mount Auburn such a display of magnificence as in Europe. It is very desirable, however, that whatever is done, should be in good taste ; and we have a few remarks

to offer with regard to this. It is worthy of notice, that the few models for monuments which were at first displayed, have been very eagerly copied, and with no great variety. It is of great importance that the public taste, therefore, should be well directed, before the Cemetery becomes filled with uncouth structures and monuments. The most remarkable specimen of architecture, and that which seems to have diffused its character over the whole place, is the gateway. This is of Egyptian architecture; and, in imitation, the principal portion of the monuments are in the same style. We have, accordingly, a great number of pyramids, and obelisks, and tombs supported by Egyptian columns, and fashioned in the heavy proportions of that style.

It is very doubtful whether the Egyptian style is most appropriate to a Christian burial-place. It certainly has no connection with our religion. In its characteristics, it is anterior to civilization, and therefore is not beautiful in itself. No one will deny the superiority of the Grecian style in mere point of beauty. But more than this, Egyptian architecture reminds us of the religion which called it into being, the most degraded and revolting paganism which ever existed. It is the architecture of embalmed cats and deified crocodiles; solid, stupendous, and time-defying we allow, but associated in our minds with all that is disgusting and absurd in superstition. Now there is certainly no place, not even the church itself, where it is more desirable that our religion should be present to the mind, than the cemetery,

which must be regarded either as the end of all things, the last, melancholy, hopeless resort of perishing humanity, the sad and fearful portion of man, which is to involve body and soul alike in endless night, or, on the other hand, as the gateway to a glorious immortality, the passage to a brighter world, whose splendors beam even upon the dark chambers of the tomb. It is from the very brink of the grave, where rest in eternal sleep the mortal remains of those whom we have best loved, that Christianity speaks to us, in its most triumphant, soul-exalting words, of victory over death, and a life to come. Surely, then, all that man places over the tomb should in a measure speak the same language. The monuments of the burial-ground should remind us that this is not our final abode; they should, as far as possible, recall to us the consolations and promises of our religion.

But there is a style of architecture which belongs peculiarly to Christianity; and owes its existence even to this religion; whose very ornaments remind one of the joys of a life beyond the grave; whose lofty vaults and arches are crowded with the forms of prophets and martyrs and beatified spirits, and seem to resound with the choral hymns of angels and archangels. But peculiarly are its power and sublimity displayed in the monuments it rears over the tomb. The elevated form, on which reposes the marble statue of the mailed knight or the holy woman, composed into the stately rest of the grave, yet the hands folded over the breast as if commending

the spirit to God who gave it; the canopy which overhangs it; the solemn vault that rises above; the gorgeous window, through which is poured a flood of golden light, like a beam from heaven, upon the abode of the dead; these are the characteristics of the architecture of Christianity, the sublime, the glorious Gothic.

And this is the style we would have chosen for the prevailing architecture of Mount Auburn. True, we cannot rear those gorgeous structures, which the fervor of the middle ages called forth in Europe; no more can we rival the Pyramids in our Egyptian style; but, if we attempt to imitate either, the Christian style should have the preference. We shall be told, perhaps, that very few persons have the same disagreeable associations with the Egyptian architecture, that we have expressed; that its solemn and heavy proportions become the tomb; and that it has the great merit of combining cheapness and durability. To these it may be replied, that although there may be no preference existing previously in the minds of the community for one style or another, yet it is well to cultivate a preference for the Gothic, since it is a fact which nothing can alter, that this is Christian architecture, and the Egyptian belongs equally to paganism. It is desirable, that those who visit the graves of their friends should associate with the spot, the monuments and decorations which their religion has consecrated for a thousand years. But "the Gothic is more expensive than the Egyptian style." And is it, then, a principal object in rearing

a monument to the memory of those we loved best, to save expense? Far be it from us to encourage extravagance in these structures; yet it seems to us, that if a few dollars more will purchase the change from the architecture of paganism to that of Christianity, they would be well expended. We doubt, however, whether a simple structure, such as the Gothic affords, might not be afforded as cheaply as anything of the same size which is actually found at the Cemetery. As yet the gateway must be considered as unfinished; the present structure being only a model in wood, of what is hereafter to be perpetuated in granite. We would, therefore, suggest the question for the consideration of those who are interested in the matter, whether the plan might not be changed, and a Gothic structure erected, instead of the one we now have, at little or no additional expense. A fine effect would be produced by a wall pierced by three pointed arches, the middle one very lofty and broad for the admission of carriages. This wall should be surmounted by a battlement of open-work, or machicolated as it is called, and should be supported by buttresses, or by octagon towers terminating in light pinnacles. Such a structure we think might be erected at no greater expense than the present one, and would serve as the model for a more suitable style of monuments, than that which prevails in the Cemetery.

We are far from wishing, that the architecture of Mount Auburn should be exclusively Gothic. We are only desirous, that this noble style should be in-

roduced; for at present we believe there is not a single specimen of it in the place. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of the classic monuments which are found there, Spurzheim's for instance. The broken shaft and the Grecian altar are simple and intrinsically elegant, and certainly deserve a place in the Cemetery. Nor would we exclude the obelisk, by far the most beautiful form of Egyptian architecture, whose stern and severe proportions seem to speak of eternal duration; but among these we would claim a place also for the architecture of Christianity.

We come finally to the consideration of a very important branch of the art, Domestic architecture, which is yet in a very unsettled state among us. With the internal arrangement of dwelling-houses we have little to do; supposing that every man can suit himself best. We would only suggest, that, in building a house, the comfort of the interior is of much greater consequence than external symmetry or elegance. For the fashion of the exterior, however, there is much to be said. Domestic architecture seems to take two forms, which we shall call the Palace style, and the Cottage style. Under the former class we range all the larger edifices destined to be inhabited, which, from their dimensions and the money expended upon them, are designed to assume regular architectural forms, and, being decorated with the usual ornaments of the Grecian or Gothic styles, contribute equally with churches and other public edifices to adorn the town in which they

are built. Such edifices are to be judged by the regular laws of the art. The most remarkable specimen of the palace style in the United States, is the President's House at Washington. Under the cottage style we rank all dwelling-houses, whose interior is fashioned less with regard to the rules of architecture, than the convenient arrangement of the interior. These buildings do not depend upon architectural ornaments for their beauty, so much as upon their obvious fitness for comfort and use; and their forms, so far from being necessarily regular, are often most picturesque and beautiful when least symmetrical. By the cottage style, we do not mean to convey the idea of small or mean structures. It admits of large proportions and of great elegance. It only does not aim at that unity and symmetry of form, and richness of ornament, which belong to the palace.

But it happens unfortunately, that the domestic architecture of our country is as ambitious as the society; and as we do not acknowledge any superior in the social system, so we would be all on equal terms in our houses; and if we have not money enough to build a large palace, we must forsooth have a little one; but a palace it must be, at all events, if it is but ten feet square. The result of this is, that the country is filled with ambitious little buildings, covered with strange ornaments, and as fine as white and yellow paint can make them. The comfort of the rooms is sacrificed to the splendor of the exterior; and, the purse of the builder being exhausted by the effort, he is forced to abandon the

improvement of his grounds, so that his unhappy palace stands alone in its glory, without a tree to shade it, or a single green shrub to rest the eye.

Of late, it has become much the fashion to build country houses in the form of a Grecian temple with a projecting portico in front, resting on very magnificent columns. This style prevails at Cambridge. These classical models, which surround the college, are imitated closely in Cambridge-Port. Two or three specimens of this style are to be seen on the road which forms the continuation of the old Concord turnpike through the Port. One of them in particular we have noticed, as it has been in progress. It is a small edifice, the whole length of which, including the portico, may possibly be thirty feet, and the breadth fifteen. The front of this little building is adorned with four massive fluted columns, with elegantly carved Ionic capitals, the cost of which can scarcely have been less than that of all the rest of the house. There seems to be a prevailing passion for columns, throughout the country. One gentleman, in an interior county, has surrounded his house with them, and his example has been followed in a house at East Boston. We do not deny that these columns are very handsome; it is the thought of their material, pine wood, which destroys their effect; and we must say that, to our mind, the house might be made a great deal prettier as well as more convenient, if the same money were expended in constructing it of some more durable material, and in adorning it with vines, shrubbery, and trees. Nothing can be more

admirable for imitation, than the English cottage style, as it is perfectly adapted to our climate, and in good keeping with our taste in ornamental gardening; and we would earnestly recommend to our architects, to import plans and elevations of these buildings, which constitute the true style of domestic architecture, rather than to go on multiplying among us the abortive temples and palaces, with which the land already groans. Let them remember, as a general rule, that a house is made to live in, and the convenience of the occupants is the first thing to be considered; after this, the ornaments may be thought of.

The general form of a dwelling-house in the city, is in most cases of less importance than in the country, because houses are built in blocks, and are often, from the form of the land, deprived of symmetry.

There is one kind of ornament which might be used with good effect in our blocks of dwelling-houses, which are generally so plain as to be painful to the eye; we mean the appropriate ornament of windows, a rich, heavy cornice above them, and a moulding extending sometimes down their sides. This contributes very greatly to relieve the plain surface, and give it a finished and elegant air. Any one who has visited Florence, must have been struck with the prevalence and beauty of this ornament. It is hardly to be found in our cities; the best specimen of it in Boston, we believe, is on a large brick mansion in Beacon Street. In general, the windows are nothing more than square holes cut in the wall, and entirely destitute of their appropriate architect-

ure. It may easily be imagined how much the fronts of the Tremont House and the Albion would be improved by the addition of these ornaments.

We are not aware that Oriel windows are found in any building in the United States ; and yet nothing can be more ornamental to the exterior, or contribute more to render the rooms agreeable. The effect of these beautiful windows, which project from the front of the house, something like the large shop-windows, may be seen in all views of English cottages and ancient halls. They abound, too, in the college buildings at Oxford and Cambridge, and form a remarkable feature in the beautiful domestic architecture of that country. These windows might be adopted in our houses without any great expense, and we think would be found more convenient, and certainly much more beautiful, than the bows in front of many buildings. A row of oriel windows, projecting from the second stories of the houses in Park Street, for instance, would have a very picturesque effect.

We conclude with exhorting all house-builders to "fling away ambition;" to contrive their houses with a view to comfort rather than show, and to take special care that the proportions be not so great, and the cost so extravagant, as to gain for their edifices the unenviable name of "Follies."

MUSIC OF NATURE.

The Music of Nature ; or an attempt to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, and performing upon musical instruments, is derived from the sounds of the animated world. With curious and interesting illustrations. By WILLIAM GARDINER. Boston : J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter. 1837.

From the New York Review, Vol. iii. No. v.

THIS very pleasing work has been lately republished in this country, in a style worthy of the original. It is rarely our good fortune to see so elegant a reprint of any English work ; the author himself might look at it with satisfaction and even pride, as a sort of posthumous compliment ; and we sincerely hope that the publishers who have had spirit enough to get it up in this form may be well repaid for their trouble.

Though we had seen the work before, and knew the reputation of the author, we never had an opportunity of reading it till the American edition appeared ; and we now rise from the perusal with so much satisfaction, that we heartily wish to persuade all the lovers of music to buy and read it. It is entirely fitted for general readers ; no science, nor

previous knowledge of the art or practice of music is necessary to make it intelligible and interesting ; " he that runs may read ; " and a few hours, very pleasantly spent, will bring him to the close.

The work is different from what the title had led us to suppose it. " The Music of Nature " is a rather indefinite name. We had, when we first heard it, certain dim and rather grand visions of some theory or science of which this was the title ; which the author had devoted this work to expound. We fancied that some person of more than usually gifted senses, combined with rare intellect, had discovered the key-note of Nature's anthem, and had traced its melody with all the rich and full accompaniment of harmony swelling into one sublime hallelujah to the praise of the Almighty, from the softest whisper of the breeze, or the gentlest hum of the insect, and the carol of the bird, to the roar of the storm, and the deep bass of the Ocean's roll, the recitative of the elements : and perhaps had penetrated even the mystery of that heavenly music of the revolving worlds which burst upon the ravished senses of Scipio. And even if these discoveries were beyond the reach of mortal sense, we still imagined that the author with uncommon attention to the sounds of nature, might have demonstrated how the common notes produced by animals, by the wind, and by all the various actions of nature, were the elements from which the science and art of music, as we now possess them, has been formed.

But the work is very different from this ; it does

not aim at anything new or original : it contains no wonderful theory ; it does not even discuss the vexed question of the origin of music. It gives only a simple and highly interesting account of music as it actually exists in the world obvious to the senses of every one. The sounds uttered by a great variety of animals are reduced to written notes ; the cries of the various traffickers in the streets, the chime and changes of bells, the tones of the voice in conversation, the rhythm of language, the philosophy of echoes and ominous sounds are all described and commented upon. A history of the invention and use of all the most remarkable kinds of musical instruments is given, with a description of the kinds of tone produced by them, their compass, capacities, and uses. The work also contains an account of some of the most remarkable vocalists of the present day, and accurate descriptions of their style of singing ; and finally, we have a short but masterly treatise upon the works and genius of some of the greatest composers. The whole is enlivened with interesting anecdotes connected with the subject, and facts which amuse and astonish.

Such is the " Music of Nature ;" a book which gives an account of all the different kinds of music that the world offers. It is not a profound treatise ; a work so diffusive in its character could not be so, without swelling to the size of an encyclopedia. The chapters on Thorough Bass and Modulation, for instance, do but glance at the subjects, attempting only to give the reader a notion of their nature and extent

without pretending to investigate them. And yet we feel that the author is a complete master of the science of music ; that these remarks are but the exuberance of his knowledge thrown off without effort, and without consulting authorities ; perhaps at leisure moments and enjoying the comforts of an arm-chair. A more entertaining book we have not read for a long time ; it conveys no greater information on the art of music than every well-educated person ought to possess, while at the same time many of the hints and directions may be of great use to the young performer ; and yet it is so pleasant and amusing, and carries the reader along so agreeably, that it might be classed among our "light reading."

The author has done well to call it the "Music of Nature," because all music is natural. Cultivated voices, complicated instruments, and compositions which reach the utmost limits of the art, are but the gathering in and presenting in form, of sounds and combinations which nature produces. And who shall say what notes might reach the ear of a Being of such capacities as to receive in mingled harmony the whole tide of sound which ascends at once from the entire world ? Has the imagination of the composer ever grasped it ? has the sunlike fancy of Haydn ascended to comprehend its wonders, or has the dark and lowering genius of Beethoven measured its mighty compass ? Has man been able to write it, or to give it voice with all his varied instruments ?

Of all the sounds which music utters, none are so pleasing, so varied in expression, so capable of affect-

ing the feelings, so refined and delicate and at the same time overpowering, as the human voice. A single voice with the compass of only two octaves can express more than any instrument or any combination of instruments. Compared indeed with the tones of an instrument, the human voice seems like life contrasted with inanimate nature. In singing, a soul seems to enter into sound and to give it life. This effect indeed, is partially produced by an instrument in the hands of a skilful performer, though never in a degree equal to the power of voice. In playing on the pianoforte for instance, how much of the effect depends upon the touch ! In the hands of some persons, the instrument seems almost magically inspired ; compared with their touch, the performance of others is lifeless. Nor is this power to be acquired ; the most consummate execution does not give it ; years of practice and study will not attain it. A fine touch is a natural gift, and though it may be aided and improved by cultivation, still we can never have it unless it is born within us. One of the most remarkable instances of a fine touch occurs to us in the case of an eminent pianoforte maker at Boston, Mr. Chickering, whose instruments we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best of the kind we have ever seen. He does not pretend to any power of execution, we are not aware that he attempts even to play simple airs, and yet the most accomplished performer sinks below him in the beauty and life of his touch ; and we have often experienced greater pleasure in hearing him run over the keys as he has

been showing his instruments to purchasers, than in listening to the performance of a master.

Compared with this, how dead, how destitute of interest is mechanical music, even the wondrous melodium of Maelzel ! The voice rises in quality of tone and variety of expression far above them all, and by the combination of a variety of voices the uttermost perfection of music is attained. We prefer the effect of a number of persons singing in harmony to that produced by any single voice, however fine. Never shall we forget the delight we experienced in hearing the sweet little aria, the "*Fleuve de Tage*," better known to most of our readers as the music of "*Come rest in this bosom*," sung at the Gymnase in Paris, by two females. One of them sang the air with words, the other, the captivating Leontine Fay, sang at the same time with exquisite grace and skill, an accompaniment which sounded to us like one of the prettiest variations to the air. They were unsupported by any instrument, and the performance was completely unique, a perfect piece of art, yet so admirably executed as to conceal the art ; so that it was only by reasoning that we could convince ourselves of the amount of skill displayed.

The perfection of vocal music is undoubtedly to be found in the choir of singers who perform mass in the presence of the Pope at Rome. In the selection and education of this choir, many things seem to be attended to, which are not thought of or are impracticable in forming choirs elsewhere. The practice of employing eunuchs, which anciently dis-

tinguished the music of the Pope's chapel from that of all other churches, is now, we believe, entirely abandoned, and the band is made up of persons of different ages, from childhood up. But besides this, we fancied, when we heard these wonderful singers, that in choosing them, a distinction had been made which could be found nowhere else; namely, that the performers had been selected not merely with regard to the nature of the voice, whether it belonged to bass, or tenor, or alto, or the quality, whether harsh or sweet; but also that attention had been paid to the character of the voice, the kind of tone it uttered, and the class of sound it produced. For example, one voice will be found clear, liquid, and sweet like the flute or flageolet, another may have the brilliancy of the clarionet, a third the gentle sweetness of the oboe, a fourth the rich reedy tone of the open diapason pipes in an organ. It is well known that the union of these various kinds of sound gives the peculiar charm to bands of musicians, and also to the full organ which combines them all. Now it appeared to us, that the same variety was found in the voices of the Pope's choir; and when all were singing at once the effect was like that of a full organ, while the solos reminded us of the different stops in the instrument played separately. The effect at the time was almost overpowering. The first time we heard them was at the Sistine chapel. They were stationed in a gallery or recess in the side of the chapel just large enough to contain them, and were not accompanied by any instrument whatever. When the Pope and

the Cardinals had taken their places round the altar, above which was displayed Michael Angelo's celebrated painting of the Last Judgment, the singers entered silently and took their places. The first burst of sound was absolutely startling, it came at once in full strength like the burst of a full organ or a large orchestra ; each singer was perfect, the combination was perfect, and the varied sounds blended into one grand body of tone such as we never heard equalled. After chanting for perhaps an hour with the full strength of the choir, the music ceased, a few words were uttered by the Pope, and every one in that vast assembly sank to the ground. A death-like stillness ensued ; when there came stealing on the calm a sound so soft, so sweet, so ethereal, that it lingered on the ear for a moment before it could be distinguished by the senses to belong to mortal strains. This celestial sound swelled gradually to more complete distinctness, and then another voice, different in character, but equally soft and sweet, was heard in harmony with it ; then a third, a fourth, and so on, till the sound swelled to the full power of the choir. It seemed like the performance of a skilful organist ; we fancied him playing on the stop diapason of the swell organ, then drawing the dulciana, then the flute and hautboy, and thus adding stop to stop till by degrees he came to the full power of the instrument. The effect of this music was utterly unlike anything we had ever heard before. The choruses of the opera singers bear no resemblance to it, nor can the choirs of any other churches produce any similar effect.

This is the choir which performs the celebrated "Miserere" by Allegri, of which we have such wonderful descriptions by travellers. The effects of this music are spoken of as completely overpowering; a whole congregation melted to tears, and many fainting and carried out. No one who has heard the choir can doubt their power to produce such an effect. It has often been made the subject of wonder that no other choir could perform the same piece with anything like the effect given it by the Pope's singers. Many of the best choirs in Europe have attempted to perform it, but have uniformly failed; so that it has been imagined that there was some wonderful secret which the singers of the Sistine chapel were unwilling or forbidden to impart, by which they were enabled to give this magical power to the piece. Much of the effect, however, has been attributed to the time and place. The "Miserere" is sung during the three days immediately preceding Easter, the awful commemoration of those days of darkness and horror when the Saviour "descended into hell," and the hopes of man in eternity hung trembling in dreadful uncertainty, the world left in the reign of death, and no ray of light penetrating the gloom of the grave. The Sistine chapel, where the service is chanted, is dimly lighted as the sun goes down, and the gigantic figures in the painting of the Last Judgment seem to dilate into new grandeur and terror by the sepulchral light of the tapers, which are extinguished one after the other, to represent the desertion of the disciples in

the last hours of our Saviour's life. All this adds, undoubtedly, very much to the effect of the music ; but these aids might be had in other places. The wonder still remains, that no other musicians, however skilful, can execute the same piece with any power at all.

We have the notes of Allegri's "Miserere," and have studied the piece with care. Nothing can be more simple : there are no rapid nor difficult chromatic passages. The compass of voice required is very small, the variations of modulation few and simple. No directions whatever are given with regard to the performance : the usual marks attached to music, such as the signs for swelling or depressing sound, and all the signals usually added for the help of the performer, are entirely omitted in this piece, and there is nothing to indicate the manner in which the composer intended to have the different passages performed. There is scarcely more variety in the whole piece than in the notes produced by the wind blowing over an Æolian harp, which the "Miserere" greatly resembles.

The whole effect of the music depends upon the expression ; and herein consists the secret of the Pope's choir. The life of one man would be hardly long enough to study the variety of expression of which this wonderful piece is capable. In learning to perform it, then, all other singers suffer under great disadvantages compared with the musicians of the Sistine chapel. The mystery and magic of the performance is in the expression ; and years of study

are insufficient to give this. But the manner of singing this piece in the Pope's choir, is, if we may use the expression, hereditary : they have the advantage not only of their own experience and practice, but of those of their predecessors. Gregorio Allegri composed this celebrated chant about two hundred years ago ; he was himself a member of the Pope's choir, and the first performances of this music were directed by him ; each passage thus learned by the singers received the expression which the composer intended, and the whole piece was finally acquired under his instruction, and performed as his taste and genius dictated. These first directions have never been lost ; those who learned the " Miserere " from Allegri, taught it to their successors, and so down to the present time ; the choir being continually renewed as the members become superannuated or are removed by death, so that no gap has ever occurred to interrupt the hereditary instruction and discipline of this wonderful band. It is probable too, that discoveries and improvements in the manner of performing the " Miserere " may have been made from time to time, so that the Pope's singers at the present day have not only the advantage of their own experience and knowledge of music with regard to the piece, but they have the benefit of two hundred years of practice, and even the directions of the composer himself. These facts seem to us quite sufficient to account for the difficulty which all other choirs have met with, in attempting to perform the " Miserere."

Having thus mentioned this very wonderful com-

position, our readers may perhaps be interested by a short analysis of some of the more remarkable passages. We will avoid technical terms as much as possible, and endeavor to suit the description to the comprehension of those who are unacquainted with music.

The "Miserere" is the most entirely mournful, pathetic, and heart-rending strain that music ever uttered. The words are taken from the fifty-first psalm, and are intended, as thus used, to represent the cry for mercy from a despairing world. The music is written in the key of G minor, perhaps the most delicate and deeply-sad form music can assume; and it is in five parts, which melt into one solemn strain, like the sweep of the Æolian harp. The first sounds heard are these blended voices, soft and sweet and inexpressibly mournful, like the evening breeze of summer sighing over the strings, and the ear faintly catches the words, "Miserere mei Deus," prolonged through many changes, swelling as the agony of emotion increases, and again dying away on the aerial cadence, where the notes modulate to a more calm expression on the key of B flat. Then follows a passage a little louder and perhaps less expressive, to the words, "Secundum magnam misericordiam tuam," terminating in the minor key, and preparing the ear for the same touching sounds with which the piece began. Then comes the second verse, "Amplius lava me ab iniquitate meâ et a peccato meo munda me." A more impassioned and agonized cry of suffering humiliation and supplica-

tion than even the first prayer of "Miserere," commencing on the same notes, but rising to a higher and more prolonged sound of wailing, and closing on the same minor key in tones expressive of the deepest despair, faint, tremulous, and fading from the senses.

Again, the first strain is repeated, recurring five times during the service. The second verse is also sung five times, so that in fact there is no great variety in the whole. Yet the effect produced is more striking for this very reason. As mere musical composition it is thus brought to resemble more nearly the sound of the *Æolian* harp, which the composer seems to have had in mind. Any one who has heard this instrument, will undoubtedly have noticed that it produces no great variety of notes, and besides this, that the sounds come as it were in waves, renewing the same strains at regular intervals. So it is with the music of the "Miserere." The first deeply-pathetic strain recurs at nearly regular distances through the piece, following out a few changes of notes and occasionally modulating into the major, but finally dying away on the key note. The constant recurrence of the first strain gives a peculiar and overpowering effect to the music; and is completely adapted to the character of the words. Complicated and varied passages would ill become words that contain a prayer for mercy; a humble cry from sinners who are bereft of hope, and are commending themselves to the pardoning love of the Almighty when all dependence on earthly promises is lost.

With the wave-like strains that recur at measured intervals the passionate cry for mercy seems to be renewed, and the impression produced by the service is greatly heightened.

An instance of the same recurrence of the words and music is found in the "Gloria in excelsis," as performed in our churches; we have always regarded it as one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the service :

" O Lord . . . that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have
mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive
our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,
have mercy upon us."

The effect of this repetition is to add great power to the expression and earnestness to the prayer.

The close of the "Miserere" is quite different from the other portion, though not less mournful and impressive; it is the subdued and faintly-uttered strain of those who are overcome with weeping, and murmur out their last moan as sense forsakes them: the fainting accents of sinners who have undergone penance too dreadful for mortal strength to endure, and yet with their last breath make their cry to God — "Tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulas:" The first chord struck is in the minor key of C, and is continued uninterrupted through the word "super,"

a calm, subdued, and softened strain, expressive of deep sadness and exhaustion. At the word "altare," the notes ascend to D, modulating into G minor, and falling an octave with the last syllable, and then making the cadence through the notes E and F sharp to G, the key note of the piece. The words are then repeated with nearly the same notes, though more solemn and subdued, the tenor being left out, and the alto striking the note with which the tenor commenced before. As it closes, the sounds become so faint as to be scarcely audible, and we are left with the feeling that we have been listening to more than mortal strains.

It is impossible however, by words, or even by the aid of the voice and of instruments, to convey any accurate idea of the music of the Pope's choir. The attempt to perform the "Miserere" with any similar effect has, we believe, been abandoned by all other singers as utterly hopeless. Their singing is completely unique; it resembles no other sounds, and the entire character is different from that of all other musical performances. In the opera, for instance, this is not the case. Many amateur singers catch the bravura style of the Prima Donna, and give the same effect to the airs from Rossini, Bellini, and all the popular composers: the choruses at the inferior theatres bear resemblance to those of the Italian Opera or the Royal Academy of Paris. Even when the performance is so poor as to become a caricature on the original, there is still to be traced a resemblance. The music of the opera, as performed at

the different theatres in Europe and America, has a family likeness by which it may infallibly be recognized ; and the same is true of Church music, with the exception of that performed by the Pope's choir. The effect of this, as we have said, is utterly unlike that of all other music, and the listener might well fancy that his senses had been blessed with tones from a better world.

It is undoubtedly more difficult for a choir to sing well, when unaccompanied by instrumental music, and it should never be attempted except by performers who are perfect in their parts, so that they may sing with confidence, and feel certain of never losing the pitch, which immediately distorts the whole performance. The accompaniment, however, should in all cases be modest and low, aiming to sustain the voices, but never to lead them. We prefer for choirs in churches some bass instrument, as the bassoon or violoncello, as an accompaniment, rather than the organ, flute or violin. The sound of a heavy bass will be found more effectual in supporting the voice, and in bringing it to the correct pitch if the performer is singing flat, than the higher instruments. But we should earnestly recommend to the choirs of our churches to practise singing without the aid of any instrument, assuring them that they will thus be enabled to give a power to their music which can be attained in no other way. Most of the lovers of music will remember that these remarks were well illustrated by the Hermanns, who gave vocal concerts in our cities about five years ago. Their perform-

ance, when they sang without instruments, more nearly resembled the music of the Pope's choir, than anything that has been heard in this country. There is a richness in the harmony of voices which no combination of instruments can produce ; for the service of the church, or the evening serenade, we know nothing to be compared with it.

Of all instruments none is equal to the violin, in variety and power of expression. And yet we are not sure that we should have admitted this before hearing the performance of the celebrated Paganini ; for which blessing we are devoutly thankful. Mr. Gardiner mentions being present at the first concert given by Paganini in London, the third of June, 1831. A few days afterward, we were present at another concert given by this great master at the king's opera. After an overture performed by the orchestra, the curtain was drawn up, and the magician of the evening made his appearance alone on the stage. His figure was truly remarkable ; tall, thin and stooping : and his long straight hair, which hung down on his shoulders, gave a strange and almost unearthly expression to his lank visage, in which the two little dark eyes sparkled like meteors. Nothing could be more awkward than his appearance as he came on bowing sideways till he reached the middle of the stage. There he stood for a minute bowing in the most ungainly manner, to the reiterated plaudits of the immense audience. Presently he raised his violin, as if about to commence, and immediately the uproar subsided into a deathlike still-

ness. But something was wrong ; so down came the violin, and he very deliberately took out a cambric pocket handkerchief and wiped his fingers, at the same time "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," as if amused at the disappointment of the audience, who only cheered him the more enthusiastically. Again the violin was raised ; the cheering hushed, and the first sound was heard from that magical bow. Such tones we never heard from voice or instrument before : the violin seemed to lose its peculiar character, and to assume another not less peculiar but infinitely more varied and powerful. Passages of inconceivable rapidity seemed to glide from the bow, and the very scale of music grew larger : we knew not, till we heard him, that its compass was so wide. At times he appeared absolutely to be sporting with the feelings of his audience ; from some distinguishable and pleasant melody, he would glide gradually into chromatic passages, which grew by degrees more complicated and horrible, till just as the sounds were becoming too painful for endurance, he would suddenly modulate into the most soothing and heavenly strains that the ear ever listened to. When he played upon one string the effect was the same. The difficulty of the execution can be best appreciated by the greatest proficients on the instrument. We have never met with any exhibition which so completely realized our notion of magical influences as this ; it seemed as if the violin must be inspired by superhuman power ; and we are willing to confess that all our superstition was excited, when we saw

this unearthly-looking being before us, and heard sounds such as we never conceived of before, and such as no other mortal in the wide world was capable of producing. It was announced on the programme that the concert would close with a "Sinfonia" by the full orchestra; and this was attempted, but in vain. After Paganini, the performance even of those admirable players seemed tame and flat; the audience would not listen to it; they were noisy, calling loudly for Paganini; and the players of the orchestra threw down their instruments in despair, and retired.

Many conjectures have been made with regard to the secret which has enabled this great performer to go so entirely beyond all other masters of the violin. Certain it is that no musician has ever come near him in power of execution, or in style of performance. Indeed his style is peculiar to himself: it resembles nothing else; the violin in his hands seems to become any instrument he chooses; the clearest and most liquid notes of the flageolet are rivalled by it; the warble of the birds, the cry of wild beasts, exclamations of fiendlike agony and rage, and the mad revel of demons and witches, are all within the compass of this magical instrument. Mr. Gardiner says that his amazing power was acquired during a long imprisonment, when he had only a violin with one string to practise upon. We have heard this story contradicted in Europe, though there seems to be no certainty about it. It is also said that his command over the instrument is owing to a peculiar

formation of the hand and wrist ; that the fingers are unusually long and muscular, and that he is able to bend the wrist much more than other persons, so that he has a peculiar command of the strings. This would scarcely be considered improbable by any one who has seen the man, — his general appearance being so utterly unlike the rest of the race, that any peculiar formation of the kind would not be surprising. Still, we are of opinion that the principal cause of his great superiority is to be traced to his peculiar genius. His mind seems to combine great power with an extremely grotesque fancy. He comprehends and enjoys sublimity and pathos in an uncommon degree, but at the same time he is visited by the most strange and whimsical imaginings, which mingle wildly with the sweet and solemn ideas. All this strange genius expresses itself in music, and makes him the wonderful composer he is. Had he been a poet, he would have rivalled the most wild and fanciful creations of Germany, and the sweetness, pathos and sublimity of Shakspeare. His mind seems to run into the same strange fancies that are displayed by Moritz Retsch in his illustrations of Goethe, Schiller and Shakspeare.

We often hear it said that Paganini intends to visit America ; but we cannot believe that he could be induced to do this. He would no doubt acquire a large fortune if he came here ; but this he can do in a week in Europe almost without effort. Whenever he gives a concert, the largest theatres are filled to overflowing. In 1832, it was announced that he

would perform at the Grand Opera or Royal Academy of Music in Paris; and three hours before the doors were opened, the building was surrounded by an immense crowd, who were waiting to rush in and secure places; we thought ourselves among the nearest to the entrance, and yet when we had gained our way into the "salle," it seemed as if the whole building was filled: perhaps a third part of the audience stood up during the whole performance, for the want of seats. The profits must have been, at a moderate calculation, four or five times as great as the best benefits in the United States. Now, Paganini is always sure of filling the largest theatres in Europe, whenever he sees fit to give concerts; and the harvest of his labors is almost boundless. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the gold thus acquired is lavished at the gambling table. At any rate, it appears certain that he would not be induced by the hope of gain to visit this country, and if he comes here it can only be from motives of enlightened curiosity or christian benevolence, characteristics for which Paganini is not remarkable.

Of all instruments the organ seems to us the most grand and sublime, while at the same time it is capable of great variety of expression. Much of the effect of organ playing depends upon the touch. This may seem strange, but we are convinced nevertheless that it is true. It can easily be comprehended how much pianoforte playing depends upon the touch, where the sound is made by striking the keys with the fingers, and depends upon the force of the blow.

But the organ-touch is entirely different ; the strength with which we press down the keys has nothing to do with the amount of sound produced : the finger of an infant lightly pressed upon the key, may draw forth sounds that resemble the roll of thunder, and shake the largest cathedral to the very foundation ; with a different arrangement of the stops, the strongest man can only produce tones as soft as the gentlest breathing of the *Æolian* harp. And yet experience convinces us, that as much of the effect depends upon the touch, as in the pianoforte. There is a power in this particular, which nothing but nature can give. It seems, indeed, as if the soul of the player were breathed through the pipes, so expressive are the tones. There may be distinguished, as in the pianoforte, the difference between a light elastic touch, and a heavy, dead style of playing ; there are all the shades of difference in various players. No directions can be given, with regard to the style of touch ; it must be the inspiration of taste and genius, which fills the performer, and governs his fingers in spite of himself.

Considerable physical power, and no small presence of mind, are required in the performer on a large organ. The force required to press down the keys, which in the organ always move with a spring, differs greatly in different instruments. In some, the weight of an ounce will depress the key sufficiently ; in others, much greater weight is required. One of the sets of keys in the famous *Hærlém* organ is arranged with springs, so powerful,

that to produce sound, the player must exert upon each key a force equal to the weight of a pound. The largest organs in this country, have four different key-boards, and in fact actually contain four entire organs, which are filled by the same bellows. Three of these key-boards are for the hands, and are commonly called manuals; the fourth is played by the feet. The manuals ascend above each other, like stairs. The highest key-board belongs to the swell organ, which is so named from its forming the part of the instrument which produces that delightful swell and fading of the notes, for which the organ is remarkable. This is effected by enclosing all the pipes of the swell organ in a very tight box, which is sometimes made double; the interstice between the two cases being stuffed with cork, or any substance that will prevent the transmission of sound. One or two of the sides of this box are so contrived, as to open with broad slats, like a Venetian blind. A pedal is arranged by the foot of the player, by depressing which, he gradually opens the slats, and thus produces the swelling sound. If this pedal is well managed, the effect is very fine.

The middle key-board, or manual, belongs to the part of the instrument which is technically named the great organ. This contains all the largest and most powerful pipes; among the rest, those large gilded ones, displayed in front; and constitutes the main body of the organ. The tones of this organ are so powerful, that it is only used to accom-

pany singing, when there is a vast number of performers, on great public occasions, when loud choruses, and pieces of a similar character, are required. The chief use of the great organ is in the performance of grand pieces, or voluntaries, of a spirited nature, with or without the accompaniment of orchestral music.

The third and lowest manual belongs to the choir organ; which is so named from its being made of a size suitable for accompanying singers on ordinary occasions. It is less powerful than the great organ, and forms an intermediate between it and the swell organ.

Underneath the key-boards for the hands, is a set of keys to be played by the feet, arranged precisely like the keys in the manual, only made so large as to be conveniently touched by the feet. This set of keys consist, in some organs, of two octaves or more, though in others only of one, and is attached to a set of pipes entirely distinct from the rest of the organ. These pipes are named the sub-bass, as they descend in tone below the bass of the manual; they are made of wood, and some of them are large enough for a full-grown man to creep through with ease. These pipes produce that deep sound of thunder, which is heard with such effect in the organ. As it is convenient, however, at times, to play the bass with the feet, and at the same time the sub-bass would be too powerful, there is a contrivance, by which the enormous pipes in the sub-bass are prevented from sounding, and the pedal-

keys are so connected with the manual of the great organ, that when we depress one of them with the foot, it draws down the corresponding key in the manual, and thus produces the same effect, as if we were fingering the manual.

Loud or soft playing on the organ, is regulated by means of stops. Let us examine the stops, in the part of the instrument called the great organ. By a stop is meant a set of pipes, consisting of one pipe for each key in the manual. In the keyboard of the great organ, there are fifty-five keys, consequently, a set of pipes composing one stop, consists of fifty-five pipes. At the side of the keyboard is a stick, or rod, which may be drawn out an inch or two, for each of the stops, or sets of pipes; and unless the stick be drawn out, the corresponding pipes will not sound. To aid the organist, the head of each of these sticks is marked with the name of the stop it belongs to. In the great organ, there are at least eight stops, and generally more; that is eight sets of pipes. The first of those is called the stopped diapason. The pipes in this stop are all stopped at the top, which gives the name. The one bass pipe, and often the whole of the stopped diapason, are made of wood. The tones of this stop are low, sweet, and liquid, so that they resemble the dropping of water; the bass is deep and solemn, and the stop seems to form the foundation of the tones produced by the organ, as none of the other stops are used without it. It will be understood, then, that when this stop is played

alone, only one pipe is sounded, for each key that is depressed.

Let us now draw the open diapason ; then both the diapasons being drawn, two pipes are sounded for each key we touch. The open diapason consists of lead pipes, and contains the largest of the gilded ones in front. The pipes in this stop are open at the top. The sound belongs peculiarly to the organ ; a rich, reedy tone, with nothing of liquid character of the stopped diapason, and at the same time more bold, sublime, and loud. This stop is the most important in the organ, as it is more peculiarly characteristic of the instrument than any other.

Next to this comes the principal ; so called because it is tuned first, and all the other stops are tuned from it. The tones of the principal are an octave higher than the diapasons, and the pipes resemble those of the open diapason, being of lead, and open at the top ; but they are smaller, and produce a much less body of sound, though more brilliant. This stop is not to be used without both the diapasons.

The next stop to be drawn is the twelfth ; so named from being tuned an octave and a half above the diapasons ; the tones are loud and brilliant, but not heavy. It is never to be used without the diapason and principal, nor without the next stop, which is called the fifteenth, as it is tuned two octaves above the diapasons. This stop is extremely light and shrill, and must never be drawn without all those previously mentioned.

Next come the cornet and sesquialtra, together forming another stop; and finally the trumpet, in which the pipes are provided with a reed, like that in a clarionet. The tone of this stop resembles that of the instrument for which it is named, and when played with the other stops, it gives great richness of sound.

When all these stops are played at once, it is called the full organ; and the great art and difficulty in organ building is, so to proportion the stops to each other, and so to arrange the wind-chest, that the full organ shall "mix well," as it is called; that is, that the tones of all the different stops shall blend into one grand body of sound peculiarly characteristic of the organ. In this respect, American organs are generally much inferior to those built in Europe.

The choir and swell organ are provided with stops of a similar character, with the introduction, also, of stops, which resemble in tone the flute, oboe, clarionet, violin, and other instruments. The largest organs in this country have about thirty stops; in Europe some have as many as a hundred.

The organ-player, then, has much to do, when performing on his instrument. There are two pedals; one connected with the swell organ, the other used to close a number of the stops, or open them at once; there is a whole set of keys to be played with the feet, and three sets for the hands, besides the twenty or thirty stops to manage. Occasionally, he plays with one hand on the great organ,

the air of the piece, and the bass with his feet, and at the same time, leaving out the flute and other fancy stops in the choir or swell, he plays on them with his other hand the accompaniment to the air. The changes and combinations which may be made in this way, are almost endless. Again, touching a little spring, he connects all the key-boards together, so that performing on the great organ, the keys of the choir and swell are touched at the same time, and we hear the full peal of thirty stops, accompanied with the thunder of the sub-bass.

Such is the organ, the most perfect of instruments, the most complicated and powerful, admitting of the greatest variety of sound, imitating all other instruments, yet possessing its own characteristic tones, which nothing else can utter. But the most interesting property of the organ is, its harmonizing with, and forming part of a great system. We refer to an age, — peculiarly marked with strong characteristics, — when the spirit of sublime, solemn, and fervent Adoration seemed to descend on a world which had just emerged from the night of the dark ages. It extended simultaneously over all Christian Europe, and possessed every nation and every heart. The Church of Rome, catching the spirit, rose to a degree of majesty and glory which no earthly institution ever before attained. Chivalry displayed the cross and the banner, and breathed into the breasts of millions the noble sentiment of knightly courage and generosity, mingled with the devotion and self-abandonment of the

martyr. Gothic architecture — the most sublime form in which the inspiration of man ever visibly clothed itself — rose at once as by magic in every land ; and the mighty spirit which produced these wonders, seeking utterance for its solemn and lofty anthems and hallelujahs, gave birth to the organ — the voice of Chivalry and Christianity. And how perfectly in keeping with the spirit of those ages is this noble instrument ! How completely do its tones express the feeling of solemn adoration which marked them ! Those lofty columns of pipes, pointing to Heaven, the ancient carving, the forms of angels and cherubim that gather round it, are in harmony with its character and office. And as we have listened to the instrument, in some vast Gothic cathedral, now stealing on the ear in tones of exquisite gentleness and pathos, now pouring out the lofty chorus, and rolling in thunder along the aisles, we could fancy that the sculptured forms of saints and martyrs, and the choirs of angels and arch-angels, which crowd the lofty arches, had found a voice to sound out their anthems. And the sleeping figures of the mailed knights, resting in solemn repose on their tombs, seemed almost starting from their slumber at the notes, which ages before had stirred up their souls, when they had received the blessing of heaven, as they set out on the Crusade to the Holy Land. Madame de Stael calls Gothic architecture “ frozen music ;” she might have added, that it was the music of the organ frozen, so well does this grand instrument harmonize with

the solemn and majestic character of the ancient cathedral.

Much yet remains to be done, in all countries of Christendom, towards improving the music of the organ. But few great composers have thought fit to write for this instrument; and we feel confident, that its entire capacities and power remain yet to be developed, so little music has been written for it. The reason of this is obvious enough. In the first place, practising on the organ is inconvenient, and not always practicable; all other instruments are within the reach of the musician, at his own fire-side. He can strike the notes whenever he pleases, and while the inspiration is on him: he can play as long as he chooses, and leave off, or resume it, at pleasure. The organ, (we do not speak of the little parlor organ, an instrument beneath contempt,) the church organ, with its complement of manuals and pedals, cannot be always resorted to. In the Roman Catholic churches, and the English cathedrals, this practice would interfere with the services; and would also be forbidden, out of reverence to the edifice. The intervention of another person is also necessary in playing the organ; and when one goes to practise, he must make a business of it. It is an effort, and not always an agreeable one. The church is to be unlocked, and the sexton must be found, and the building may be too cold, or too hot, &c. Such are some of the more obvious checks to good organ playing, especially in this country.

Another reason that so little music has been written for it, is that the organ is a solitary instrument. In the Romish churches it is not even used as an accompaniment. The choir of singers are stationed in the chancel, and are accompanied by a few wind instruments. The intervals of their chanting are filled up by solos on the organ, which is usually placed at the opposite extremity of the church. A great composer, therefore, is led to adapt his music to an orchestra or band, where from the great variety of instruments, his genius finds a much more ample scope for operation. The music of the opera is the highest range of the art ; fine scenic representation, powerful acting, and poetry combine there to aid the effect of sweet sounds.

The sublime genius of Handel, the Pindar of music, has done more for the organ than all other composers together. His choruses are conceived in the true spirit of lyric devotion, to which the organ is best fitted to give utterance. His celebrated Hallelujah chorus rises in sublimity above any other composition that was ever penned ; and the solemnity and majesty of his dirge in Saul are absolutely overpowering. In this amazing composition, he has succeeded, without resorting to the delicate sadness of the minor key, in giving utterance to the deepest and most touching lamentation ; but it is kingly and majestic sorrow ; such strains as might be heard when

—— “Gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall comes sweeping by.”

A few such pieces have done more for the organ than all other music.

One very important branch of organ playing is extempore composition. All organists make some pretension to this, and very few excel. One of the most remarkable extempore performers of England was Stanley, a blind man, and we believe organist at the Temple church in London. His effusions were so wonderful, that the other organists of the city used to hurry away from their places as soon as the service allowed it, that they might hear his closing voluntary. His printed music is very spirited, strongly marked and energetic; but does not seem by any means of the first order. It would be wrong, however, to judge from this what his extempore performance was. Such music is much like fine conversation; it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to record it in such a manner as to convey the effect which it originally produced. To play well extempore, the performer must unite a fine ear for melody with great knowledge of the science of music. It is of the greatest importance that he should be able to strike out original airs. There must be a connectedness in his music, as if he were following out some leading idea. The rule which Haydn adopted in his composition would be of no less service to the extempore performer. That great master, when he was to compose a sonata, would imagine some simple story, which he was to narrate in music. For instance, he would imagine a ship to be starting on a voyage to some distant country; the music paints

the ship gliding along over a smooth sea with favorable breezes and holding her tranquil way towards the destined port ; presently the wind freshens and the sea becomes rough ; the clouds rise in the horizon, and at length the sun is obscured. A tempest comes on, the sails are furled, the ship tosses wildly over the waves, now mounting up to the heavens, now disappearing in the yawning cavern of the sea. The wind roars, flashes of lightning dart through the angry skies, and the thunder rolls in tremendous volleys above. The storm abates by degrees, the winds are moderated, the clouds disperse, and the sun beams out with all his genial power ; and the gallant ship enters joyously into the destined haven. The music was made expressive of all these changes ; at first it flows on with a sweet and distinct rhythm, and simple harmony, like the tranquil passage of the ship. By degrees the composition becomes more chromatic, modulations from one key to another occur, and at every successive change the music becomes more complicated and wild, till the original melody can no longer be distinguished ; the very elements of the art seem to be confused and blended ; the roar of the bass is heard, while passages of strange import flash across the scale with the rapidity of lightning, and vanish from the ear to be succeeded by still more confused and tempestuous strains. By degrees this whirlwind of sound subsides ; the music becomes more calm, but plaintive, like the last murmurs of a storm, till finally, gracefully modulating into the original key, it

closes in the same cheerful strain with which it commenced.

A complete knowledge of the science of modulation is invaluable to the extempore player. We will not undertake at this time to give any detailed account of this complicated and vast science; we will merely inform such of our readers as may be ignorant of it, that there are certain combinations of notes or chords guided by fixed rules, by which we may change (while playing on the pianoforte or organ) from one key to another, in such a manner as not to offend the ear by the abruptness of the transition. The number of these combinations is perhaps unlimited, but the performer is well rewarded for whatever labor he bestows on the science, by the new wonders and beauties which constantly present themselves as he advances. After having played the aria which his ear dictates, the extempore performer will find that the effect of his music is greatly enhanced by modulating imperceptibly to some other key, on which he may repeat the aria with no other change than the character of the key shall indicate. For instance, the key of F major, or, as it is often called, the key of one flat, is characterized by Mr. Gardiner as "rich, mild, sober, and contemplative." Supposing the performer to have commenced on this key, and in closing the air to have modulated to the key of A major, or the key of three sharps, which is called "golden, warm, and sunny;" if he repeats the air on this key the effect will be extremely pleasing, the original melody will be heard and yet its

character will be changed, it will sound less solemn and less impressive, perhaps to a sad heart less agreeable, because it may now be more cheerful and light, approaching to playfulness, but at least warm and genial. Thus the player may go on through all the keys, giving to the melody at each change the peculiar character of the key into which he modulates. The effect of such changes in performing any pleasing air is analogous to that produced by looking into a kaleidoscope. The bits of colored glass are the same all the time, but at every turn of the instrument some new form is presented, in which the combinations produce a different effect from those seen the moment before, while at the same time some general similarity in figure and color may be traced throughout all the changes.

Mr. Gardiner has mentioned the characteristics of all the different keys, with the corresponding minor of each. The subject is interesting to all lovers of music ; and in connection with the remarks we have just made, we will follow him through the scale and endeavor to illustrate the truth of his descriptions. He begins with F major. This is often called the key of nature, as the cries of animals, the buzzing of insects, the roar of storms, the murmurs of rivulets, the roll of the surge, and all the varied natural sounds are found to be in this harmony. As we have seen above, this key is spoken of as "rich, mild, sober, and contemplative." Among a variety of airs, which would confirm these characteristics, none occurs to us, more to the point, than the well-known

song "Days of Absence," or "Rousseau's Dream," as it is often called. When sung to those beautiful words of Moore's, "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," it is a very perfect illustration of Mr. Gardiner's remark. The relative minor of this, D, is spoken of as possessing the same qualities, "but of a heavier and darker cast; more doleful, solemn, and grand." The majestic Dead March in the melodrama of Ella Rosenberg, is in this key.

C major is described as "bold, vigorous and commanding; suited to the expression of war and enterprise." Two pieces occur to us in this key, which are marked by these qualities. They were both composed by Haydn. The first is the grand chorus in the oratorio of the Creation, "The Heavens are telling." The composer seems to have intended, in this noble piece, to represent the very motion of the heavenly bodies as they roll on in their path, orb within orb, and system within system, and at the same time to express the divine harmony of the sphere music. There seems to be a grand outline, which is filled up with varying passages of exquisite sweetness and grace; a full revolution terminating at regular intervals with the same majestic cadence. The same leading idea is perceptible throughout, pursuing its ceaseless course as firmly as the sun, while at the same time there are lesser circles of rhythm, and a more delicate melody within these larger orbits; till at the close, the whole heavens utter their united voice of thanksgiving and praise in one full burst of choral harmony.

The other piece is a grand military movement: a piece which we wish was more commonly known than it seems to be. It is arranged with consummate art, giving to the piano or organ, for which it is written, the effect of a full band. The bass drum and trumpet mingle with the full harmony, and are admirably imitated. When the minor movement is introduced, the music becomes mournful without being plaintive; and loses nothing of its majesty.

G major "is gay and sprightly; being the medium key, is adapted to the greatest range of subjects." The well-known air, "Di tanti palpiti," is written in this key; so is Pergolesi's famous "Gloria in Excelsis," which is peculiarly lively and rapid in the movement.

D "is ample, grand, noble." Having more fire than C, it is suited to the loftiest purposes. Handel's grand Hallelujah Chorus, to which we have already referred, the loftiest flight of lyric harmony, is in this key. The overture to *Tancredi*, arranged by Rossini himself for the pianoforte, is in the key of D, also the chorus in the same opera, "Plaudite O Popoli." The old psalm tune, "Denmark," which is certainly "ample, grand, and noble," is in D. The character of this key is well known. It is universally allowed to be the most suitable for lyric compositions, and for loud and spirited pieces to be performed by the full orchestra or band. Handel was very fond of this key, and used it for most of his choral and other grand compositions; his magnifi-

cent march in Deidamia, and the famous water-music, are proofs of its capacities.

A, as we have already seen, is "golden, warm, sunny." One of the prettiest things we have ever met with in this key, is Pleyel's sweet sonata, commonly known as "Henry's Cottage Maid." Those who have heard this music will do justice to our author's correctness in describing this key.

E major. "Bright, pellucid, feminine; adapted to brilliant subjects." In illustration of this description, we have only to mention that the bewitching air in the opera of "La Gazza Ladra," "Di Piacer," which we hold to be the most perfect of Rossini's compositions, is in the key of E. There can be no happier comment upon Mr. Gardiner's enumeration of its qualities.

B flat, major, is said by the author to be "the least interesting of any. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand, and it is too dull for song." Certain it is that this has not been a favorite key with the great composers; yet occasionally we find it used by the first masters. Haydn's exquisite andante, sometimes called the Blacksmith's, because he is said to have taken the idea from a blacksmith whom he overheard whistling at the forge, is in this key. Haydn also used it occasionally for loud choruses. The relative minor of this, G, is said to be "meek and pensive; replete with melancholy." The "Miserere," by Allegri, which we have described above, is in this key.

E flat, major. Mr. Gardiner describes this as "full, mellow, soft and beautiful." It is a key in which all musicians delight; though less decided in its character than some of the others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a general favorite. This key has been used with wonderful effect by Haydn on one occasion. It is undoubtedly well known to many of our readers, that Haydn composed a set of pieces which were intended to represent the last scene in the life of our Saviour. They are commonly called "The seven last words." Seven different expressions or exclamations, reported by the different Evangelists as having been uttered by our Saviour in his last hours, are taken as the subjects of these. The last but one of these is written for the words, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," and the key of E flat has been selected as best fitted to give them expression. Never was a more serene and soothing, yet deeply solemn melody, conceived; it conveys to us the peace of a spirit, whose last agony has passed away, and which is about to ascend to heaven. There is nothing, in this portion, of the heart-rending pathos and despair, or the bursts of terrible suffering which have made us shudder in the former parts of the composition: all is gentle, composed and tranquil; and as the sounds fade away, we feel that our hearts are comforted, and that the effect of the other portions would have been too powerful but for the soothing influence of this.

A flat, major. Described as "the most lovely of

the tribe, unassuming, gentle, soft, delicate, and tender." This key will be easily recognized by most of our readers, as a great number of the psalm tunes in Zeuner's collections of sacred music are composed in it. Among the more remarkable and best known are Hummel and the Missionary Chant. The relative minor of this key, F, is said to be "religious, penitential, and gloomy." In the "Seven last words," Haydn has selected this as best fitted for the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" — and it is by far the most solemn and pathetic part of the whole composition; the cry of agony and the sound of wailing are expressed with fearful power in this wonderful piece. That fine old air, "Roslin Castle," a universal favorite, is enough to make known the characteristics of the key of F minor.

We cannot close our remarks without one piece of advice to organists: namely, that they should never attempt to play extempore unless they have some sentiment distinctly felt to which they wish to give utterance. Nothing is more stale, flat, and unprofitable, than the vague running over the keys of the instrument, or modulating from key to key without any definite object. All the science in the world, and even a fine ear for music will be of little avail unless the organist has the proper spirit for his duty. He should be deeply impressed with the sacredness of his task; he should feel that he is not a mere hireling engaged to do a certain amount of drudgery,

but that he is called upon to offer up to God a sublime tribute of adoration. Inspired with holy reverence and awe, he should seek to pour out his soul in praise to the Almighty. And if he comes to the work with such feelings, he will find the noble instrument not wanting in the power to give utterance to his devotion.

SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS.

Extracts from an article on the Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, in the North American Review, Volume 50, No. 106.¹

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THE age of Elizabeth was preëminently distinguished by the operation of just principles, of generous sentiments, of elevated objects, and of profound piety. Elizabeth, it is true, was vindictive, arbitrary, and cruel. Two prevailing sentiments filled her mind, and chiefly influenced her conduct throughout life. The first of these was the idea of prerogative. Any assumption of rights, any freedom of debate, any theological discussion, or profession of sentiments, which seemed to infringe on the sacred limits of royalty, was sure to be visited with her severest wrath. She detested the Puritans, from whom she had suffered nothing, but whose republican spirit appeared to her at war with royalty in the abstract, far more than the Papists,

¹ The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser. In Five Volumes. First American edition, with Introductory Remarks on the Faerie Queene, and Notes by the Editor. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

by whom her life had been made a life of danger and suffering, but who respected forms and ceremonies, and whose system encouraged reverence for the powers that be, and loyal sentiment toward the person whom they regarded as the lawful sovereign. Nothing but the earnest entreaties of Cecil, and the imminent danger of a French invasion, could induce her to give assistance to the Scottish Protestants, when they were persecuted by the Queen Regent. And even her hatred of Mary could not prevent her taking sides with that ill-fated princess, when the "Congregation" claimed the right of trying their sovereign for alleged crimes, after having deposed and imprisoned her.

The other sentiment, which, in no small degree, influenced the conduct of the great Queen, was her excessive fondness for admiration as a woman. She filled her solitary throne with a dignity and majesty, which could not be surpassed; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of a character, which should have strength and impetuosity enough, even if marriage could have given the right, to overawe her lion-like spirit, and assume the reins of government in defiance of her will. Certain it is, that no such prince then lived. But while the *queen* resolutely excluded all human participation in the lonely eminence on which she stood, the *woman* was constantly claiming the tribute of sympathy and admiration. Her eager desire was to be a heroine, a beauty, the queen of hearts, the cynosure of gallants' eyes; to reign supreme in the

court of love and chivalry; to be the watch-word and the war-cry of the knight, and the theme of the troubadour.

Here was the source of the unbounded flattery, which was lavished upon her by courtiers, even to the latest years of her life, and which appears to have, at times, actually deceived her, in spite of her extraordinary penetration. To this sentiment are owing nearly all of the few instances of disaster and disappointment, which occurred during her splendid reign. She preferred to risk the safety of her allies, and the cause of Protestantism on the continent, rather than refuse the command of her troops to her favorite, who had entreated it. To gratify another favorite, and ensure his glory, she forgot her habitual economy, levied an army larger than she had ever supported, except at the time of the invasion, and sent it to Ireland, under the command of a man who was utterly unfit for the place. And when, beset by enemies, harassed by defeat, and overwhelmed with shame, the impetuous and noble-hearted Essex rushed into the presence of majesty, as a lover would have sought his mistress, her woman's heart forgave him all. Had this frame of mind continued, had not the resumed majesty of the queen condemned what the woman forgave, the world would have been spared the consummation of one of the most mournful tragedies in history, and the last days of Elizabeth might have been serene and happy, instead of being tortured with anguish and despair.

The former of these sentiments made her an object of dread, the latter of ridicule ; and both conspired to render her tyrannical. But Elizabeth was not a tyrant, in the full sense of the word. She never acted upon the nation with that degrading influence which is always the attendant of selfish, cold-hearted, and perfidious tyranny ; she never had the power, and we doubt if she ever had the wish, to make slaves of her people. She understood the English character ; she comprehended, appreciated, and admired its nobleness ; and she had sagacity enough to see that this very character constituted her chief glory. A thorough and hearty affection subsisted between her and her people ; an affection which was increased and cemented by many circumstances of a nature not to be forgotten. As a nation, England had been persecuted, distressed, and trampled upon, during the reign of Mary. The party which triumphed in the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic religion was small ; the great majority of the people were not very zealous, in favor of one side or the other ; they had been ready to welcome Protestantism, under Edward the Sixth, and they were not disposed to fight against the church of Rome, under Mary. The number of zealous Papists, who were in favor of the rack and the stake, was not more than a thirtieth part of the nation. The other twenty-nine parts, though perhaps nearly equally divided on the question of religion, condemned alike the bigotry of their melancholy sovereign ; and looked on with

sorrowful indignation, while the bloody Mary, assisted by a few narrow-minded bigots, was carrying on the infernal work of persecution. It was a sorrow and a shame to all true Englishmen, whether Catholic or Protestant; and the hated Philip felt the effects of their vengeance, till the day of his death.

In these times of tribulation, there was one who shared in the common danger, suffering, and humiliation; and who, from the exalted rank which she occupied, and the station to which she seemed destined, was peculiarly an object of distrust and alarm to the bigots, who were exulting in their day of power. The gloom which overhung the whole country, equally surrounded her; the fires of Smithfield and Oxford were kindled for her terror, as for the terror of the people. She had been made to pass through that sorrowful passage, from which few ever returned alive, the Traitor's Gate in the tower of London.

Her course was one and the same with that of the entire English nation; and the only light which shone upon the darkness, the only hope that cheered the universal despondency, the dependence of all real patriots, the trust of all friends of truth, and the pride of all free and honorable men, were centred in the prison of Elizabeth.

There is no bond so strong, as the bond of common perils and sufferings; and, when the young princess ascended the throne, it was amidst the thankful acclamations of a liberated and happy peo-

ple, who loved her for the dangers she had shared with them, and for whom she entertained the interest and affection due to fellow-sufferers. This feeling was prolonged, in an uncommon manner, throughout her reign ; for it so happened, that there was no danger which threatened the Queen during her whole life, that was not equally formidable to the people. So difficult was the question of succession, that the prudent Burleigh never ventured to express his mind upon the subject ; and carried down to the grave the secret of his opinion. Any change would have been for the worse ; as it would either have plunged the nation into a civil war, or have placed a Roman Catholic prince on the throne. The dangers, which menaced the crown of Elizabeth, were alike formidable to the cause of freedom in England, and of the Protestant religion in Europe. The invasion of England, which was attempted by the French, under the Queen Regent of Scotland, and afterwards the gigantic preparations of Philip, foreboded more than the ordinary horrors of an offensive warfare. These enemies came with the stake and the fagot in their hands ; they came not merely to invade, but to convert ; not merely to conquer, but to persecute ; they were stimulated not merely by ambition, but by bigotry ; they were prepared not merely to enslave, but to torture. It was, therefore, not a matter of indifference to the English nation, whether Elizabeth were to be their Queen, or whether some other prince should ascend the throne. In her reign, and her's alone, they saw

the hope of peace, freedom, and prosperity. Never, therefore, were nation and ruler more closely and firmly knit together.

The sentiment of loyalty, consequently, was never more sincere and enthusiastic, in the hearts of Englishmen, than at that period. To the nation at large the Queen really appeared, what the flattery of her courtiers and poets represented her. She was to them, in truth, the Gloriana of Faery land; the magnificent, the undaunted, the proud descendant of a thousand years of royalty, the "Imperial Votress." She was only a tyrant within the limits of the court. There, she reigned, it is true, with more than Oriental despotism; and she seems to have delighted, occasionally, in torturing mean spirits, by employing them upon such thankless offices as their hearts revolted from, though they had not the courage to refuse them. But beyond the immediate circle of the palace, she was the Queen and the mother of her people. To the nation at large, too, she was equally a heroine, a beautiful ideal, enshrined in their hearts. Living on "in maiden meditation, fancy free," rejecting the proposals of every prince, disregarding the remonstrances of her subjects, where marriage was spoken of, there was something in the very unapproachableness of her state, which both commanded the respect, and excited the imagination of her people. As a woman they regarded her, just as she wished them to regard her, as the throned Vestal, the watery Moon, whose chaste beams could quench

the fiery darts of Cupid. She was to them, in fact, the Belphebe of Spenser, "with womanly graces but not womanly affections," — "passionless, pure, self-sustained, and self-dependent;" shining "with a cold lunar light, and not the warm glow of day." This feeling was increased by the spirit of chivalry, which still lingered in English society, and like the setting sun, poured a flood of golden light over the court.

The incense, then, that was offered to the Queen by such men as Spenser, Raleigh, Essex, Shakspeare, and Sydney, the most noble, chivalrous, and gifted spirits, that ever gathered round a throne, is not to be judged of, as the flattery which cringing courtiers pay to a dreaded tyrant; but rather as the outpouring of a genuine enthusiasm, the echo of the stirring voice of chivalry, and the expression of the feelings of a devoted, yet free, people. The editor of the American edition of Spenser remarks, that "the wits of Elizabeth's reign were an exception to the principle involved in the memorable observation of Tacitus, '*Gliscente adulatione magna ingenia deterrebantur.*'" The view we have taken will explain this exception. The wits of Elizabeth's reign did not insult themselves, or lose their self-respect, by offering homage to the Queen; the loyalty which prompted their flattery was a sentiment which rather elevated than degraded the mind, which was responded to by the entire nation, and which had its origin in a chivalrous disposition, or in a profound patriotism.

An age of tyranny is always an age of frivolity; of heartless levity; of dwarfish objects and pursuits; of dreadful contrasts; laughter amidst mourning; rioting and wantonness, amidst judgments and executions; dancing and music, at the hour of death. Such was the frivolity of the days of Nero; such was the mirth of the "death dance," in the days of Robespierre. Nothing like this sickly and appalling joy, could be seen in the time of Elizabeth. There were masques, and balls, and tournaments, at the court, and gay revels, as the stately Queen went from castle to castle, and palace to palace, in her visits to her princely subjects. But such amusements did not form the chief object or occupation of the court of Elizabeth. The Queen, and those who had grown up with her, had passed through too many dangers, and witnessed too much suffering, to allow them to become frivolous, or very light-hearted. They had lived amidst scenes of cruelty, persecution, and death. Their childhood had witnessed the successive horrors of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and their youth had suffered from the bloody fanaticism of Mary. Sorrow and tribulation had overspread the morning of their life, like a cloud.

Miss Aikin, in the beginning of her charming work upon the Court of Queen Elizabeth, has described the gorgeous procession which filed along the streets of London, at the baptism of the infant princess. The same picture, also, forms the closing scene of Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth." As

we look upon the gay and splendid train, marching in their robes of state beneath silken canopies, and then glance our eye along the map of history, till we trace almost every actor in the pageant to a bloody grave, we can scarcely believe that it is a scene of joy and festivity that we are witnessing. The angel of death seems to hover over them; there is something dreadful in their rejoicing; their gaudy robes, their mantles, their vases, their fringes of gold, assume the sable hue of the grave; and, instead of a baptismal train, it seems like a funeral procession, descending to the tomb.

The mournful scenes, which the generation who grew up with Elizabeth had been compelled to witness, and the terror in which most of the leading characters of her reign had passed their youth, had undoubtedly tended to sober their minds, and induce them to reflect much upon the great and solemn duties of life. The character of the age was stamped with the dignity which hallows tribulation, and with the force and nerve which the habitual contemplation of danger rarely fails to confer. The same causes, undoubtedly, promoted the religious spirit which prevailed. While bigotry and fanaticism appeared in a small portion of the nation, it is certain that the age of Elizabeth was marked by the general diffusion of a spirit of deep devotion; there was enough of chivalry left, to keep alive the fervor which prevailed at an earlier period, and enough of intelligence, to temper this fervor into rational religion. The feeling of shame, at profess-

ing faith and devoutness, was the growth of a later day; it was unknown in those times. The gayest courtier, that chanted his love-song in the ear of the high-born maiden, and the gravest statesman who debated at the table of the privy council, were alike penetrated with devotional sentiment, and alike ready to offer up prayers and thanksgiving to the Most High. We are perfectly aware, that the outward signs of piety displayed by a few principal characters, are not a faithful index of the state of religion, at any period. It is not fair to infer, because Elizabeth devoutly commended herself to the care of the Almighty, when forsaken, friendless, an orphan, alone, and helpless, she was landed at the foot of the Traitor's Stairs, in the Tower of London, or because she returned to the same gloomy fortress, when a triumphant Queen, to offer up her praise and gratitude to God, for his marvellous mercies, that she lived in a pious age. Neither are we to regard it as a sure indication of the prevailing spirit, when Burleigh solemnly commends his son to the Almighty, in his letter of advice; when the chivalrous Sydney is found composing a prayer, which, for solemnity, grandeur, and devotion, is scarcely surpassed in the English liturgy; when the adventurous Raleigh displays an amount of knowledge on sacred subjects, that might be the envy of an Oxford professor of theology, or when the city of London presents to the young Queen, on the day of her coronation, and in the midst of her glittering pageantry, the Bible, as the most appropriate and acceptable offering.

These are not certain signs of a religious age ; but they would pass for something at any period, even if they were mere hypocrisy. They would show, that religion was held in such respect, and by so numerous a class somewhere, as to make it worth while for the Queen and her court to assume, at least, the outward badges of piety. But they have additional force, when we reflect, at the same time, that at the period when they were manifested, the Reformation was making a gradual, but sure, progress, in England ; that the question of religion occupied every intelligent mind, and affected the interests of every family ; that the lives and fortunes of millions, the fate of kingdoms, and the progress of intellectual and moral freedom throughout the civilized world, were inseparably connected with the cause of Protestantism.

If bigotry and fanaticism had been prevalent in England, and the opposing parties of Romanist and Reformer nearly equal, there would have been witnessed in that country, during the sixteenth century, a succession of atrocities and horrors, compared with which the wars of the white and red roses were bloodless. If, on the other hand, the great mass of the nation had been indifferent, with regard not merely to forms, but to religion itself, we should not have seen the outward show of piety in the highest rank ; we should not have seen a House of Commons legislating in favor of Edward's liturgy, and a nation turning to worship in their vernacular tongue. Nothing but a widely diffused spirit of piety can ac-

count for the character of those miracles of literature, which made the days of Elizabeth glorious, and which are stamped with nothing more strongly, than their deep and wise religion.

Moreover, in the age of Elizabeth, England was more distinguished for patriotism than any nation in civilized Europe. On the continent, the feeling of nationality was absorbed, and the distinction of language, laws, and country absolutely lost, in the zeal for religious belief. Nations, which for centuries had been enemies, were found leagued against their natural allies; inhabitants of the same state were divided, and at war with each other; the prophecy was literally fulfilled, that "the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." "The Palatine," says Schiller,¹ "now forsakes his home, to go and fight on the side of his fellow-believer of France, against the common enemy of their religion. The subject of the king of France draws his sword against his native land, which had persecuted him, and goes forth to bleed for the freedom of Holland. Swiss is now seen, armed for battle against Swiss, and German against German, that they may decide the succession of the French throne on the banks of the Loire or the Seine. The Dane passes the Eyder, the Swede crosses the Baltic, to burst the fetters which are forged for Germany."

Nothing of this kind was seen in England. The

¹ History of the Thirty Years' War.

number of Catholics, who preferred the triumph of their party to the welfare of their country, was too small to be of any consideration. A few fanatics in the college at Rheims, and a few romantic champions of the unhappy Queen of Scots, were the only domestic enemies whom Elizabeth had to fear. With a great majority of the Romanists, the love of country prevailed over all religious distinctions; and, when the invasion was threatened by Philip, they united cordially with the Protestants, in the defence of their native land; they enlisted, as volunteers, in the army and navy; they equipped vessels, at their own charge, armed their tenants and vassals, encouraged their neighbors, and prepared heart and hand for a desperate resistance of the common foe.

The energies of the nation were naturally brought into vigorous action, by the great objects, interests, and enterprises, which the times presented. The effects of the Reformation were felt just enough, to produce a bold and free exercise of thought, without kindling the passions to fierce excitement. The storm, which burst with all its fury on the continent, wrapping nations in the flames of civil war, prostrating, withering, and overwhelming civil institutions, and marking its path with desolation, did but exert a salutary influence in England. The lightning was seen flashing in the distant horizon, the rolling thunder could be heard afar off, but the fury of the storm fell at a distance; the atmosphere was purified, the soil refreshed, and the rainbow was glittering in the heavens.

Never in the history of England had there been a time, when energy and wisdom were more needed, than at that period. The nation was compelled, by the irresistible force of circumstances, to stand forth as the champion of Protestantism. The eyes of all civilized countries were fixed upon her ; some, with imploring looks ; some, glaring upon her, with jealousy, fierceness, and settled hatred. Enemies were springing up, with whom peace was hopeless. A popish princess was heir to the throne of Scotland, with a powerful ally ready to support her pretensions to the English crown. On the continent were allies, whom England was compelled to support, at a risk of a war with the mightiest empire that had risen since the fall of Rome. And an armament was preparing for the invasion of Britain, of an extent that seemed to render resistance hopeless, by a monarch whose resources appeared inexhaustible, while Ireland was in open rebellion, and ready to receive the Spanish fleets into her ports.

From all these difficulties, and impending calamities, the nation gathered a harvest of glory, that would alone make her name famous for ever. It is with a feeling of joy and exultation, that we trace the history of England, during these years of terror and of triumph. We behold her extricating herself from embarrassments that seemed endless, and turning them into the means of safety ; encouraging and supporting her allies, without exhausting her own resources, and finally crushing the vast en-

gines, which were put into operation for her destruction.

The blood quickens in our veins, as we read of the wisdom, and the sublime moral courage, of the daring adventure, the romantic enterprise, the chivalrous bravery, and the brilliant triumphs of that age of great men. We see Cecil and Wotton negotiating with Scotland so wisely, as to win the confidence and affection of that nation, and to destroy the influence of France in that country for ever; Walsingham, fathoming the secrets of the French court, or watching in silence, but certainty, the progress of conspiracies at home, and crushing them on the eve of maturity; the Queen, with a prudence which seems almost sublime, rejecting a second time the tempting proffer of the sovereignty of Holland; Drake, circumnavigating the earth, and returning laden with the spoils of conquered fleets and provinces; Cavendish, coming up the Thames to London, with sails of damask and cloth of gold, and his men arrayed in costly silks; Lancaster, dashing his boats to pieces, on the strand of Pernambuco, that he might leave his men no alternative but death or victory; Raleigh, plunging into the fire of the Spanish galleots, and fighting his way through overwhelming numbers, with a courage that rivalled the incredible tales of chivalry, planting colonies in the pleasant vales of the New World, or ascending the Orinoco, in search of the fabled *Dorado*; Sydney, gallantly returning from battle, on his war-horse, though struggling with the agony of

his death-wound, and giving the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier, with those noble words, which would alone be enough to preserve his memory for ever ; Essex, tossing his cap into the sea, for very joy, when the command is given, in compliance with his earnest entreaties, for the assault on Cadiz, and with that failing of memory, so becoming to a brave man, forgetting the cautions of his sovereign, and rushing into the thickest of the fight ; the naval supremacy of England completely established by the defeat of the Armada, and the great deep itself made a monument of the nation's glory.

The boast of the age of Elizabeth, was the splendid specimens of humanity which it produced. "There were giants in those days." Individuals seemed to condense in themselves the attainments of hosts. The accomplishments and prowess of the men of those times, inspire us with something like the feeling of wonder with which the soldier of the present day handles the sword of Robert Bruce, or the gigantic armor of Guy of Warwick. When we read the beautiful verses, "addressed to the author of the 'Faerie Queene,'" by Raleigh, it is difficult to believe that they were penned by the same person, whose system of tactics was adopted so triumphantly at the Spanish invasion ; who was equally eminent as a general, a seaman, an explorer, and an historian ; and who shone unsurpassed for knightly graces and accomplishments, amidst the stars of the court. Such instances were not rare

and prodigious. Raleigh was not the Crichton of his age ; if the compliment belongs to any one peculiarly, it is Sydney ; but as we read over the list of distinguished persons, to whom Spenser addressed dedicatory stanzas, to be "sent with the 'Faerie Queene,'" we become more and more at a loss to distinguish the greatest among them ; and we could believe, that many ages had been searched for so noble a catalogue.

The principles which formed society, were precisely such as were best calculated for the finest developments of character. The old high, fervid, spirit of chivalry was not lost ; there was the same sense of honor, the same knightly bearing, the same passion for glory, and the same admiration for courage and prowess, that had prevailed in the earlier days of its sway. But these were tempered by milder and more attractive virtues and accomplishments ; the clerkly learning, which had held so humble a rank, in the days when nobles could scarcely sign their names, had now risen into far higher estimation. Great warriors were now no longer ashamed to know how to read and write ; on the contrary, the possession of learning and literature, the delicate arts of poetry and music, the graces of conversation and manners, were now as requisite to the full accomplishment of the knight, as his horsemanship, or his skill in the management of his lance. In a word, the sterner characteristics of the ancient knight were softened down, in the age of Elizabeth, into the more perfect and grace-

ful attributes of the gentleman. The perfect gentleman was more completely exhibited in the days of Elizabeth, than at any time before; for the chivalry and the accomplishments, which were then united in the same individual, had been formerly divided between the noble and the churchman, or the clerk.

REPUTATION OF SPENSER.

A new era of criticism has already commenced. The style is changed; more enlarged views are entertained; a different and higher taste prevails; learning is stripped of pedantry, and made to clothe itself in the garb of common sense. We are of opinion, that Spenser is better understood and more justly appreciated at present, than he has been at any time since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In this respect, we must venture to differ from an accomplished writer of the present day in England.

"The admiration of this great poem," says Mr. Hallam,¹ speaking of the "Faerie Queene," "was unanimous and enthusiastic. No academy had been trained to carp at his genius with minute cavilling; no recent popularity, no traditional fame, (for Chaucer was rather venerated than much in the hands of the reader,) interfered with the immediate recognition of his supremacy. The 'Faerie Queene' became, at once, the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar. In the course of the next century, by

¹ Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

the extinction of habits derived from chivalry, and the change, both of taste and language, which came on with the civil wars and the Restoration, Spenser lost something of his attraction and much more of his influence over literature; yet, in the most phlegmatic temper of the general reader, he seems to have been one of our most popular writers. Time, however, has gradually wrought its work; and, notwithstanding the more imaginative cast of poetry in the present century, it may be well doubted, whether the 'Faerie Queene' is as much read, or as highly esteemed, as in the days of Anne."

The literary taste of England, which had been perverted and dazzled by the splendor of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and degraded by the profane and ribald spirit of the court of Charles the Second, began to rise, in the days of Anne, from the infamy into which it had been plunged. The criticisms of Addison upon Milton, and of Hughes upon Spenser, in the "Spectator," and the paraphrase of the story of Amoret, in the "Tattler," all published within the first fifteen years of Anne's reign, show a great advance in the taste for English literature beyond the preceding century. Dryden, who was the boldest defender of Spenser in his time, if not the only critic who dared to praise him at all, says, "His obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired that, laboring under such a difficulty, his verses

are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English." It would be difficult, in the range of our literature, to select a passage which condenses more bad taste than this. The praise bestowed by a critic, who speaks of "*the ill choice*" of the Spenserian stanza, and who ranks Waller above Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, and Milton, loses all value.

The relative merits of our poets began to be better understood in the succeeding century; Waller was no longer accounted the first of English versifiers, nor Milton looked upon as a monstrous and unintelligible compound of Puritanism, chivalry, and classic erudition. It was discovered, that high treason was committed against Nature, when Bullock or Penkethman attempted to "mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson;" that Spenser's style "is very poetical," "his words are all true English and numbers exquisite;" that there is "great justness and variety" in his epithets; and that he had "an admirable talent in representations" of allegorical characters. The essay of Hughes upon allegorical poetry, and his remarks on the "Faerie Queene," contain many just and sensible observations; though at the same time they prove plainly enough, that that writer was incapable of forming a proper estimate of the merits of the poem. They do not reach the higher walks of criticism; they discuss the outward form and model of the poem; the fertility and richness of imagin-

tion it displays ; its resemblance to classical poems, and to the poems of Italy ; the impropriety of laying the scene in Fairy land ; or introducing Fairies as large as human beings, and of confounding the two together, and of representing Arthur as only a private gentleman and a minor, instead of giving us a portion of his history as a king. But there is no attempt made in this critique to analyze the various leading characters ; to measure the depth of the poet's wisdom ; the sound tone of morals which pervades the work ; the power of thought displayed ; the pathos, the tenderness, delicacy, refinement, and loveliness, and at the same time the individuality and distinctness, of the heroines ; the different kinds of strength and valor which mark the heroes ; — these pass almost utterly unnoticed by Hughes. Mr. Hallam would surely rank the critique in "Blackwood," which he praises so highly, far above anything that was written about Spenser in the days of Anne. For ourselves, we should consider his own condensed and excellent remarks upon the "Faerie Queene" as indicating a far more just appreciation of the old poet, than any period of the eighteenth century could boast of.

The critical writings of the last century abound in notices of Spenser ; but we know of none on the whole, which seem to rate him so highly as he is regarded by the writers of the present day. Johnson wrote an essay in the "Rambler" upon the danger and impropriety of imitating Spenser ; he observes, "To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser

can incur no reproach, for allegory is, perhaps, one of the most pleasing vehicles for instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was, in his own time, allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Jonson boldly pronounces him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and displeasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. Perhaps, however, the style of Spenser might by long labor be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes, than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten."

Johnson undoubtedly had reason for giving this caution; a better taste was apparently springing up with regard to English literature; and the autocratic Doctor might have felt, perhaps, that with the growth of more pure and liberal criticism, his own influence in the republic of letters would be lessened. We learn from a paper published in the "Connoisseur," about the same time with the above remarks of Johnson, that the attention of literary men was beginning to be directed to the purification of the language. "A friend of mine," says this writer, "lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of the English Club. The title with which they dignify their society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ

half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honor of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c., in each of which, an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who, in the phrase of the Almanac, gives the red letter to the day. They have established a fund from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. Their proceedings, it must however be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable, for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef or English honesty."

Goldsmith, however, with all his fine genius, failed to discover the merits of Spenser. In his review of Church's edition, he remarks; "It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the *Æneid* of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wises* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true, he has endeavored to soften this defect by forming his work into an allegory; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other; a love of reality, which re-

presses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind." Goldsmith seems, however, to have had some dawning notion, that Spenser was not appreciated as he ought to be. A ray of light, perhaps, did now and then shoot from that sun of brightness, and pierce the murky clouds which were rolling up from the earth, and obscuring the heavens, and a vague promise of a brighter day did sometimes cheer the hearts of the prophets of those times.

Later than the middle of the eighteenth century, we find Hume publishing these remarks upon Spenser. "This poet contains great beauties, a sweet and harmonious versification, easy elocution, and a fine imagination. Yet does the perusal of his work become so tedious, that one never finishes it from the mere pleasure which it affords; it soon becomes a kind of task-reading; and it requires some effort and resolution to carry us on to the end of his long performance." "The tediousness of continued allegory, and that too, seldom striking or ingenious, has also contributed to render the 'Faerie Queene' peculiarly tiresome; not to mention the too great frequency of its descriptions, and the languor of its stanza. Upon the whole, Spenser maintains his place upon the shelves among our English classics; but he is seldom seen on the table; and there is scarcely any one, if he dares to be ingenuous, but will confess, that notwithstanding all the merit of the poet, he affords an entertainment with which the palate is soon satiated."

The noblest tribute that was offered to the memory of Spenser during the eighteenth century, was undoubtedly Thomson's imitation of the "Faerie Queene," the "Castle of Indolence." Shenstone adopted the same stanza, and affected something of the antique style in his "School Mistress." Beattie used the Spenserian stanza in his "Minstrel," though in other respects the poem can scarcely be called an imitation. The "Castle of Indolence," in style and spirit, approaches the "Faerie Queene" much nearer than the poems of Shenstone and Beattie. Yet no one can compare the two without instantly feeling the immeasurable superiority of the old bard of chivalry. Thomson's imitation of Spenser reminds us of the mimic sounds of a theatre compared with the burst of a martial band echoing among the rocks and hills, or the full swell of a cathedral organ. It is delightful, and we wish for nothing better till we listen to the original. Shenstone's "School Mistress," as a poem, is agreeable, fanciful, and interesting; as an imitation of Spenser, it is beneath notice. A better taste would lead to the adoption of the stanza without any pretence at imitation. This Burns has done in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." This is no imitation. The stanza is no departed form, raised from the grave and galvanized into life, again, when its purpose is accomplished, to sink in death. Burns uses the stanza as if he had created it. It ought not to be called Spenserian in his hands, for it has nothing of Spenser but the number and arrangement of lines and rhymes; it is not merely

inspired with life, it *is* life ; the rolling and ethereal mist of words, like the delicate vapor, that assumed by degrees the form of the White Lady of Avenel, gracefully gathers into fair proportions, and beams upon us with the radiance of Genius.

We are well aware, that praise and admiration go a good deal by fashion. A few leading minds, in every community, give the watchword to the rest ; and it may undoubtedly be asserted with truth, that there is no absurdity so monstrous, that it may not become the rage, if a few men of genius are determined that it shall. There are fashions in literature as in everything else ; sometimes they are in good taste, but, when otherwise, there is always this comfort, that they are sure to be followed by a reaction.

It is possible, therefore, that the admiration which is expressed of late years for Spenser, may be a mere fashion ; but we are more inclined to believe, that it is the sober judgment of an age of sound criticism, of better morals, and of a more elevated taste.

At all events, such is the judgment of the age. The Spenserian stanza has been used by a throng of writers, from the humble aspirant to a place in the "poet's corner" of a newspaper, up to the sublime and lonely Byron. A host of critics have been busy in sounding the praises of the old poet ; beautiful editions of his works have been published, and, what is more important, there is good reason to believe that they have been read. And Spenser is now universally acknowledged, both in England and in this country, to belong to the first class of poets.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

VALLEY OF THE RHONE. JOURNEY OVER THE SIMPLON.

From the New England Magazine.

ON a beautiful afternoon in August, I left Geneva, in company with a Tuscan lady, who was on her way to Florence. We followed the road along the northern shore of lake Lemman, and, going by easy journeys, reached the little village of Aigle, at the close of the second day. We had now lost sight of the lake; inaccessible mountains rose up on each side, leaving a narrow, but fertile valley, through which the Rhone flows. We travelled along the banks of the river, crossing and recrossing several times, till we reached Brieg, where the road begins to ascend. On the way, we passed many beautiful and romantic spots; the bridge of St. Maurice, a single arch of two hundred feet, thrown across the Rhone, the cascade of Pissevache, which falls from the Alps, into the valley beneath, displaying a thousand rainbow hues in the sunlight, and the Tourtemagne, another cataract, less lofty, but even more picturesque, tumbling over the mountain side, and hurrying to the valley.

One afternoon, we halted at the little city of Sion, one of the most remarkable places I ever saw. It is situated in the valley, about midway between the Alps on one hand, and the continued chain of the Jura on the other ; it has the appearance of the greatest antiquity ; a lofty wall, with indented battlements, encompasses it entirely, so that the only approach is through a few gateways, whose time-worn stones seem tottering to their fall. It is an aristocratic little city, the residence of a Bishop ; and the houses have an air of grandeur rarely to be met with in the towns of Switzerland.

On the eastern side, two hills, entirely distinct from each other, yet not more than half a mile apart, rise suddenly from the plain, to the height of four or five hundred feet, and apparently inaccessible, except on the side towards the city. The summit of each of these hills, or rather mountains, is crowned with the ruins of an immense castle. With much ado, we mounted up to one of these ruins by a foot-path, which winds along the side of the hill. We had toiled upward for some time, but still, as we looked up, there was the immense castle, far, far above us, the formidable walls resting on the very verge of a perpendicular rock, and apparently an eagle's flight alone could reach them. My companion, fatigued with having already mounted to a great height, sat down on the grass in despair ; but I determined to look a little farther, before I gave up the point. Ascending somewhat higher, I came to the eastern side of the hill, where I found myself on a small

platform, which looks down upon the valley and terminates in a precipice of several hundred feet, perpendicular, at the foot of which, the stormy Rhone sweeps furiously by. Still I found no access to the castle, which stood far above me, the rocks of its foundation setting hope at defiance. At length I spied at the foot of the rock, a low, narrow gateway, which I passed, and, turning to the left, and then to the right, saw before me a stairway, so long that it seemed to mount up to the very heavens. The steps were formed of rude stone, yet broad; and the ascent was so gradual, that a horse might easily pass up and down. Satisfied that this was the only entrance, I returned for my companion, and we ascended together. A large and strong gate, seemed anciently to have defended this passage, about half way up; but the portals had long ago decayed and fallen from their hinges. Having reached the summit, we found ourselves on a sort of esplanade, surrounded on three sides by small houses, and an ancient Gothic church. On the west it is defended only by a parapet, which, however, in looking over it, was found to rise from another platform, lower down the hill, and defended in the same manner.

The view from this elevation was very fine. Beneath us was the city, with its venerable fortifications, its large square houses, and the fine cathedral; farther on we saw the beautiful valley we had traversed, while the Alps and the Jura closed the scene. All about us had the appearance of extreme age; the few low houses, constructed of the fallen stones, con-

trasted mournfully with the remains of Gothic splendor, which marked the ancient castle ; immense windows closed up, remains of towers and battlements, all the magnificent paraphernalia of a feudal residence, were blended curiously with the more recent and humble dwellings, inhabited by a few peasants, and half savage priests. The church appeared little injured by time, or the ravages of war ; a dark, heavy Gothic pile, lonesome and desolate. It seemed like burying ourselves alive, when we entered ; and, shuddering at the dreadful solitude, we hastily withdrew, and breathed more freely, when we had departed from the lonely walls of this abode of strength and terror.

The other castle, upon the neighboring hill, is still more picturesque. On three sides, the hill rises perpendicularly from the plain, and the castle walls touch the very brink ; the only approach is from the city, and this is defended by a strong wall, at some distance from the castle, the path conducting through a lofty arched gateway. The walls of the castle seemed to be still perfect, and nothing indicated ruin, save that windows, doors, and roof, had fallen away. Seen at evening, the effect was very fine ; the whole form of the castle, the pointed windows, the battlements and towers, every part complete could be traced against the back-ground of the sky. It was one of the most sublime objects I ever beheld : perfect solitude prevailed ; no sound issued from those desolate haunts, where ruin had made her abode ; no living thing was there, all was silent as the grave ;

and the scene reminded me of the wildest fictions of romance.

These two castles, with another at a considerable distance, are said to have been possessed anciently by three brothers, who commanded the valley, to the great annoyance of all travellers. Descending from their strong-holds, they attacked unarmed caravans, robbed the travellers, and sometimes carried them to the dungeons of their castles, from which they were only liberated, upon the payment of an exorbitant ransom.

There is a story, that one of these castles having been taken by stratagem, a Spanish Bishop was found in the dungeon. Returning from an embassy to Rome, he was made prisoner with his suite, who were all put to death by the marauders. The Bishop, refusing to pay the ransom demanded, had suffered three years severe imprisonment, when he was found there.

At Brieg we began to ascend the Alps by the Simplon; the road resembling that, by which I had crossed the Jura, being a narrow shelf cut in the side of the hill, a precipice on one hand, and a high wall of rocks on the other. The scenery, however, is much more beautiful; the mountains, which approach the road, are more verdant, while their summits are far more lofty, and often covered with snow. At times the road passes through long galleries, hewn in the solid rock, of which there are five or six on the Simplon. The bridges are very beautiful, some of them joining two opposite mountains at their nearest

approach, and consisting of a single arch, thrown over a chasm of some hundred feet. Little streams, formed on the mountain tops, fall in glittering cascades over their craggy sides, and rush down the valley, to offer their tribute to the "arrowy Rhone." Occasionally, glaciers extend even to the road side. Here and there might be seen a peasant's cottage, and at regular stations on the way, are comfortable houses for travellers, who should be overtaken by the storm. But in general, nature alone holds sway; we seemed to have entered her own temple, where she had fixed her abode among the everlasting hills, secure from the defiling hand of man. What, in comparison with the surrounding majesty, is the Simplon, the boasted work of the conqueror of Europe! a slender path, hardly discoverable, often torn and washed away by the sporting elements, where the wayfarer creeps silently and almost breathlessly along, regarding with dread the impending crags, and the yawning abyss, and hurries on his way, awe-struck by the solitude and vastness of the scene.

We reached the highest point about noon. A spacious convent, established there, offers food and lodging to the weary traveller, free of expense. We were most cordially received by the monks, who conducted us over the whole building, and invited us to dinner; we were pressed for time, however, and obliged to decline their hospitality. We now began to descend with one wheel in the drag, so that the horses trotted easily down. The scenery on the Italian side is much the finest, the mountains ap-

proach nearer to each other, and are more bold and striking, than upon the side toward Switzerland; the narrow ravine allows only room for the road, and the torrent, which tumbles over its rocky bed; beautiful waterfalls of an hundred feet, descend from the mountains, one of them so near the road, that it is constantly wet with the spray. On each side rise, abruptly, the awful walls of the Alps, almost shutting out the day from the narrow cleft, through which the road passes.

As we proceeded, the mountains again left a considerable valley between them; the softness and richness of the scenery, the shady nut-trees, the clustering grape-vines, the snow-white cottages, scattered on the hill-side, announced that we were now entering the garden of the world. At night-fall we had reached the plain, and I slept, for the first time in my life, in Italy.

LAFAYETTE, IN 1832.

I shared in the desire, common to all my countrymen who arrive in France, to see Lafayette; but I was told that it would be of no use to call and present letters at his house, for he was so much occupied with public affairs, that I should never be able to obtain an interview in this way. Not long after my arrival in Paris, however, I had the pleasure of meeting him at a soiree, at the house of the American Minister. I saw him surrounded by a crowd, who flocked to meet him at his entrance; I saw him

entertaining them with conversation, bright and courtier-like, as when, half a century before, he formed the ornament of the dainty saloons of Marie Antoinette. I softly joined the number who had gathered round him, but did not then venture to be presented. I afterwards met him at many other balls and parties, and observed, in every instance, the same appearance of vivacity and youthful feeling, which surprised me at first. Age did not appear to have dimmed his powers in the least; and at seventy-five, the old man was still the star of the saloons, the foremost of his party, the pride of two worlds.

It was my good fortune to become much acquainted with Lafayette, during the succeeding year. A number of Americans, at his instance, had formed themselves into a committee, to assist him in distributing to the refugee Poles the money sent them from America, for their relief. I was a member of this committee; we met every Wednesday evening, at the house of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper. Lafayette was a constant attendant, and as our business never occupied much time, we were usually entertained by his conversation. He was a great talker, and he talked well. I have never been more interested in any discussion, than in the conversations at these meetings. One evening, I shall long remember. It was the twenty-second of February, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth-day. We had met to transact the business of the committee; probably most of us, without reflecting what the day was. The fact was mentioned, by some one, in the course

of the evening, and our hospitable entertainer proposed drinking to the memory of the father of our country ; and, accordingly, champagne was brought. Lafayette was much interested — told us numerous anecdotes of Washington, and the American revolution ; and we remained till a late hour of the night, listening to the conversation, and not envying our friends at home, the dinners and balls and other festivities, which graced the occasion.

Having received an invitation, from Lafayette, to visit Lagrange, I left Paris, in company with an American friend, one fine morning in June, in the diligence for Rosoy, the nearest village to the General's estate. The distance is about thirty-five miles, over a road, for the most part, uninteresting. The castle of Vincennes attracted our attention, though we had not time to stop and examine it. It appeared to be a collection of towers, joined by a wall of great height and thickness. Some of the towers had the appearance of antiquity ; but the rich old gothic carved work, being supplied with plain masonry, wherever it had perished, the effect was very bad. On the whole, if we except the Gothic chapel, the summit of which alone could be seen above the wall, the edifice had rather the appearance of our States' prisons, than of a military fortress. The forest of Vincennes is very fine, extending over an immense tract, and formerly used by the Kings of France, as hunting ground. Since the accession of Louis Philippe, the royal forests have been thrown open to the public, and the game is now nearly all killed.

Arrived at Rosoy, we took a guide to conduct us to Lagrange; and having followed the public road for about half a mile, we came to a path, by the road side, which, we were told, would conduct us to the house. We followed this for some time, winding through the wood or along the meadow, till we at length discerned, amidst a bower of trees, the gray towers of the chateau. We traversed a short causeway, deeply shaded with pines and weeping willows, crossed the little bridge, which is thrown over the moat, and entered at the dark and heavy Gothic portal, which opened before us between two circular towers covered with ivy, which curtains the whole side of the castle. We afterwards gathered a few leaves of the ivy, as a memorial of Lagrange — the more interesting, from its having been planted by the hands of Charles James Fox.

Having passed the gateway, we found ourselves in a quadrangle, around three sides of which, the castle is built. The fourth side opens to the west, and affords a fine view of the park, which is clustered with elms and other trees, and stretches away, to a great distance, on each side of the chateau. With much ado, we found our way to the right door; and, having sent up our names, were immediately welcomed by the General, in his usual kind and hospitable manner, and at once installed as members of the family.

The rooms in the chateau are charmingly situated, especially those in the circular towers, as they command a view on three sides. The General told us,

that the building was probably erected some time in the thirteenth century. It was, originally, a very strong castle — the walls being immensely thick, and of solid masonry ; and, as we looked at it, there was no great difficulty in imagining what its original appearance might have been. It was not unlike the ancient barons' castles, described in the Waverley novels ; the fourth side of the quadrangle was then undoubtedly protected by a lofty and strong wall, and perhaps another tower to complete the six. Behind the battlements, the knights were stationed, on the approach of an enemy, and a broad, deep moat encircled the whole ; the drawbridge was raised, and the portcullis — the grooves of which are still visible — defended the entrance, while the narrow loop-holes, in the towers, bristled with arrows. At a little distance stood the chapel — respected even by the enemies of the lords of Lagrange — now, most unceremoniously, converted into a barn. The exterior, however, retains its ecclesiastical appearance ; and being surrounded with trees, is a very picturesque object.

In the evening, we went to look at the presents, which Lafayette had received from America. The first which we noticed, was the race-boat, ' American Star,' which beat the English boat, at New York. A very pretty house is built over it, the sides of which are covered with wire net-work, so that the boat can always be seen without entering. Thence we went to the farm-yard, where we found a large collection of domestic fowl, of every kind ; also, pigs,

sheep, cattle, of American breed, in abundance. Everything looked flourishing and in fine order ; and the barns and their contents would have done honor to an English farmer.

We spent two days at this charming place, walking in the park, or conversing with the General and his interesting family. The morning after we arrived, we had a proof of the reverence and affection with which Lafayette was regarded by the neighboring inhabitants. There was a review of the National Guard of Rosoy that day, and the commandant proposed to come and salute the General — for the session of the Chambers had but lately closed at Paris, and the two Lafayettes, both of them Deputies, had very recently arrived at Lagrange. The troops, to the number of three or four hundred, were marched into the inner square of the castle ; and the Mayor of the town, who accompanied them, made a speech to the General, expressing the approbation of his constituents, and their satisfaction at seeing him among them again ; which speech was followed by lively acclamations of "*Vive le General!*" The old man replied to them with propriety and eloquence ; and, as I had never been able to hear him respond in this way in America, I was greatly pleased to hear him speak on such an occasion, at home.

Indeed, it had a strong effect on my feelings, to visit this venerable man, thus at his own quiet home. I had seen him six years before, on his triumphal journey through the States, and I supposed, when he bade farewell to our shores, that I had seen him for

the last time. To behold him again, in his own country, after my long wanderings; to visit him at his home, to see him surrounded by his children, down to the fourth generation, and living among them in patriarchal dignity; to wander with him, in the hospitable shades of Lagrange, and listen to his conversation, alike interesting, whether it turned on the past or the present — all this inspired me with new emotions; and I seemed rather to be in the presence of one who was rewarded for the labors, counsels, and dangers of a well-spent life, by a habitation in the dwelling-place of the blest, than of a mortal like myself.

ANCIENT PORTRAITS IN THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.

In the famous gallery at Florence, there is a collection of antique busts of distinguished Romans, which are undoubtedly correct portraits, as they are known to have been copied from the life. They interested me greatly; and as I have never seen any description of them in print, I offer the following pages, from notes taken in the gallery.

The busts are ranged on each side of an immense corridor, or passage-way. I came first to the bust of Pompey the Great. The head is not very well shaped; the forehead is narrow, but high enough; the face is handsome; the nose rather Grecian; and the features generally small and handsome. The countenance is animated, and expresses an amiable disposition; but there is very little which indicates

greatness, either in the expression of the face or the formation of the head. Next to this are two busts of Julius Cæsar, one of which has the head of bronze. The laurel wreath is not seen on either ; and the baldness of the fore part of the head, of which he was so much ashamed, is fully displayed. The heads are not alike ; the bronze is the best, but both are bad ; the marble bust has the forehead very low, and the nose appears extremely long in consequence. The profile of the bronze is good, though the forehead is retreating ; the nose is slightly aquiline, and the features small. On the whole, taking either bust for a likeness, or forming my ideas from both, I should say Julius Cæsar had a badly-shaped head ; but this is perhaps atoned for by the striking expression of the deeply-furrowed and care-worn countenance ; energy and determination appear in every line ; a piercing look and a decisive air characterize the face, which is evidently that of a man irresistibly bent upon his object, and hesitating not as to the means of accomplishing it. The handsome features of Augustus next attracted my attention. His head is good, though the front is rather low ; the countenance expresses amiable feeling, rather than dignity ; there is nothing in it which indicates the proscriber of Cicero or the conqueror of Marc Antony. I came now to the bust of a woman of exquisite beauty ; that Grecian forehead and nose, that small mouth, that round and finely-formed chin, that voluptuous throat, might have served for the model of a Venus. It is Julia, the daughter of Augustus and the wife of

Agrippa. The forehead seems rather low — for this was esteemed a great beauty among the Romans — and the form of her head is like that of her father's ; the hair is parted on the front and combed back of the ears, being gathered in a simple knot behind — a most beautiful way of arranging it : the face is dignified, but you think only of the beauty while you contemplate it. The bust of Agrippa stands nearly opposite. Energy, decision, and majesty, are the characteristics of the face ; some would say there was too much sternness ; the brows are heavy, and have the appearance of a scowl ; but the goodness expressed in the countenance contradicts this first impression. The head is magnificent — the front broad and high, and the whole skull finely formed. The features are Grecian, and very handsome, and nature seems to have lavished her gifts upon the man. Near Agrippa, is Tiberius. The likeness was taken probably in the earlier part of his reign, before all his detestable qualities were developed. The head is very well formed ; but the countenance is coarse, vulgar, and sensual, and there is a brutality in the expression, which is very disagreeable to look at. The daughter of Marc Antony and of Octavia deserved a moment's notice, and I was attracted by her dignified as well as beautiful face, and her admirably-formed head. In all the busts of females the dress is extremely modest, but particularly so in that of Antonia, whose virtues form a bright contrast to the prevailing licentiousness of the age. Close by is the bust of the infamous Messalina, whose debaucheries

and crimes brought her to an untimely death ; her trial, condemnation and death are finely described by Tacitus, in the eleventh book of the *Annals*, and, having there traced her character, I was much interested in examining her features. There is nothing in her strikingly-handsome face which indicates her character ; and, unless there be something too little modest in the rich curling of her hair, no one would imagine this to be the portrait of a voluptuous and depraved woman ; the formation of her head shows considerable intellectual power, which she probably possessed. Opposite, is the bust of Nero : the portrait seems to have been taken in his youth, before the deformity of his character was exhibited ; as here represented, he has a well-shaped head, and a fat, jolly, and rather pleasing countenance ; the nose is thin and somewhat aquiline ; there was, however, an expression in the face which did not please me — a sort of hypocritical benignity, which utters tones of sorrow while it tortures a victim ; if there is anything predicted by his look, of his future ferocity, it is in this expression. Near him is his mistress, the celebrated Poppæa, the most beautiful woman of the time ; her celebrity, however, was probably not owing merely to her beauty, which is indeed great ; there is an animation, a brilliancy in her look, which shows the workings of mind ; her countenance is rather bold, but full of vivacity, like that of a very witty person. I have no doubt she was a woman of talent and a great belle. Her hair is dressed with great care, in a manner which displays her face to

advantage. No one can pass the head of Antoninus Pius without being attracted by the majesty and benevolence of the expression. The forehead is high and broad, the nose thin and aquiline, and the face rather long; the prevailing characteristic in the countenance is goodness; the dignity is increased by the long beard. This is supposed to be an excellent likeness. The next bust was that of a woman, remarkable for the fine preservation. Though undoubtedly an antique, it still has no mark of age, none of that yellowish color of the ancient statues; it is fresh as from the hands of the sculptor; like all the women whose busts are preserved in this gallery, it is singularly beautiful — a circumstance which would lead one to suspect the correctness of the likeness; it is the bust of Faustina mater; nothing can be more exquisite than the face and the arrangement of the hair, which is twined in wreaths about her head. The countenance of Vespasian is that of a philosopher rather than a monarch; in later times it might have been taken for that of a jolly monk. The head is bald; the countenance very broad and full of benevolence and amiable feeling. I could not help noticing also, the great size of the ears. His son Titus has a finely-shaped head, and the features are handsome, particularly the mouth. The portrait of Domitian is not considered correct; the head is intellectual, the face thin, and the upper lip projects a very little. There are three busts of Trajan, of which the colossal one is considered the best likeness; the other two are absolutely weak, especially about the mouth;

in the large one, the head is well formed and the face good, though not remarkable for anything. Adrian has a very good countenance, marked with thought and very dignified ; the beard and mustachios become him extremely well ; he is very properly represented in his armor, as he was probably seldom without it. I was much interested in the four busts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, which represent him at different periods of his life. In the first, he is perhaps fourteen or sixteen years of age — some would say twenty or over ; the thin, pale countenance commands our interest at once, and displays to advantage the broad and lofty forehead ; this peculiar thinness of the face, which is marked with thought, does not disappear till a somewhat advanced age, in which he is represented in the fourth bust. In this, the countenance is more stately, and the dignity is increased by the long beard. Lucius Verus is remarkable for his long, shaggy, knotty hair, which seems absolutely piled upon his head ; the front is very good, but the countenance has a disagreeable and even brutal expression. The head of Sept. Severus is well formed ; the forehead is high and the countenance amiable, but the nose is very ugly. Caracalla is remarkable for his bold and commanding look, the effect of which is increased by his long beard. We come next to Heliogabalus ; his countenance is weak, almost imbecile — but the features are rather handsome. There are two busts of Alexander Severus ; in one of these, the formation of the head is very poor — a defect which is somewhat contradicted in

the other ; the ears are very large, and project from the head. Amidst all these, it was pleasant to meet with the sweet face of Julia Aquila Severa, a vestal virgin ; mildness and goodness are the characteristics of this lovely countenance ; the hair is simply parted on the forehead, and combed back of the ears. She was afterwards compelled to marry Heliogabalus. I came next to the bust of the Thracian barbarian, the gigantic Maximin, whom Severus raised to the highest offices, and who at length arrived at the throne of the world by the murder of his benefactor. The head is finely shaped, the countenance bold and majestic, and deeply marked with care and passion. The head of Constantine the Great shows that sculpture was on the decline in his time ; there is a sort of hardness and stiffness in the outlines, like that observable in the first paintings since the revival of the arts. The face is rather long and thin, but bold ; the forehead high, the look piercing, and the expression striking, but not agreeable. In one of the side rooms I saw the bust of Marc Antony. The head is uncommonly fine, and the features handsome ; the characteristic of the face is dignity ; the neck is uncommonly large — the effect perhaps of passion. All along the great gallery are hung the portraits of the most distinguished sovereigns, and the remarkable men of almost all nations. I was less interested in these, as I have no faith in their correctness ; yet some of them are undoubtedly good likenesses. I was most attracted by the pictures of Saladin, the great opposer of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Mahomet.

The former I suppose to be a fancy piece ; the face is very superb, the features small and very handsome, and the expression pleasing. Mahomet has not a very good head ; the front is retreating, the nose aquiline, the mouth and chin small. But the countenance is full of fire, and is remarkably expressive. He is dressed in the Oriental style, and has a drawn oimeter in his hand.

ROME.

I have spent the day in visiting ancient Rome. Setting out early in the morning, with two companions, we went first to the Forum. It is astonishing how this ground has been filled up with earth : the arc of Septimus Severus, which stands near the Capitoline hill, is at least half buried ; and in order that it may be seen, the ground has been carried away for a space of several feet around it, so that it appears to stand in a cellar : the surface of the ancient forum being nearly twenty feet lower than at present. In order, therefore, to bring the whole of these ancient monuments to light, it has been necessary to make large excavations in every part of the forum, which now resembles more a brick-kiln than anything else, being full of great pits dug in the sand. Along the north side is a shady avenue ; but, upon the field itself, there is no sign of vegetation. A few columns, standing here and there, of vast size and exquisite proportions, indicate the site of the ancient temples. The

place is pointed out where the temple of Concord was: but there are now no remains of it. Indeed, of all the temples which surround the Forum, I do not think anything more remains than thirty or forty columns. But the whole ground about it is covered with ruins. On the right hand of the Sacred Way are the ruins of the palace of the emperor Domitian, on the left of the temple of Augustus and Faustina, consisting of a beautiful portico, with some portion of the ancient wall; farther on, are three immense arches, a part of the temple of Remus; and passing through the triumphal arch of Titus, you have still on the left the extensive remains of the temple of Venus and Rome, consisting principally of broken walls; part of the cella remains, however, with a richly fretted semi-dome, that was probably inlaid at one time, with plates of bronze and silver. We then wound round a hill near the Coliseum, and went to the church of St. Pietro in vinculis—a small building, interesting chiefly for twenty marble Doric columns (taken from the baths of Dioclesian), and the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. This represents the patriarch sitting and holding the tables in his right hand and resting them on his knee. His robes are long, flowing, and graceful; the countenance, which is turned to the left slightly, is full of fire and energy; the head and face bear strongly the Jewish traits; the statue is colossal; the arms and legs, which are partly bare, are very fine, and the whole is filled with dignity and inspires awe. In the same church are preserved the chains with which St.

Peter was bound in Jerusalem and at Rome ; but we were not permitted to see them. Passing on, we came at length to the magnificent church of St. Giovanni, in Laterano. The hill is said to be thus named from the palace of Plautius Lateranus, put to death for conspiring with Seneca against Nero. It stood upon this spot, and the property, being confiscated, came into the possession of the emperors. Constantine built the first Christian church on this hill. It has been burnt and otherwise injured at different times ; but the popes have raised the present magnificent edifice upon the same spot, and some parts of the ancient church are still seen there. Near the church is an Egyptian obelisk, a hundred and fifteen feet high, covered with hieroglyphics, and the largest in Rome. It was originally placed in the temple of the Sun, at Thebes, and was brought to Rome by the son of Constantine the Great. Pope Sixtus V. had it placed upon the spot which it now occupies. There seems to be an eternity in these Egyptian monuments ; like the everlasting hills, they defy the hand of time ; a double antiquity rests upon them, and yet they seem to have but just issued from the hand of the artist. The three finest, I think, are the one before the church of St. Peter's, that in the piazza del Popolo, and the one on the Lateran. They are of immense size and in perfect preservation, having nothing of that appearance of age which mark the remains of Roman sculpture.

From this we went to the tomb of the Scipios, on the Appian way, near the Porta Capena. The front

is of the Doric style, and in very good preservation. We entered with lights, and plunged into the cavern; deep, dismal, and cold, it seemed indeed as if we were entering the city of the dead. We followed our guide through many a winding gallery and many a silent chamber, pausing every now and then to read the inscriptions engraved upon marble tablets and fastened to the wall; these, however, were only copies, the originals having been removed to the Vatican. At length we arrived at the end of this labyrinth, and joyfully retraced our steps to the cheerful light of day, for the night of ages seemed to dwell in the cavern.

Then following the city wall, we came to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, probably erected in the Augustan age. We did not enter, being told there was nothing to see within. It is somewhat overgrown with wild plants, but is very well preserved; the beauty of the monument, however, is not very remarkable. Adjoining this is the burying-ground of the Protestants, and chiefly filled with English and American monuments. What a combination! the tombs of a Roman priest, who died two thousand years ago, and an inhabitant of the distant western world,¹ built side by side, and their ashes reposing peacefully together. This little burying-ground was very interesting. There is something peculiarly mournful in contemplating the graves and the monu-

¹ The last grave prepared in this little cemetery, was for a young American, who died last winter at Rome.

ments of those who have died far away from their home, in a strange land. We are insensibly led to think of the last moments of these unhappy wanderers, perishing in the midst of strangers; the wild grass which waves over their tombs and conceals their names, is an emblem of the loneliness of their death-bed. It was very touching to me, also, to read the inscriptions in my native tongue, so far from the land where it is spoken. To the inhabitants of this country, they are a dead letter; they speak to the traveller alone; they tell him of the strong love of distant friends which has claimed this little spot for its kingdom, and has here raised its simple memorials of respect and affection amidst the ruins of a perished nation, and on the soil where bigotry now reigns; they warn him, too, that, like those who slumber beneath, he may here find the end of his wanderings; and then his thoughts turn towards home, as to a lost Paradise which his feet are never again to press.

Near this, rises Monte Testaccio, said to be formed entirely of broken earthen-ware that has been cast there. From the summit, we had a fine view of an extensive country, bordered by hills, which the pens of Cicero and of Ovid have rendered classical. Beneath our feet rolled the Tiber, and on the other side rose Mount Aventine and Palatine, and all the ruin-covered soil on which stood ancient Rome. Descending, we arrived at the circular temple of Vesta, which I have already mentioned. Nineteen of the columns are there, one only having been carried

away. The whole portion which originally rested upon them is gone, and the temple is now surmounted by an ugly little roof, which accords very ill with the solid materials and elegant workmanship of the ancient parts, and looks like a Chinese hat on the Venus di Medicis. Near this is the temple of Fortuna Virilis, which has been patched up, and forms now part of a church. The columns, of the Ionic order, along the side and front, and the portion of the pediment which formed the front, are undoubtedly ancient. On the other side of the street, is the house of Rienzi — a strange-looking and ruinous edifice, loaded with ornaments in stone, which savor of the middle ages ; they are very rich, however, and the house forms an interesting contrast to its classic neighbors.

Continuing our walk, we stopped a moment to look at the remains of the theatre of Marcellus. It now forms the front of a block of houses — about a quadrant of the circle remaining. It was built like the Coliseum : first, a story supported with Tuscan columns and arches between them, then of the Ionic order, and finally I suppose the Corinthian, though none of the columns are left. This small portion of the edifice was all we could see, the other part being entirely absorbed in the surrounding houses. It probably never constituted more than a semi-circle ; the stage might have been square, without any pretensions to architecture.

Passing on, we came at last to the Tarpeian rock, or what purports to be such. It is easy to see that

the precipice was originally of more than twice its present height, and it would be a very awkward thing to tumble off, as it must be nearly forty feet high now, and I think may have originally been a hundred.

We visited the palazzo Borghese. The gallery of paintings is the only part exhibited. There are some very superb ones in this collection, among which I noticed the following. First, there were two small pieces by George Vasiri: 'Leda' and 'Lucretia.' They are remarkable for the style, which is quite original, both as to drawing and coloring. The faces are both beautiful, but entirely different; Leda has an innocent, smiling, open face, and might pass for an American or French woman; but Lucretia has the true Grecian face, with all its majesty; despair and determination, outraged honor and the fearless contemplation of death are displayed in her magnificent countenance, and you feel that you are in the presence of a superior being. There were two or three paintings by Valatin, (I never heard of him before) which pleased me much. His 'Joseph interpreting' is a fine piece; the young Hebrew is passing fair, and inspiration lights up his features. Then there were some splendid works of Titian, in his own style; the 'Three Graces' and the 'Sacred and Profane Love.' Vandyke was a glorious painter; his 'Crucifixion' and his 'Entombing of Christ' show genius in every line. I did not think he was so fine a historical painter; his portraits are the best I have ever seen. There were two or three pieces by Andrea del Sarto, on his favorite subject, the Holy

Family ; and a ' Prodigal Son,' by Guercino. There is certainly a similarity in the style of these two artists ; a softness, purity and dignity, withal, which I find only in Raphael. Guercino is my favorite of all, except Raphael and Titian ; the latter excels him in power, and there is a heavenliness in the paintings of Raphael which no other man ever attained to. Guido is sometimes more sublime than Andrea del Sarto or Guercino, but he often falls below them ; yet the glory of Guercino's ' Sibyl ' is unsurpassed. I stopped a long time at the portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael, for, independently of the splendor of the painting, I was interested in studying the countenance of this man. Cæsar Borgia was the devil, I believe, or something near it ; crime was his foster-brother, and the bowl and dagger his playthings. He was an elegant-looking fellow, just a hero for the Pelham novels ; and his rich doublet, with sleeves of velvet, displays his form to advantage ; the small cap, with its long, bending feather and costly loop, shades, but does not conceal his comely features ; his lofty brow announces deep thought and sage counsel ; yet there is an air of rakishness in his curly hair, in his deep, dark eyes, and his satirical mouth. At first, it seemed impossible that this should be the countenance of a monster, whose very name inspires horror ; but the longer I contemplated it, the more evident were the traits. Among the most famous of the paintings in this gallery, is one by Domenichino, representing Diana and her nymphs ; and the Danae of Coreggio.

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A party of us went out to Tivoli to spend the day. It was here, among the hills, over which the classic Anio pours, that Mæcenas erected his villa; here he entertained his gifted friend Horace; here were the haunts of Virgil and Ovid; and here Augustus retired from the dust and noise of the city. Tivoli is on the spot where stood the ancient city of Tibur, which did not come under the Roman sway till the year 400, A. V. C. It is most romantically situated on a hill, from which the Anio falls into the valley beneath. As we approached the town, nothing indicated the beauties we were to find there. Ascending a long hill, we came into a dirty village, with narrow streets and staring inhabitants, and soon reached our inn, which proved to be better than the outside indicated. A ride of nearly twenty miles, in the sharp morning air, had sharpened the edge of our appetites, and temples, waterfalls, and ruins were forgotten, while sundry quantities of beef-steak, eggs, omelets, coffee, bread and butter, &c., were undergoing an animated discussion. At length, this important business finished, we marched off under the command of a half-savage cicerone, to see the wonders of Tivoli. Five minutes' walk brought us to the edge of a hill, from which we looked down upon the Anio, which was hastening to its fall. Continuing onward, we passed through a gate, and came to the temple of the Sibyl, as they call it. It is an exquisite ruin, circular, and surrounded with fluted columns. The position of this beautiful temple shows all the taste and romance (if I may so call it)

of classic days. It stands on the edge of a precipice, and the river pours into the gulf beneath. On the opposite side of this deep and dark ravine, the Sabine hills rise suddenly to a greater height than these we stood upon. To have a view of the cascade, however, we descended by a winding path till we reached the lowest point. We here found ourselves in a deep gulf; on three sides, the perpendicular walls of mountains rose abruptly round us; on the right hand a cavern, over-arched with vast rock, and christened "Neptune's Grot," was the receptacle of an impetuous torrent, which came bursting in through a narrow aperture above. On the other side of the gulf was the cascade; the water fell in an unbroken sheet of silvery foam, and the rising spray, wafted in billows down the ravine, displayed for a moment its rainbow hues in the sunlight and vanished in the air. Far above us, on its bold jutting rock, stood the classic temple I have mentioned, and seemed to preside over the scene as the genius of the place. At a distance, on the opposite side, were extensive ruins, which might have once formed part of some Roman villa. We lingered an hour on this delicious spot, and then ascended to the town, which traversing, we came to remains of the villa of Mæcenas, on the other side. The situation is very beautiful. An amphitheatre of hills stretches round behind, and in front is the vast Campagna di Roma, with a view of the distant city. Of the villa, (if such it was) a number of long, arched galleries remain, through which a stream rushes and carries several mills, which have been construct-

ed here ; they stand on the edge of the hills, and the little brooks, escaping from the sides, fall into the valley.

Near the city of Tibur, but on the other side, are the remains of the villa of Adrian, one of the most superb retreats which the magnificence of any monarch has formed. Some of the finest ancient statues — the Venus di Medicis, for instance — were found among the ruins. At present, they have but little interest, except as indicating the site and extent of the palace and its appurtenances, and perhaps assisting the antiquarian in his investigations. They are too much decayed and crumbled for imagination ever to build its fabrics upon them, and the beauty of a ruin is hardly discoverable in them. Like almost all Roman remains, they astonish by their vastness. There is something in the appearance of an arch, especially among ruins, which conveys the idea of grandeur ; and the vast span of some of those in this villa, as well as in other ruins I have seen here, seems to make them the very emblems of sublimity. Having passed the day on these hallowed spots, we returned to Rome.

Near Tivoli, on the road to Rome, is a circular tomb of the Plautian family. It is much in the style of the mausoleum of Adrian. We were not permitted to enter. Not far from this is a stream, which might pass for the Styx or Cocytus, or a branch at least. The waters run white with the sulphur, and such a stench issues from the rushing torrent, that we were glad to let curiosity rest, and hurry by. In

general, the country between Rome and Tivoli is a desert ; and the ruined towers and castles, scattered over the wide plain, are the only mark that man has dwelt there.

We visited the capitol,—ascending the long stairway, passing between the statues of Castor and Pollux, till we reached the summit. Here we stopped to look at an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, made I know not when, but antique. It is very beautiful, particularly the horse. The emperor appears in the act of addressing the people or receiving their salutations. I was not exactly pleased with his position as he sat on the horse ; still it was merely because I had been accustomed to the statues of knights mounted on the high saddles with stirrups. This one had neither ; a simple housing, spread upon the back of the horse, is all the harness. The emperor is clothed in the armor of the time ; the legs bare, with sandals on the feet ; his head and arms are also uncovered. The whole was originally gilded. It is a most interesting work, the first antique equestrian statue I had ever seen, and gave me a better idea of the Roman cavalry than I ever had before. We entered, first, the gallery of statues on the right hand. Near the door, is a colossal statue of Minerva, armed. It is full of dignity, and the countenance is proud and threatening ; it accords with my school-boy ideas of this goddess—proud, revengeful, unapproachable ; but still more, perhaps, because there is a picture in Tooke's Pantheon something like the statue. Near this, is

the statue of Diana, hunting with her dog. She is crowned with the crescent. The piece is full of lightness, life and beauty ; and as I gazed on her chaste features, animated with exertion, I thought the lines of Shakspeare, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, might be better applied to her than to the detestable old woman for whom they were written. After this, we roamed through numerous apartments filled with interesting objects, among which I noticed the celebrated mosaic of the doves drinking, from Adrian's villa. There were several beautiful statues, also ; one was a Cupid, bending his bow — an exquisite piece, and, I suppose, celebrated, as I have seen many casts of it. It is represented not in the usual manner, as a chubby infant ; yet you would, without hesitation, say this was the statue of a young child. The form has the proportions of a grown man, but the softness and delicacy of a child. The face, too, is not that of a common child ; the proportions are perfectly developed and of great beauty. In reality, it is a monster, as are the children in the famous group of *Laocoon* ; yet the form and face are well suited to the deity, who knows too much to be represented as a common baby. One room contains busts of the ancient philosophers and poets — an interesting study, but requiring too much time for one visit. Among these, I could not, however, help noticing a bust of Michael Angelo, by himself, made in dark-colored marble. The head is very fine, and the countenance full of dignity and even majesty, notwithstanding the flatness of his nose, occasioned by

its having been broken. Three more remarkable countenances I have never seen than those of Michael Angelo, Dante, and Petrarch. Once seen, they are indelibly fixed in the mind. The stern, mournful and hard features of one, the classic and beautiful face of the other, and the majestic mien of the third, are becoming to men who were to rouse a slumbering world from the lethargy which the night of ignorance had brought upon it. We came, finally, to that masterpiece of art, the 'Dying Gladiator.' The effect it produces upon the feelings, is entirely different from that occasioned by the Venus, and others of the same character; yet the marble is so wonderfully wrought, that you cease to regard it as a work of art; these thoughts are lost in the emotions of pity and distress. The wounded man rests on one arm, the blood trickles from the deep wound in the side, his head droops, and his hair, clotted with perspiration, still shows, by its wild, dishevelled state, the violence of the conflict which he has sustained. Agony seems struggling with courage and despair in his manly face. There is no thought of those who are about him; perhaps some would say that nothing of the intellectual is in his countenance. I think Byron has well represented his mind as wandering to his home, his young barbarians and their Dacian mother. It is a wonderful piece. I think its character may be best expressed as the representation of suppressed and conquered agony. The deep impression it makes upon the minds of all spectators, is a proof of its excellence.

Passing to the gallery on the opposite side of the square, we observed on the stairway leading to the paintings, and in the court, several ancient works in marble, some of which I thought very good, particularly a group of a lion tearing a horse. Among the paintings, was one which I was so much pleased with, that I turned from the works of Titian, Guido, Guercino and Domenichino, to gaze upon it. It represents an eastern caravan at the rising of the sun; and though small, is a most sublime piece. The god of Day is rising in all the splendor of a tropical climate; and the gorgeous clouds, which hang upon his pathway, have that peculiar richness and magnificence which I have only seen in Cuba. The prostrate travellers are offering up their prayers at this impressive moment, and their devotion is not misplaced. I thought of Scott's beautiful description of an eastern morning, in the 'Talisman,' for it seemed to be realized in this piece.

One of the most interesting objects in this part of the gallery, was the wolf of Romulus and Remus, in bronze. It is supposed to be the one which Cicero speaks of, as having been struck with lightning. A part of one of the hind legs has evidently been melted, and appears to have been struck by lightning. At any rate, it is, without any doubt, of great antiquity, and I was quite ready to take the word of the antiquarians for it, in this case. Near this, is a statue, in bronze, of the young shepherd, who, running to tell the Senate of the approach of the Gauls, was wounded in the foot by a thorn, which he did not

attempt to extract till he had conveyed the news. He is here represented as taking out the thorn. I was interested in the piece, because engravings of it are common at home, and because it is a beautiful work of very remote antiquity.

The middle building on the Capitoline hill, is called the Senator's palace. This Senator is the fittest emblem I can imagine of the present condition of Rome. When I think of the dignity, the venerable majesty of ancient Roman Senators, of the men who, sitting in their state in the Forum, could meet death, but not brook an insult, of the men who became more and more haughty and unyielding the nearer Hannibal came to the city, and who finally passed the terrible decree, 'Delenda est Carthago;' of the men whom the ambassador of Pyrrhus called an assembly of kings, and who came to rule the world — and then see the poor, insignificant, powerless creature, the shadow of a Senator, and not even a Roman by birth,¹ who now represents that once mighty body, and bears that once majestic name, it seems, indeed, that Rome has fallen and her virtue and worth have passed away, and she submits to be marked with a degrading pageant, which only speaks of her degeneracy.

I went, for the second time, to the Vatican. The first time I went there, I had merely time to walk

¹ There is but one man who bears the sinecure of Roman Senator; and it is provided by law, that he shall always be a foreigner by birth.

leisurely through the labyrinth of rooms filled with sculpture, and to give a glance at the paintings. I now paused to look more closely at those which I had before fixed upon as the finest, passing by the others. In the first room, a statue of Fortune (found, I believe, at Ostia) afforded me more pleasure than any one, saving the three or four finest in the world. The goddess is represented standing, with the cornucopia in one hand, while the other holds a rudder, which rests upon a ball. Her face is full of dignity and beauty, and is interesting as the model of all modern statues of a similar character. I have seen many of equal beauty, especially by Canova; but it seems as if this one were the original of all. But I hurried on to the temple of the Apollo Belvidere; for, after all, the interest of the Vatican centres there. The statue stands in a small circular apartment, and is very favorably placed for the light, which comes from above. Time has spared the marble, which looks as white and fresh as if just from the hand of the sculptor. The statue has always been supposed to represent the deity at the moment he has slain the Python. Antiquaries know better about this than myself; but I always thought his contest with the serpent took place when he was yet a child; and the flush of anger, (if I may use the expression,) the proud disdain, and the marks of revenge, traced in that wonderful countenance, make me more inclined to believe that he is here portrayed as destroying the Cyclopes, who had caused the death of his son Esculapius. But this is of no consequence.

This is the noblest work of art I have ever seen in any shape, or ever expect to see. It is the embodying of genius itself in the human form. The countenance expresses the passions, powers, pride, and majesty of a being more than mortal. He hardly deigns to watch the flight of his arrow, and the flush of victory spreads over his face even before the foe is destroyed ; his light and graceful form hardly appears to touch the ground, nor the grass to bend under his feet. But it is useless to attempt describing it. One could almost worship this wondrous representation of genius and beauty.

DE DIABOLO.

From the American Monthly Magazine. February, 1836.

THE very existence of the Devil has been denied in these latter days of unbelief and schism; and this I pronounce to be a most foul, abominable, and soul-destroying heresy; and, in all probability, one of the most cunning devices of the great enemy himself, to enable him the better to accomplish his wicked ends. With this, however, we have nothing to do, as our object is to write a treatise and not a sermon.

The Greeks and Romans had no Devil; and how they managed to get along without one, is a perfect mystery to me; to be sure their gods, and more especially their goddesses, went very far towards supplying his place; but nothing could make up for the want of a real unsophisticated Devil. When we reflect how much he has to do with all the concerns of life, what a resource in all dilemmas, what a comfort to the desperate, what a support to the most abandoned and wretched, what an all-accommodating friend, we can hardly imagine the machinery of life, among classic nations, to have gone on with any sort of smoothness or regularity without him. One

remarkable feature in those nations, was the absence of what we call society. They do not appear to have been acquainted with such a system. Society, as it exists among modern civilized nations, enlisting in its numbers all who pretend to rank and standing in the world, with all its laws, stronger than the fiat of a despot, not bending under the terror of dungeons and chains, nor even giving way before the slow but visible approach of death, holding us in the iron grasp of etiquette; all this was unknown to them.

This universal friend, our great enemy, "*notre ami l'ennemi*," has always made his character conformable to the times, and has evidently been deeply imbued at every period with the spirit of the age. Among the ancient Hebrews, he assumed the same simplicity of character by which men were distinguished in those early times; and what Job would have done, if Satan had been up to his present tricks in those days, I know not — but I am thinking his patience would have been less famous, if he had been tasked as the Devil tasks us now a days — for instance, in reading Cooper's novels, Carey, Lea & Blanchard's edition. Since the days of Job, he has made his appearance in several very distinguished forms, besides the constant care he has taken of the ordinary affairs of life. Nor have there been wanting men of sufficient assurance to call upon him in his own dominions, *chez lui*. The first and most remarkable of these visitors is, undoubtedly, Dante. The great Florentine, in his journey down

the infernal tunnel, saw, to be sure, a number of minor devils; but it was not till he reached the bottom that he came into the presence of the great Lucifer, Devil of devils, the father of evil, the enemy of God and men, stretching his gigantic wings over the sea of ice, the everlasting prison of traitors. Dante, I believe, is the only poet who has imagined hell to be an ice-house, the contrary theory being supported by Milton and others, and rendered nearly certain by the testimony of many a writer, now departed, whose experience is not to be doubted. Chaucer was the second distinguished poet, who made a visit to Satan in his own dominions. He was accompanied on this enterprise by an Angel, who very politely did the honors of the place to him. After wandering about for some time, viewing all the curiosities, and obtaining several introductions to the land, Chaucer inquires, with no small astonishment, why he had seen no monks there. "Is it possible," says he to the Angel, "that there are none of them here?" "By no means," replied his celestial companion; and leading him to the side of our great enemy, he said; — "Haud up thy tail, Sathanas." Whereupon the Devil gave his tail a whisk, and out flew myriads of friars from under it, like swarms of mud-wasps from their nest. When Chaucer had seen enough of them, the Angel ordered them all back again to their hive, and the Devil slapped down his tail, and fastened them in.

The next remarkable exhibition of the Devil is in Milton — and his Satan is too lofty a character to

be properly discussed here. Every one knows what he is, and I will say nothing about him, except to remark, that he is the last instance of a heroic Devil. Since the days of Milton, our great enemy has never attempted sublimity of character. Goethe's Mephistopheles is a simple incarnation of placid malice — he would have made an excellent ambassador and minister plenipotentiary to any modern court in Europe, to say nothing of the figure he might have cut at Washington, if he could have managed not to be outwitted there. I have sometimes thought, when I have been reading certain of our newspapers, that he would have made an admirable editor. But the editors themselves know best, whether the duties would not have proved too arduous for him. Now, only observe the difference between a German and an English Devil — between Goethe's creation and Coleridge's; the latter is a gentlemanly Devil, which is a phase of Satan that would never appear in Germany; Mephistopheles is hardly human enough to be likened to any mortal in Germany; if he had taken the character of a man there, it would undoubtedly have been that of a student, with long, dirty-looking sandy hair, and wild blue eyes, and a face ten times as ugly as his own; shabbily dressed; and walking more like a locomotive than a man. But in England he appeared like a gentleman,

“ And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.”

And he probably wore a handsome coat from

Stultz's, and a most knowing hat, &c., &c., and he behaved very much like a gentleman, too, throughout his walk. Tom Moore's Devil in London, was quite a gentleman, though he had some difficulties with the editors, which is apt to be the case with all gentlemen as the times go. Indeed, the Devil has become so much like a gentleman in these latter days, that it is impossible sometimes to distinguish one from the other.

I had written thus far when sleep overpowered me, as I sat in my arm chair; the pen fell from my hand, and my head reclined upon the desk. I had been thinking so much about the Devil in my waking hours, that the same idea pursued me after I had fallen asleep. I heard a gentle rap at the door, and having bawled out, as usual, "come in," a little gentleman entered, wrapped in a large blue cloth cloak, with a slouched hat, and goggles over his eyes. After bowing and scraping with considerable ceremony, he took off his hat, and threw his cloak over the back of a chair, when I immediately perceived that my visiter was no mortal. His face was hideously ugly; the skin appeared very much like wet paper, and the forehead covered with those cabalistic signs whose wondrous significance are best known to those who correct the press. On the end of his long hooked nose, there seemed to me to be growing, like a carbuncle, the first letter of the alphabet, glittering with ink, and ready to print. I observed, also, that each of his fingers and toes, or rather claws, was in the same manner terminated by

one of the letters of the alphabet ; and as he slashed round his tail, to brush a fly off his nose, I noticed that the letter Z formed the extremity of that useful member. While I was looking, with no small astonishment and some trepidation at my extraordinary visiter, he took occasion to inform me, that he had taken the liberty to call, as he was afraid I might forget him in the treatise which I was writing — an omission which he assured me would cause him no little mortification. “ In me,” says he, “ you behold the prince and patron of printers’ devils. My province is to preside over the hell of books ; and if you will only take the trouble to accompany me a little way, I will show you some of the wonders of that world.” As my imagination had lately been much excited, by perusing Dante’s *Inferno*, I was delighted with an adventure which promised to turn out something like his wonderful journey, and I readily consented to visit my new friend’s dominions, and we sallied forth together. As we pursued our way, my conductor endeavored to give me some information respecting the world I was about to enter, in order to prepare me for the wonders I should encounter there. “ You must know,” remarked he, “ that books have souls as well as men ; and the moment any work is published, whether successful or not, its soul appears in precisely the same form in another world ; either in this domain, which is subject to me, or in a better region, over which I have no control. I have power only to exhibit the place of punishment for bad books,

periodicals, pamphlets, and, in short, publications of every kind."

We now arrived at the mouth of a cavern, which I did not remember to have ever noticed before, though I had repeatedly passed the spot in my walks. It looked to me more like the entrance to a coal-mine than anything else, as the sides were entirely black. Upon examining them more closely, I found that they were covered with a black fluid, which greatly resembled printer's ink, and which seemed to corrode and wear away the rocks of the cavern, wherever it touched them. "We have lately received a large supply of political publications," said my companion, "and hell is perfectly saturated with their maliciousness. We carry on a profitable trade upon the earth, by retailing this ink to the principal political editors. Unfortunately, it is not found to answer very well for literary publications, though they have tried it with considerable success, in printing the *London Quarterly*, and several of the other important *Reviews*."

The cavern widened as we advanced, and we came presently into a vast open plain, which was bounded on one side by a wall so high, that it seemed to reach the very heavens. As we approached the wall, I observed a vast gateway before us, closed up by folding doors. The gates opened at our approach, and we entered. I found myself in a warm sandy valley, bounded on one side by a steep range of mountains. A feeble light shone upon it, much like that of a sick chamber, and the air seemed con-

finer and stiffer, like that of the abode of illness. My ears were assailed by a confused whining noise, as if all the litters of new-born puppies, kittens, with their eyes unopened, and babes just come to light, in the whole world, were brought into one spot, and were whelping, mewling, and squalling at once. I turned in mute wonder to my guide, for explanation; and he informed me that I now beheld the destined abode of all still-born and abortive publications; and the infantine noises which I heard, were only their feeble wailing for the miseries they had endured, in being brought into the world. I now saw what the feebleness of the light had prevented my observing before, that the soil was absolutely covered with books of every size and shape, from the little diamond almanac up to the respectable quarto. I saw folios there. These books were crawling about, and tumbling over each other, like blind whelps, uttering, at the same time, the most mournful cries. I observed one, however, which remained quite still, occasionally groaning a little, and appeared like an overgrown toad, oppressed with its own heaviness. I drew near, and read upon the back, "Resignation, a Novel." The cover flew open, and the title-page immediately began to address me. I walked off, however, as fast as possible, only distinguishing a few words about "the injustice and severity of critics;" "bad taste of the public;" "very well considering;" "first effort;" "feminine mind," &c. &c. I presently discovered a very important-looking little book, stalking about

among the rest in a great passion, kicking the others out of the way, and swearing like a trooper ; till at length, apparently exhausted with its efforts, it sunk down to rise no more. " Ah, ha ! " exclaimed my little diabolical friend, " here is a new comer ; let's see who he is ; " and coming up, he turned it over with his foot, so that we could see the back of it, upon which was printed, " The Monikins, by the Author of, &c. &c. " I noticed that the book had several marks across it, as if some one had been flogging the unfortunate work. " It is only the marks of the scourge, " said my companion, " which the critics have used rather more severely, I think, than was necessary. " I expected, after all the passion I had seen, and the great importance of feeling, arrogance, and vanity the little work had manifested, that it would have some pert remarks to make to us ; but it was so much exhausted, that it could not say a word. At the bottom of the valley, was a small pond of a milky hue, from which there issued a perfume, very much like the smell of bread and butter. An immense number of thin, prettily bound manuscript books, were soaking in this pond of milk, all of which, I was informed, were " Young Ladies' Albums, " which it was necessary to souse in the slough, to prevent them from stealing passages from the various works about them. As soon as I heard what they were, I ran away with all my speed, having a mortal dread of these books.

We had now traversed the valley, and, approaching the barrier of mountains, we found a passage cut

through, which greatly resembled the Pausilipo, near Naples ; it was closed on the side towards the valley, only with a curtain of white paper, upon which were printed the names of the principal reviews, which my conductor assured me were enough to prevent any of the unhappy works we had seen from coming near the passage.

As we advanced through the mountains, occasional gleams of light appeared before us, and immediately vanished, leaving us in darkness. My guide, however, seemed to be well acquainted with the way, and we went on fearlessly, till we emerged into an open field, lighted up by constant flashes of lightning, which glared from every side ; the air was hot, and strongly impregnated with sulphur. "Each department of my dominions," said the Devil, "receives its light from the works which are sent there. You are now surrounded by the glittering, but evanescent, corruscations of the more recent novels." This department of hell was never very well supplied till quite lately, though Fielding, Smollett, Maturin, and Godwin, did what they could for us. Our greatest benefactors have been D'Israeli, Bulwer, and Victor Hugo ; and this glare of light, so painful to our eyes, proceeds, chiefly, from their books. There was a tremendous noise, like the rioting of an army of drunken men, with horrible cries and imprecations, and fiend-like laughing, which made my blood curdle ; and such a scrambling and fighting among the books, as I never saw before. I could not imagine, at first, what could be the cause.

of this, till I discovered at last a golden hill, rising up like a cone in the midst of the plane, with just room enough for one book on the summit; and I found that the novels were fighting, like so many devils, for the occupation of this place. One work, however, had gained possession of it, and seemed to maintain its hold with a strength and resolution which bade defiance to the rest. I could not at first make out the name of this book, which seemed to stand upon its golden throne like the Prince of Hell; but presently the whole arch of the heavens glared with new brilliancy, and the magic name of "Vivian Grey," flashed from the book in letters of scorching light. I was much afraid, however, that Vivian would not long retain his post; for I saw Pelham and Peregrine Pickle, and the terrible Melmoth, with his glaring eyes, coming together to the assault, when a whirlwind seized them all four, and carried them away to a vast distance, leaving the elevation vacant for some other competitor. "There is no peace to the wicked, you see," said my Asmodeus. "These books are longing for repose, and they can get none, on account of the insatiable vanity of their authors, whose desire for distinction made them careless of the sentiments they expressed, and the principles they advocated. The great characteristic of works of this stamp is action, intense, painful action. They have none of that beautiful serenity, which shines in Scott and Edgeworth; and they are condemned to illustrate, by an eternity of contest here, the restless spirit with which they are inspired."

While I was looking on with fearful interest in the mad combat before me, the horizon seemed to be darkened, and a vast cloud rose up in the image of a gigantic eagle, whose wings stretched from the east to the west, till he covered the firmament. In his talons he carried an open book, at the sight of which the battle around me was calmed ; the lightnings ceased to flash, and there was an awful stillness. Then suddenly there glared from the book a sheet of fire, which rose in columns a thousand feet high, and filled the empyrean with intense light ; the pillars of flame curling and wreathing themselves into monstrous letters, till they were fixed in one terrific glare, and I read — “BYRON.” Even my companion quailed before the awful light, and I covered my face with my hands. When I withdrew them, the cloud and the book had vanished, and the contest was begun again. “You have seen the Prince of this division of hell,” said my guide.

We now began rapidly to descend into the bowels of the earth ; and, after sinking some thousand feet, I found myself on terra firma again, and walking a little way, we came to a gate of massive ice, over which was written in vast letters — “My heritage is despair.” We passed through, and immediately found ourselves in a vast basin of lead, which seemed to meet the horizon on every side. A bright light shone over the whole region ; but it was not like the genial light of the sun. It chilled me through ; and every ray that fell upon me seemed like the touch of ice. The deepest silence pre-

vailed; and though the valley was covered with books, not one moved or uttered a sound. I drew near to one, and I shivered with intense cold as I read upon it—“*Voltaire.*” “Behold,” said the demon, “the hell of infidel books; the light which emanates from them is the light of reason, and they are doomed to everlasting torpor.” I found it too cold to pursue my investigations any farther in this region, and I gladly passed on from the leaden gulf of Infidelity.

I had no sooner passed the barrier which separated this department from the next, than I heard a confused sound, like the quacking of myriads of ducks and geese, and a great flapping of wings; of which I soon saw the cause. “You are in the hell of newspapers,” said my guide. And sure enough, when I looked up I saw thousands of newspapers flying about, with their great wooden back-bones, and the padlock dangling like a bobtail at the end, flapping their wings, and hawking at each other like mad. After circling about in the air for a little while, and biting and tearing each other as much as they could, they plumped down, head first, into a deep black-looking pool, and were seen no more. “We place these newspapers deeper in hell than the Infidel publications,” said the Devil; “because they are so much more extensively read, and thereby do much greater mischief. It is a kind of pest, of which there is no end; and we are obliged to allot the largest portion of our dominions to containing them.”

We now came to an immense pile of a leaden hue, which I found at last to consist of old worn-out type, which was heaped up to form the wall of the next division. A monstrous *u*, turned bottom upwards (in this way $\cap$) formed the arch of a gateway, through which we passed; and then traversed a drawbridge, which was thrown across a river of ink, upon whose banks millions of horrible little demons were sporting. I presently saw that they were employed in throwing into the black stream a quantity of books which were heaped up on the shore. As I looked down into the stream, I saw that they were immediately devoured by the most hideous and disgusting monsters, which were floundering about there. I looked at one book, which had crawled out after being thrown into the river; it was dripping with filth, but I distinguished on the back the words — “Don Juan.” It had hardly climbed up the bank, however, when one of the demons gave it a kick, and sent it back into the stream, where it was immediately swallowed. On the back of some of the books, which the little imps were tossing in, I saw the name of — “Rochester,” which showed me the character of those which were sent into this division of the infernal regions.

Beyond this region rose up a vast chain of mountains, which we were obliged to clamber over. After toiling for a long time, we reached the summit, and I looked down upon an immense labyrinth built upon the plain below, in which I saw a great number of large *folies*, stalking about in solemn

pomp, each followed by a number of small volumes and pamphlets, like so many pages or footmen watching the beck of their master, "You behold here," said the demon, "all the false works upon theology which have been written since the beginning of the Christian era. They are condemned to wander about to all eternity, in the hopeless maze of this labyrinth, each folio drawing after it all the minor works to which it gave origin." A faint light shone from these ponderous tomes; but it was like the shining of a lamp in a thick mist, shorn of its rays, and illuminating nothing around it. And if my companion had not held a torch before me, I should not have discerned the outlines of this department of the Infernal world. As my eye became somewhat accustomed to the feeble light, I discovered beyond the labyrinth a thick mist, which appeared to rise from some river or lake. "That," said my companion, "is the distinct abode of German metaphysical works, and other treatises of a similar unintelligible character. They are all obliged to pass through a press; and if there is any sense in them, it is thus separated from the mass of nonsense in which it is imbedded, and is allowed to escape to a better world. Very few of the works, however, are found to be materially diminished by passing through the press." We had now crossed the plain, and stood near the impenetrable fog, which rose up like a wall before us. In front of it was the press, managed by several ugly little demons, and surrounded by an immense number of volumes of every

size and shape, waiting for the process which all were obliged to undergo. As I was watching their operations, I saw two very respectable German folios, with enormous clasps, extended like arms, carrying between them a little volume, which they were fondling like a pet child, with marks of doating affection. These folios proved to be two of the most abstruse, learned, and incomprehensible of the metaphysical productions of Germany; and the bantling which they seemed to embrace with so much affection, was registered on the back — “Records of a School.” I did not find that a single ray of intelligence had been extracted from either of the two, after being subjected to the press. As soon as the volumes had passed through the operation of yielding up all the little sense they contained, they plunged into the intense fog, and disappeared for ever.

We next approached the verge of a gulf, which seemed to be bottomless; and there was dreadful noise, like the war of the elements, and forked flames shooting up from the abyss, which reminded me of the crater of Vesuvius. “You have now reached the ancient limits of hell,” said the demon, “and you behold beneath your feet the original chaos on which my domains are founded. But within a few years we have been obliged to build a yet deeper division beyond the gulf, to contain a class of books that were unknown in former times.” “Pray, what class can be found,” I asked, “worse than those which I have already seen, and for which

it appears hell was not bad enough?" "They are American reprints of English publications," replied he, "and they are generally works of so despicable a character, that they would have found their way here without being re-published; but even where the original work was good, it is so degenerated by the form under which it re-appears in America, that its merit is entirely lost, and it is only fit for the seventh and lowest division of hell.

I now perceived a bridge spanning over the gulf, with an arch that seemed as lofty as the firmament. We hastily passed over, and found that the farthest extremity of the bridge was close by a gate, over which was written three words. "They are the names of the three furies who reign over this division," said my guide. I of course did not contradict him; but the words looked very much like some I had seen before; and the more I examined them, the more difficult it was to convince myself, that the inscription was not the same thing as the sign over a certain publishing house in Philadelphia.

"These," said the Devil, "are called the three furies of the hell of books; not from the mischief they do there to the works about them, but for the unspeakable wrong they did to the same works upon the earth, by re-printing them in their hideous brown paper editions." As soon as they beheld me, they rushed towards me with such piteous accents and heart-moving entreaties, that I would intercede to save them from their torment, that I was moved with

the deepest compassion, and began to ask my conductor if there were no relief for them. But he hurried me away, assuring me that they only wanted to sell me some of their infernal editions, and the idea of owning any such property was so dreadful that I awoke directly.

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LECTURES.

VISIT TO POMPEII.

It was my good fortune, in the autumn of the year 1832, to visit this interesting place, and I shall endeavor, without entering into any learned antiquarian disquisition, to give a simple account of the city, as it appeared then.

Leaving Naples early in the morning, with a number of friends, we followed the road along the seashore for nearly twenty miles, when we were told that we were approaching Pompeii. Vast mounds, formed by the ashes that have been cleared out of the streets, also indicated this. We stopped at a small stone cottage; and, alighting from our carriage, passed through a small narrow gate, which appeared to me to be cut in the garden wall. But no sooner had we crossed the threshold, than we found ourselves, indeed, in a scene of other days; the present had vanished, and we were standing in a place which we felt belonged not to modern ages. We were in a large open square, surrounded by a Doric colonnade, opening into numerous small apartments. The columns are of brick, covered with

red stucco, and fluted towards the top, and supported the roof of a portico or piazza. This square was used for the bivouac of the soldiers. Many of the columns are covered with inscriptions, and rude drawings of ships, men, &c., marked with a knife in the stucco; the work, undoubtedly, of the lazy soldiers, as they lounged in the portico. This square, or forum, is one hundred and eighty-three feet long, and one hundred and forty-eight broad, and appears to have been used for other purposes besides the accommodation of the soldiers. In one of the rooms was found an oil-mill, in another utensils for the manufactory of soap, in another were pieces of armor, and a fourth is thought to have been a prison, as stocks were found in it. On the north-eastern side of the square was a communication with both theatres, which are immediately adjoining it. We first entered the small one, called by some the Comic Theatre, and by others, the Odeon.

The general form of the ancient theatres, in the interior, was not unlike those of our day; the seats for the audience being ranged in a semicircle, and the square stage in front; but there was not the distinction of pit, boxes, and gallery. There was a small semicircular space in front of the stage, corresponding to the pit in our theatres, and called the orchestra: here the senators, magistrates, and other persons of rank used to sit; from this the seats rose up in regular succession, step by step, to the top of the theatre. In general, the ancient theatres had no roof, but were covered with an awning at the

time of the play ; the small theatre of Pompeii, however, appears to have been roofed over, as there is a Latin inscription upon it, to this effect : " Caius Quinctus Valgus, son of Caius, and Marcus Porcius, son of Marcus Duumvirs, by a decree of the Decurions, let out the *covered* theatre, to be erected by contract, and the same approved of it." This theatre is made of stone, and the interior was entirely, or nearly so, inlaid with marble of different colors. From this we passed to the larger, or Tragic Theatre, which is of the same form, except that it never had any roof ; an awning was stretched over it, and attached to poles fastened into the outer walls, the staples of which still remain. The steps or benches are about one foot three inches high, and two feet four inches wide. One foot three inches was allowed to each spectator, as may be seen in one part, where the divisions are marked off and numbered. The whole of the theatre was originally covered with marble, much of which, however, has been removed.

It appears that tickets of admission were issued, when a play was to be acted ; they were a circular piece of bone or ivory, having written on them the part of the theatre in which the holder was to sit, and the name of the author of the play. Close by this theatre is a vestibule, supported by eight Doric columns, with a fountain in front of it. This vestibule leads into a long Doric colonnade, extending round a triangular area, four hundred and fifty feet in length, and from two hundred and fifty to three

hundred feet broad, which was probably planted and adorned with flowers. Between the columns were iron bars, to confine the crowd to the portico, and prevent their trampling on the grass and flowers. This beautiful walk was probably designed as a resort for the spectators at the theatre between the acts, or while waiting for the play, which in those times was always performed in the day. In the centre of this area are the ruins of a temple, which was undoubtedly regarded with veneration by the inhabitants of Pompeii, as it was nearly nine hundred years old at the time of the eruption. It was entirely surrounded by columns of the Grecian Doric, and was about one hundred and twenty feet long by seventy broad. Its appearance is very different from most of the edifices, as it bears the marks of extreme age, whereas the buildings generally in Pompeii look new, the marble is as white as if just from the quarry, and the carving seems to be fresh from the hands of the sculptor; so that upon looking round, one would much easier fancy himself in a new and unfinished city, than in one which was built so many ages ago.

Close by the small theatre is a building, which, upon excavating it, was found to be the workshop of a sculptor. Here were found statues, some half finished, others just begun, with blocks of marble, and all the tools required by artists. Among these were thirty-two mallets, many compasses, curved or straight, a great quantity of chisels, three or four levers, jacks for raising blocks, and other instruments.

The next remarkable building is the temple of Isis, one of the most perfect examples now existing of the parts and disposition of an ancient temple. Above the entrance is a Latin inscription to this effect: "Numerinus Popidius Celsinus restored from the foundation, at his own expense, the temple of Isis, overthrown by an earthquake. The Decurions, on account of his liberality, elected him when sixty years of age, to be one of their order, free of expense." The temple is eighty-four feet long by seventy-four broad, and is surrounded by a portico sustained on each side by Doric columns. In the depth of the temple is the sanctuary, insulated and ascended by seven steps, itself forming a little square temple. A small but elegant vestibule, supported by six columns and adorned with beautiful Mosaic, conducts to the altar, on which were found the fragments of a statue of Isis. Beneath the altar is a little chamber, where, it is supposed, the priests hid themselves when they uttered the responses of the oracle. The back part of the temple still presents the little secret staircase leading to this secret chamber. On each side of the temple is an altar, one on the left for burning victims, that on the right for the deposit of the sacred ashes, which were found there in great quantities. On the south side are two chambers and a kitchen, with stoves, on which the bones of fish and other animals were found. A skeleton lay in the outermost room, supposed to be that of one of the priests, who deferred making his escape, until it was too late to pass out by the door, from the collection of ashes

without. Then, in his frenzy, he had seized a hatchet and endeavored to beat through the solid brick wall. The wall still remains marred and beaten, in evidence of his violent struggle for life, while on the floor beneath lay the bones of the wretched man, the hatchet still grasped in his skeleton hand. In another room, supposed to have been the refectory, one of the priests was found at the table, the relics of his dinner were there, showing that his meal had consisted of chickens and eggs. In the sacred precinct lay many other skeletons, supposed to be those of priests, who, reposing a vain hope in the power of the Deity, were unwilling to quit her protection, and remained, till flight was no longer possible.

Some hundred yards from the theatres, in the south-eastern angle of the walls of the town, stands the Amphitheatre; the whole distance is still unexcavated, and we walked through a vineyard, which is planted over the houses, in order to reach the amphitheatre.

This is a vast building of stone, in an oval form, four hundred and thirty feet long and three hundred and thirty-five broad, in the widest part. The seats rise above each other, all round the interior, like those in the theatres, leaving a broad open area in the middle, where the gladiators and the wild beasts used to fight. The spectators entered through arches in the outer wall, conducting to the lowest seats, or to staircases of huge blocks of stone by which they mounted up to the higher ranges. At each end of the edifice, were entrances into the arena for the

combatants, and through which the dead bodies were dragged out. In subterraneous caverns, underneath the ranges of the seats, are dens of the wild beasts, in which were found the skeletons of lions and of their keepers.

Returning by the same path from the amphitheatre, we came into the street of the city, where it runs along by the shop of the sculptor. It is from eight to ten feet wide, paved with large flat stones, and having a narrow sidewalk on each side. Occasionally there are stepping-stones to enable persons on foot to cross in wet weather, and between these the paving stones are deeply worn by the wheels of the chariots. This quarter of the city seems to have been devoted to business, as the buildings, with the exception of those I have mentioned, are small, and appear to have been used as shops. They are of one story, built of stone, like all the edifices of the city, and are nearly perfect, except the roof, which of course has perished. At short distances along the street, I observed marble reservoirs, into which the fountains used to flow. Following this street along, we presently found ourselves in the principal forum, to which I have already alluded. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area, surrounded by columns and the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public buildings. The red masses of brick, divested of their marble casings, the fragments of stucco attached to the walls, and the pedestals, which once supported statues, commemorating those who had deserved well of their country,

are all that now remain, to attest its former beauty and magnificence. The whole of this area was paved with tiles of marble. Along the west, south and east sides, runs a Grecian Doric colonnade, uninterrupted, except in one or two places on the east side, forming a covered walk in front of the various buildings by which the square was surrounded. On the north side, are the ruins of the temple of Jupiter. This temple is of an oblong shape, and had a projecting portico in front, resting on Corinthian columns; it was about a hundred feet long by forty, and being elevated quite high on the foundation, gave opportunity for a grand flight of steps, leading up to the portico.

Nothing now remains of this temple but the floor and steps, with the lower portico, the walls and roof having fallen in. On the east side of this is a triumphal arch, leading into the forum, on which was formerly placed an equestrian statue in bronze of a distinguished Roman. On the other side of the temple, also, is another smaller arch opening into the courtyard of the city granary and the prisons. In the prison were found the skeletons of two men, with their feet still in the stocks, as they had perished. On the north-eastern side of the forum is a building, to which antiquarians have given the name of the Pantheon; it contains several rooms, some of which contain paintings in fresco, an art which the ancients possessed in a higher degree of perfection than the artists of our day; a proof of which is, that many and indeed most of the paintings of this kind with

which the houses of Pompeii were adorned, still retain the colors bright and fresh, after having been exposed to the heat of the eruption, and to the damp and rain through seventeen centuries. One of the most interesting of these paintings, is a portrait of the artist, a female holding in one hand an oval palette, apparently of silver, and in the other, brushes tinged with different colors. The paintings consist of architectural compositions, of long aerial columns, vistas through doorways, showing the ornamented ceilings and abundant variety of figures and borders of flowers, painted for the most part with dazzling colors, among which, bright vermilion, jet black, deep crimson, azure blue and golden yellow usually form the ground. Historical subjects are painted in the centres of the compartments formed by the arabesques; one of these represents Ulysses in disguise meeting Penelope on his return to Ithaca. On the northern wall are representations of Cupids making bread. Near this wall is the name of Celsus written on a pilaster, close to which was found a box containing a gold ring, with an engraved stone set in it, forty-one silver coins, and one hundred and thirty-six brass ones. In other parts of the building, above the elegant paintings I have already mentioned, are pictures of geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, and game, ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopiæ, amphoræ for wine, and other accessories for a banquet.

Next to the Pantheon is a building, supposed to have been used for meetings of the senate or city

council ; its spacious area, eighty-three feet by sixty, adapts it well for the purpose, and the niches in the wall may have been meant for the statues of distinguished Romans. The portico of this edifice was composed of fluted columns of white marble, ranging with the portico of the forum, without interrupting the promenade below.

Adjoining this building, within an area of fifty-seven by fifty feet, stands a small temple, elevated on a basement. The most interesting object about it is a small white marble altar, in front of the temple, leaving an unfinished bas-relief, which represents a person sacrificing ; some have thought, that in the priest we have a portrait of Cicero, who was occasionally a resident of Pompeii. The temple is built of stone, and decorated on the outside with pilasters, and is very small, being only fifteen feet by thirteen.

The building next in succession consists of a double gallery, inclosing an area one hundred and thirty feet by sixty-five, with a portico of eighteen columns raised on pedestals, fronting on the forum, where was the chief entrance. There was also another entrance on the side, over which is an inscription, signifying, that a woman by the name of Eumachia, erected, at her own expense, the walled gallery, and also the enclosed space, with a semi-circular recess at the end of the area. In this recess is a statue of Eumachia, erected by the cloth-fullers, as we learn from an inscription. The area seems to have been used as a cloth market.

The south end of the forum is occupied by three

buildings, much resembling each other in the plan, and nearly of the same size. Two of them are supposed to be places of assembly for magistrates, and the middle one to have been the treasury.

On the western side are the basilica or court of justice, the temple of Venus, and the prisons and granary to which I have already alluded. The court of justice is the largest building in Pompeii, being two hundred and twenty feet by eighty. It is entered by a vestibule, having five doors; the roof was supported by twenty-eight large Ionic columns of brick. At the farthest end was raised the tribunal, or judge's seat, with small closets at the sides, probably to hold the robes of office. Beneath were temporary dungeons for the accused, and there are two holes in the floor, through which orders were transmitted to the person in charge over the prisoners. On each side of the tribunal, also, are rooms for the use of the lawyers and officers of the court. The external walls of the temple are quite plain, but in the interior they are covered with stucco, painted to resemble marble. Many inscriptions still remain, as they were scratched on the wall, by the loiterers of the court.

Next to the court-house is a small edifice, generally called the temple of Venus: it is of an oblong form, and had a projecting portico in front, like the temple of Jupiter. Within the interior, was found part of a female statue, with the pedestal surrounded by a beautiful Mosaic border. The columns of the temple were Corinthian, fluted, and partly painted blue, and

it stood in an area, one hundred and fifty feet by seventy-five, surrounded by a wall and portico. The walls under the colonnade are painted in vivid colors, representing landscapes, country houses, and rooms with figures. In the apartment of the priest was found a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which had been removed by the ancients from some other place, and fastened in its present place with iron clamps and cement.

The remaining buildings are the prisons and granary, which I have already described. The area of the forum was adorned with pedestals for the statues of those who merited such distinction. They are all of white marble, decorated with a Doric frieze, and which appear to have been in the process of erection to replace an older set, at the time of the eruption.

After the excavations had been carried on to a considerable extent, it was a matter of surprise that no public baths were found, particularly as they were sure to be placed in the most frequented situations, and were probably, therefore, near the forum. That public baths existed, was known from an impression found in 1749, purporting that one Januarius, an enfranchised slave, supplied baths with water, both fresh and salt. At length an excavation in the vicinity of the forum, brought to light a suite of public baths, admirably arranged, spacious, highly decorated, and superior to any, even in the most considerable of our modern cities. They consist of three general divisions — the furnace and servants' rooms forming one, the baths for men another, and the women's baths

the third. Entering the suite of rooms appropriated to the men's baths, we come first to the vestibule, or portico, where the slaves waited while their masters bathed. The seats still remain ranged around where they used to sit. Near these were found a sword in a leather sheath, supposed to have belonged to the bath-keeper, and the box where he used to put the money paid him by the visitors. From the vestibule we pass through a corridor, in which were found upwards of five hundred lamps, into the apodyterium, or undressing room, the ceiling of the passage being decorated with stars. The undressing room is highly finished with yellow stucco, having a rich Egyptian cornice with a carved frieze, composed of lyres, dolphins, vases, &c. in relief, upon a red ground. At one end of the room is a window, and another in the vaulted roof, both of glass. The floor is paved with white marble, in mosaic, and the ceiling appears to have been divided into pannels of white with red borders. There are three seats in this room, and there were formerly pegs to hang clothes on, the holes into which they were driven being still visible. The next room is the frigidarium, or cold bath, a circular chamber encrusted with yellow stucco, having the roof in the form of a cone, with a sky-light. The cornice represents a chariot race of cupids. The plinth, or base of the wall, is of marble. The basin is twelve feet ten inches in diameter, and two feet nine inches deep, entirely lined with white marble; two marble steps conduct into it, and there is a marble seat at the bottom. The tepidarium, or warm chamber,

which comes next, is a very beautiful room. It was used as a preparation for the hot water and vapor baths. The cornice is supported by statues of terra cotta covered with fine marble stucco; the moulding of the pedestals, and the basket on their heads, being in imitation of gold; and the pedestals themselves, and the wall behind them, are colored to resemble red porphyry. The ceiling is of stucco, in low relief, with scattered ornaments and figures of little flying genii delicately relieved on medallions, with foliage round them. The room was lighted by a window two feet six inches by three feet, having four beautiful panes of glass set in a frame of bronze. A brazier, and three benches of bronze, very handsomely wrought, were found in this room. A door-way led from this room into the caldarium, or vapor bath. The length of this room is just twice as great as the breadth, and it is adorned as highly as the other rooms. It is covered with yellow stucco, having a cornice highly enriched with stucco ornaments, and supported by red fluted pilasters. The ceiling is a quarter sphere, richly ornamented with traverse fluting, like the most highly finished columns, having two small square windows in it. At one end is a large semicircular niche, seven feet wide, and three feet six inches deep, in which was a vase for washing the hands and feet. At the opposite end of the room was a basin, or round vase, of white marble, rather more than five feet in diameter, into which the hot water bubbled up through a pipe in the centre, and served for partial ablutions of those who took the

vapor bath. The floor and walls are hollow, and hot air was passed through them from the furnace, occasioning a great heat in the room. The arrangement of the women's baths are the same, though they are not in so good preservation as those I have described, which, indeed, have suffered but very trifling damage.

The whole area occupied by the baths, is about one hundred feet square. We had now finished the survey of the public buildings in Pompeii, and we began to examine the dwelling houses. One of the streets which runs out of the forum, is called the street of the silversmiths, from some articles of jewelry found in the shops. In one of the houses is a painting of the twelve principal gods and goddesses, and a representation of Pluto, a fierce-looking fellow, with horns and cloven feet, not unlike the modern notion of the devil.

The names of their owners are written on their houses, with other inscriptions on many of them. On one are found words to this effect : — "The Scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Corrinus Vatia, the *Ædile*, to patronize him ;" which is about equivalent to what we read on the sign boards in the cities of modern Europe, "Patronized by his royal highness." Another scribe, patronized by the same *Ædile*, gives a portrait of himself, with a pen behind his ear. At the farthest end of the street was found a skeleton, supposed to have been a priest of Isis. In the hand was a bag of coarse linen, not entirely destroyed, containing three hundred and sixty silver coins, forty-two of copper, and six of gold ; and

near him several figures belonging to the worship of Isis, small silver forks, cups, bowls of gold and silver, a cameo of a satyr striking a tambourine, rings set with stones, and vases of copper and bronze. In several of the houses skeletons were found, arrayed with necklaces, bracelets, rings, and other ornaments, and a large number of coins.

The upper part of the city, north of the forum, however, seems to have been the quarter inhabited by the wealthiest and most noble persons of Pompeii, as the most superb houses seem to be congregated here. To describe all of them would require far more time than the limits of a lecture allow. I shall content myself with giving an account of one which excelled all others yet discovered in magnificence, and of which there is no account in the recent works upon the city, nor in Bulwer's novel, the building having been excavated, probably, since that was written. I will first, however, attempt to give a general notion of the form and arrangement of a house in Pompeii, there being about as much similarity in the general plan, as in the houses in our cities.

Entering from the street, we find ourselves in a large square room, called the Atrium, on each side of which are doors, opening into small sleeping rooms. In the centre of the ceiling is an opening, about three feet square, directly beneath which is a cistern of the same dimensions, for rain water. The floor of the Atrium is of marble, or some hard composition, and the walls are painted in fresco.

Right opposite the street entrance, on the farther side of the Atrium, is another smaller room, called the Tablinum, not quite so wide as the Atrium, but having a small room, or closet, cut off from one side; so that when the Atrium is twenty-four feet wide, for instance, the Tablinum is only sixteen; the depth of this room, from front to back, is not more than half its width. The floor of the Tablinum, in most of the houses, is Mosaic. It was separated from the Atrium not by a wall, but by a rich curtain. On the farther side, the Tablinum opened into a piazza or portico, supported on columns, and running round three sides of a square, which was open to the air, and planted with flowers; in some of the houses there was a fountain in this little square garden. The kitchen was either on the farthest side of the square, or in the cellar. In some of the larger houses were rooms beyond this square, and a garden beyond them. The houses were generally of one story only, and, except that the roof is destroyed, remain nearly as they were built. In one of the principal streets communicating with the forum, called the street of Mercury, is a house which is remarkable for its size and splendor. As it now appears, it is entered by a vestibule into the Atrium, of which the floor is in Mosaic, formed of small cubes of the most valuable marbles, red jasper, veined alabaster, white or colored crystals, set in cement of indestructible hardness, and highly polished. From this we passed into a square enclosure, surrounded by a portico, resting on col-

umns, between which statues had been placed. Beyond this was another square, also surrounded by a colonnade. Both of these open places had been planted with trees, thus giving to the inmates the shade and retirement of the country, in the midst of a city, and within the walls of their houses. Beneath the shade of the porticoes are two shrines to the household gods, before which were found tripods of exquisite workmanship, on which incense was perpetually burnt; while scattered around were fragments of beautiful statues of Apollo, Concord, Hope, and the Graces. The pavement throughout the house is in keeping with that of the court. Everywhere are seen garlands of flowers and fruit, scenic masks, which surround, now a shore ornamented with fishes and shells, now a flock of birds and domestic fowls; farther on is a front view of a lion, of the size of life, rushing on his prey, and admirably executed. In another place is a Bacchus, sitting on a panther, crowned with ivy, and holding a glass cup filled with wine, all of exquisite workmanship, in Mosaic. But the wonder of this house is the floor of the *Tablinum*, which is one large picture, so admirably executed, that it absolutely opens a new page in the history of ancient art. It is a Mosaic formed with rare marbles, cut into small cubes of one hundred and twenty-five to the square inch. The picture is about sixteen feet long by eight, and contains twenty-six figures of men, and fifteen entire or partial figures of horses, besides a chariot, shields, helmets, javelins, and arms of all

kinds, with which the ground is strewed. One quarter has been much injured, probably by the earthquake, sixteen years before the eruption, and is repaired in such a way as to show that Pompeii then boasted of no artist equal to the originator. The subject of the piece is a battle, supposed to be the one at Arbela, between Alexander the Great and Darius of Persia. The artist has chosen the moment in which the two generals are on the point of deciding the great contest, by a last effort. The Grecian hero, mounted on a fiery steed, overthrowing all before him, has just pierced through, with his enormous lance, a Persian warrior, whose horse, wounded in the side, has fallen under him. Near is recognized, by his lofty stature, and his superb chariot, drawn by four spirited horses, the Persian monarch, overwhelmed by the loss of one of the bravest of his soldiers, his face turned, with an expression of grief and terror, towards the scene of carnage, extending his right hand, by an involuntary motion, towards the falling warrior, and holding his bow in the left, rather as a symbol of rank than an instrument of vengeance. Already the charioteer at his master's side, thinking the cause desperate and the battle lost, has given the horses an impulse on a contrary direction, in order to withdraw the king from the danger which threatens him. Nothing can be better conceived than this group, which concentrates in three persons the whole interest of the subject, and the entire image of the combat. And in the spaces between the figures of this group, two

warriors overthrown, and a third standing before the chariot, and endeavoring to regain command over his terrified steed, enhance the interest and truth of the representation, at the same time that, by new details and a skilful foreshortening, they give us an exalted idea of the excellence of the original, and the talent of the artist. All the furniture of this house, even to the most delicate and precious articles, was found in its ancient position exactly. There were discovered in different parts, arranged in the most perfect order, on elegant marble tables, numerous utensils of exquisite beauty, candelabra, small bronze statues, an entire table service, consisting of bronze and glass vases, and silver cups and dishes, in which the value of the workmanship surpasses that of the material. The inhabitants themselves, overtaken by the awful catastrophe, remained buried beneath the ruins of their habitations. Several skeletons, drawn from the midst of the rubbish, leave no doubt that the destruction came upon them at once, and in all directions. Among these sad remains were found those of a young girl, who had attempted to escape, carrying off her most precious jewels. But she had fallen long before she reached the street. In a chamber, near where she fell, were found a pair of bracelets, each weighing a pound, a pair of ear-rings, a necklace, and seven gold rings, mounted with beautiful cut gems, with a quantity of gold, silver, and brass money.

We visited many other houses, of great beauty

and interest, but time would fail were I to attempt their description. At length the street brought us to the city gate, where the famous Appian way, the high road of the Romans to the south of Italy, enters Pompeii. The gateway is of stone, divided into three compartments; a broad passage in the middle, for carriages, and a narrow one, on each side, for foot passengers. On each side of the road, outside of this gate, are tombs, built of marble, or other stone; many of them were adorned with bas-relief, quite elegantly sculptured. One of these represents a female, adorning the skeleton of a child with a garland; and is supposed to represent a mother, discovering the remains of her child, destroyed by the earthquake. The tombs are ten or twelve feet high, and most of them have low doors, by which they may be entered. Some of the tombs have the appearance of age, others look quite new, as if very recently sculptured. This same difference probably existed at the time of the eruption; for time has ceased to exist for them, during the centuries that they have laid buried; and as they appeared the last time that the inhabitants of Pompeii looked upon them, exactly so they appear eighteen hundred years afterwards, at the time of their excavation. Round the interior of the tombs are several niches, in which are found urns, containing the ashes of the dead, mingled, in some of them, with a fluid composed of water, oil, and wine, which, according to the custom of the Romans, was poured as a libation upon the ashes.

Near the city gate is a semicircular seat of stone, arched over, for the convenience of travellers; close by which were found skeletons of a female, with an infant in her arms, and by her side two children, their bones mingled and interlaced, showing that they had died in each other's embrace. They were probably a family of distinction and wealth; for among their remains were found two pairs of earrings, with pearl pendants of great value, and three gold rings, one so small, that it could only have fitted the finger of a young girl.

Near the tombs are the ruins of a house, commonly called the villa of Diomed — a building of great beauty and size, but so complicated in its form as to render it impossible to convey a clear idea of it without plates. This villa is exactly between the city and Vesuvius, and must have felt the first, and if there were different degrees of misery where all perished alike, the worst effects of this fearful visitation; the love of life proved too strong for the social affections of the owner of the house; he fled, abandoning to their fate a numerous family and a young and beautiful daughter, and bent his way with his most precious movables, accompanied only by a single slave, towards the sea-shore, which he never reached. He fell by the garden gate, where his bones and those of his slave were found, laden with coins and precious vases. His daughter and two children, and other members of his family, sought refuge in the subterranean vaults, carrying with them provisions, in case they should be compelled to

remain there for a long time ; but it was a vain hope. The strong vaults, indeed, protected them against the falling cinders ; but the heat, sufficient to char wood, could not be kept out. The vital air was loaded with sulphureous vapor, charged with burning dust. In their despair, gasping for the pure air of heaven, they rushed to the door — but, choked up with ashes and ruins, it resisted their efforts, and they perished in agonies, on which the imagination forbears to dwell. This seems like a story of romance ; but every circumstance is verified by evidence little less than conclusive. The body of the master was known by his having the key of the gate in his hand, and by the coins about him ; the slave, by the load he was carrying. At the foot of the stairway, which leads down into the subterranean vaults, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found huddled up together unmoved, during seventeen centuries, as they sank in death. They were covered by several feet of ashes, which had drifted in through the vent-holes, and there consolidated by the damp. The substance thus formed resembles the sand used by metal-founders for their castings, but is yet more delicate, and took perfect impressions of everything on which it lay. Unfortunately, this property was not observed until almost too late, and little was preserved except the impressions of the neck and breast of a girl, which display uncommon beauty of form—so exact is the impression, that the very texture of the dress in which she was clothed is apparent ; which, by its extraordinary fineness, evidently shows that she was

not a slave, and may be taken for the fine gauze which Seneca calls woven wind. On other fragments the impressions of jewels worn on the neck and arms were found; and underneath were the jewels, corresponding to the impressions. Two of the skeletons are those of children, and some of their blond hair was found with them — most of them were females.

The whole number of skeletons, hitherto found in Pompeii, is between three and four hundred. Only about one third of the city, however, has been excavated; and if the work goes on at the same rate that it has since the excavation was commenced, it will require a hundred and fifty years to bring the whole to light. What remains yet to be discovered, is almost beyond the reach of imagination. What wonders of art, what priceless gems, what treasures in silver and gold, what funds of knowledge to the antiquarians, and what new and varied forms of tragedy revealed, as the remains of those who fell indicate, with fearful exactness, their vain efforts to escape, and the desperate struggle of their last agony.

A deep and mournful interest seems to hang over the ruined walls and edifices of Pompeii. They are unlike other ruins. On the fallen columns and the crumbling walls of other remains of antiquity, the signs are visible of the ages which have rolled over them. On their weather-worn rocks, Time has engraved his solemn history, in ineffaceable characters; and, more ruthless than time itself, the hand of man

has been busy in the work of pillaging and laying prostrate. Such are the Parthenon, the Coliseum, the castle of Kenilworth. But the ruins of Pompeii bear no marks, save the impress of the hand of God; and, as we linger among them, we seem to be brought visibly into the presence of a Power, which is mightier than the elements, or the passions of man.

Other ruins, indeed, speak to us in eloquent strains of the past ages of their glory; but here, in the city of the dead, there are ruins which address in more touching language than ever came from the stones of Athens or of Rome—they are the ruins of human nature—the sad remains of lost ones, not composed into the stately rest of the grave, but lying as they fell in the last struggle, or sleeping in each other's embrace. They speak to us of the attributes of our own nature, “the golden, everlasting chains,” which bind the ages together; they tell us of hearts, that once beat with the same emotions as our own; of the pride, and joy, and glory of youth—of the high hopes and fond expectations, of the courage and strength of manhood, and the terrors which bowed them down; of the love stronger than death, which quailed not before these terrors. These are the holiest of ruins. The earth holds no other like them.

VIEWS OF LIFE AMONG THE GREEKS.

The first peculiar characteristic of Grecian tragedy was derived from the views of *life* which were entertained by the early Greeks. Their belief in a future existence was distinct, but at the same time their ideas upon the nature of this existence were such as to exert no influence upon the present life. It presented no certainty. It appeared a vague, dreamy, melancholy state; the cold and cheerless shadow-land, where the hopes and joys of life were to be extinguished, and in which freedom from suffering was all of good that could be anticipated. The idea of expanded powers, of liberated energies, of freedom, and the infinite capacities of a soul disenthralled from the earthly prison, seems never to have dawned upon them. The present life concentrated all the objects, hopes, and glory of existence; it was never regarded as a transition state—as a preparation for a wider sphere, and a nobler condition of being—but was, in itself, an ultimate object, the sum and substance of existence, embodying all that man could have of enjoyment or action.

These views of life clothed it with a melancholy but surpassing splendor. The glory of that immortal destiny of man, which was framed by Infinite power from the beginning, was borrowed to light up the present state of being, with a magnificence not its own. Powers and propensities, which were created

for eternity, served only to dignify and enhance the being which lived but in time. The emotions and passions of an immortal being; the hopes and longings which reach beyond the universe; the sentiments of purity and holiness, which the rudeness of the world mocks at, and seeks to quench, and which, but for the certainty of after life, are sources of woe; the aspirations which the earth cannot satisfy, served only to confer a majesty and mysterious grandeur upon the present existence.

There is a story in the Arabian Tales, of a humble youth, who, having accidentally gained possession of the talisman, in his ignorance employed in ordinary domestic service the mighty Genius of the lamp, a being of colossal stature, whose flight reached beyond the stars, whose energies the earth could not limit, and whose life was immortality. This fiction is but an emblem of the idea entertained by the ancient Greeks, of human life. They limited to the existence which was temporary and uncertain, those powers and sentiments, which, in their very nature, reach beyond time and space.

But these views, while they heightened the glory, tended, in the same proportion, to enhance the sorrows, of life. In the tragedy of the ancients, the sufferings of a being clothed prematurely with the splendors of immortality, which to their view was as transitory as life, offered a spectacle of woe far more impressive and awful than any exhibition of tragedy which can be displayed to the Christian believer.

Another peculiar characteristic which appears in

much of the Grecian tragedy, was the belief in Fate, or destiny. This belief formed the exact counterpart to their view of life, and cöoperated with it to form a perfect scheme, or system of tragedy. Having invested man as a finite being, with the energies and daring of an immortal nature, it was necessary to raise up an antagonist principle, which should both be the cause of, and account for, the trials and sufferings of life; those trials and sufferings, which to the believer in christianity, are comprehended as a preparation for a higher and better state of being. And this principle was discovered in the dark and malignant workings of Fate; a power utterly remorseless, inexorable, and unrelenting, from which nothing could escape, and against which man was born to wage a perpetual but ineffectual war. It was displayed in various ways; to the whole human race indiscriminately, it presented itself in the inevitable coming of death; but besides this, its power was peculiarly manifested in the sorrows and crimes of certain individuals. To some men their fate was predicted, and hung over them perpetually, in awful blackness, as in the case of Achilles, to whom the oracles had declared that he was fated to die under the walls of Troy. From others it was concealed, as when Agamemnon returned from Troy in triumph, only to be murdered by his wife. His fate was foreseen and announced by the prophetess Cassandra, though concealed from himself. But the most dreadful display of the power of Destiny, as conceived by the Greeks, was in those cases in which it seizes up-

on the innocent and virtuous, and drives them, without the least power of resistance, into the commission of the most awful and revolting crimes. An eloquent writer, who gives an instance of this kind of fate, says: — "The mysterious power of destiny is potent and appalling. Leading its unconscious, helpless victim through the dreary vicissitudes of madness, crime and misery, to a catastrophe of undeserved but unavoidable horror, it makes the gradual development of the *Cædipus Tyrannus*, the most heart-rending series of action that the imagination can conceive. We drink the cup of agony by drops, and find it regularly increase in bitterness to the close."

CHARACTER OF HECTOR.

Achilles was undoubtedly the favorite character of the *Iliad*, with the nations to whom Homer recited his rhapsodies, and perhaps with the various tribes of Greece, down to a much later day: his virtues were just calculated to impress and delight a warlike and semi-barbarous people, and the sublimity and sadness with which his doom invested him, must have added tenfold to their interest in a character in which a sense of nationality as well as military ardor found so high a satisfaction.

For the modern reader, however, who studies the *Iliad* without any of the prejudices of nationality, and with the superior estimate of character which arises from an appreciation of Christian virtues, the

attributes with which the old poet has invested Hector, have a far greater charm. In no one of his creations, has Homer so triumphantly vindicated his claim to immortality as in this character. His picture of Hector is absolutely prophetic. In delineating its traits, the old bard has stretched ages into the future; he has penetrated the darkness which overhung the world, and caught the gentle dawning of that light which did not beam upon mankind till he had slumbered a thousand years in the grave. Hector is almost a Christian character, and the perception of truth which enabled our poet to create such a character, seems to border upon the miraculous. He was probably aware that this picture would never be appreciated in his time, yet it is delightful to fancy that he confidently looked forward to an age which should comprehend and confess its excellence.

There is a story, that the architect of the famous Pharos, one of the wonders of the ancient world, engraved his own name in deep characters on the rocks of the tower; and then covered the inscription with cement, in which he traced the name of the monarch by whose command the Pharos was built. The ages rolled on, and the architect and the king slept in the earth; but the rains and the waves at last wore away the cement, and obliterated the record of the king, while the name of the master genius, who contrived this mighty work, now appeared in characters as enduring as the massy foundations. In the same way has Homer addressed the ages long succeeding his own time. With the dawning of new light, with the

appreciation of more exalted virtues, and the comprehension of nobler attributes in the nature of man, has come a more perfect appreciation of the transcendent powers of the Father of poetry. The waves of time have worn away the prejudice and ignorance which concealed the character of Hector, and now it stands out in living tracery an imperishable monument to the glory of Homer.

Our sympathies are first interested in favor of Hector, by his courage and his noble feats of arms. He stands before us a true hero, a lover of glory, surpassing his whole nation in bravery and in the terror of his name. The poet does ample justice to the prowess of Troy's great champion. His courage, however, is not mere animal ferocity; nor is it inspired by a mere thirst for glory. He is a patriot; a man of a large and benevolent heart; filled with zeal for his country, and tender regard for his fellow citizens. We do not feel sure, that had not Troy been assailed, he would have been distinguished in arms; the dangers and distresses of his father's kingdom have made him a hero; his martial prowess indeed forms a centre round which his other virtues are gathered, and gives to his whole character an interest which would be wanting without it; but, at the same time, the brilliancy of his glory is so softened by the milder hues which blend with it, that we sometimes almost forget the warrior in the more gentle and attractive qualities of the man.

One of his distinguishing traits is his piety; he has a profound reverence for the gods, and a devout

spirit of adoration. He never indulges in those reproaches which many of the heroes heap upon their deities in ill success; and even at the last moment, when he discovers the cruel deceit of Minerva, which has lured him to his doom, he utters no word of resentment or impiety; but his dying accents express an unwavering confidence that the gods will avenge his fate. He is a pious worshipper, yet nobly exempt from superstition. When Polydamus points to an omen in the skies, which seems to threaten danger, and warns him to retire from the field, how truly generous and patriotic is his reply! After reminding his companion that he had received the promise of Jupiter, he adds —

Consider we the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,
But the best omen is our country's cause.

Hector is the only one of the heroes of the Iliad, whom the poet has painted in the domestic relations of life; and it is from these that his character derives its peculiar charm. We see him as a son, a brother, a husband, and a parent; in each of which relations his traits are singularly beautiful. He is the idol of the people, and the dearest child of his parents. When he enters the city, the women gather round him to ask news of the battle, and his mother brings him wine to refresh him. The entreaties of his father and mother, that he would retire within the city and not abide the encounter of Achilles, and their frantic lamentations when he is slain,

are touching proofs of the deep love which he had inspired. In no way, however, does the gentleness and benevolence of his character appear more conspicuous than in his intercourse with Helen, on whose account all these woes had fallen upon the nation. Though he meets her but once, yet we feel, from her affectionate address to him, where she calls him her brother, and from his mild though sad reply, that he had never been otherwise than gentle and kind to the unhappy stranger; and are prepared by it for the touching lament which she utters when the lifeless body is brought to the city—

Ah ! dearer far than all my brothers else.

SPIRIT OF THE CLASSIC AGES.

The superstitions of the classic ages are not to be regarded as mere idle tales, fit only to amuse children. It should be remembered that these things have been devoutly and solemnly believed; that the heart has been lifted up in worship to these gods; that offerings of sincere praise and adoration have ascended in their temples; that weakness has been strengthened, hope confirmed, terror allayed, by this faith. That these superstitions have issued from the deepest sanctuary of the heart; that they have been hallowed by the strongest and tenderest emotions, the love that reaches beyond the grave, the tears of the mother, the anguish of the captive, the fortitude of the martyr, and the glorious death of the patriot.

False and absurd as they now appear, I cannot help regarding them with reverence, for what they once were ; and even now they have a kind of sacredness, as the remains of a gorgeous fabric which once towered in its pride to the heavens. They are useless, indeed, like the crumbling walls and fallen columns of the noble temples of ancient Greece ; but like them too, these ruins of a splendid mythology tell many a tale of the early glory of our race. They are principally interesting, however, as having exerted a powerful influence in forming the spirit of the age. The Greek, who believed himself constantly surrounded, watched, and aided by his gods, must of course have been deeply impressed with reverence for religion ; and, accordingly, we find that every occupation, employment, exploit, in which he engaged, was considered a direct act of homage to some deity. The peasant, as he trimmed his vines, or pressed out the wine from his reeking grapes, believed that this was an act of worship peculiarly grateful to Bacchus, the god of wine. The farmer remembered that the goddess Ceres had invented the plough, and she seemed to smile upon him from the yellow corn that waved on his fields. The mariner worshipped Neptune by sailing over the seas. The graceful dances by moonlight, of the Spartan virgins, were an act of praise to the goddess of Beauty. The hunter, in his wild and reckless chase, believed that he was doing homage to Diana. The warrior, as he marshalled his host and led his phalanx to battle, was performing grateful devotion to the god of War ; and the soldier felt.

inspired with new courage when he fancied that he beheld the magnificent form of Mars, hovering over the field of carnage in his blood-stained car — Discord holding the reins and urging on the fiery steeds, and Flight and Terror going before him. This feeling of religion extended equally to domestic and retired life; for there were gods whose peculiar charge was to preside over private houses and families. That feeling, which is so universal with us at the present day, which penetrates every breast, and moves the poor and the rich alike; which passes not away with our youth; which follows us in all countries, and through all changes, and is enshrined in the heart of hearts; that sacred emotion which finds expression in the magic word *home*; this feeling was known and recognized among the Greeks, but their lively imagination, not content with cherishing the emotion, invested it with a divine nature, and offered the tribute of adoration to the genius of Home.

The most important and lasting consequence of this profound and pervading religion was the development of the fine arts. A nation that was penetrated with the spirit of adoration, which had enshrined some presiding deity in every lovely spot, in every fountain grove, river or valley; which fancied some form of more than mortal beauty in every portion of the universe, was not content with these imaginings alone, but sought to embody in some material shape, the spirit which had received their worship. Hence arose sculpture, inspired by profound faith, kindled into life by enthusiastic devotion, and

glowing with the magical touch of genius. The sculptor felt that he was engaged in a holy labor, when he was called upon to portray the forms which were to receive the adoration of his country. And the architect was penetrated with the sublimity of his task as he reared the walls and columns of those colossal edifices which were to be the habitations of his gods. Nothing but a sentiment as profound and vivid as the religion of Greece, could have given birth to these matchless arts. The spirit has passed away, but the beauty and the grandeur will last forever.

The effect of this superstition was to render life in the classic ages, in a high degree poetical ; for it invested the ordinary occupations and duties of life with a religious and sacred character. War, agriculture, commerce, architecture, sculpture, painting, every enterprise in which man could engage, were clothed with deep sentiment, and had reference to a more than mortal existence. Superstition entered into every thing, and filled every walk of life with mystery and wonder. The soldier mounted a car which was ornamented with the emblems of war ; the carving of the vehicle had reference to more than mere beauty : it represented the divinities which were worshipped in the hour of battle, the fierce forms of Discord and the Furies ; the dreadful Gorgon heads, fiery war-horses ; all the terrible images which were fancied to be present, and to preside over the battle-field, were sculptured there, and inspired the warrior in the hour of carnage. The armor of those times was fanciful and poetical in its forms and ornaments.

The crested helmet exhibited some dreadful monster, breathing flames, and glaring on its foe with eyes of fire. The furniture of the houses was equally beautiful and picturesque. The drinking cup was embossed with clusters of grapes and wreathing vines; and heads of Bacchus, or the rural divinities who were supposed to preside at the vintage, peered from the handle or round the rim. The lamps were supported by little statues of bronze, or hung from the branches of graceful trees, formed of the same metal. The couches, tables, chairs, and other furniture, were highly ornamental and elegant in their forms, and by their rich carving conveyed an idea of something more elevated and refined than mere convenience or luxury. The most common articles of domestic use, even to the scales used in the kitchen, to weigh flour and bread, were adorned with graceful emblems, which reminded the owner of his all-pervading religion.

The routine of life was varied with occupations and duties, which were highly poetical. Hardly a day passed without some peculiar and beautiful ceremony. Processions might be seen sweeping along the streets, with boys and virgins clothed in white, and crowned with garlands, singing hymns, or moving in graceful dance, to lay their offerings on the shrine of some deity. For all the events of life, weddings or funerals, the birth-day or the coming of age, there were appropriate and graceful ceremonies; every changing season, every successive month, the rising and setting of the sun, the variations of

the weather, the fleeting hours, were celebrated as religious events. There were wrestlings in the open palæstra, where the form was displayed with the fancifulness of the sculptor; there were heroic games and races, there were mad revels on the mountain sides, and moonlight dances in the groves. The toils of the peasant were lightened with song; the maidens, as they carded the wool, or traced the rich embroidery, would tell some exquisite legend, with which their mythology abounded, to pass away the evening hours. The feast was made enchanting, with flowers, perfumes, and music; the barge was crowned with garlands; the purple sails were filled with balmy odors, and the silver oars moved to the sound of sweet recorders, and the mother sang the sweet lullaby, as she rocked her babe to sleep in the broad shield of his father.

Immediately connected with this poetical spirit, which overhung the fair land of Greece, was the intense love of the beautiful, which formed a conspicuous feature in the character of the classic ages. Not content with actual existence, the gifted race were constantly seeking to portray the perfect ideal which existed in their minds; and this conception of more than living beauty, enshrined itself in the wondrous statues, the paintings, and mosaics, and the matchless architecture.

ROMANTIC FICTION.

To enjoy or appreciate the romance or the fictions of the middle ages, we must read them in the right spirit ; that is, with a readiness to comprehend their beauties, and to yield ourselves up to their influence. We must begin with acknowledging and recognizing their extravagance. They all partake, more or less, of this character ; it forms one of their distinguishing features ; and, if we view it aright, it constitutes one of their chief beauties. The adventures and incidents, bear no more resemblance to the course of ordinary life, than the armor of a knight did to the human form. Yet, the array of the mailed warrior — his cuirass inlaid with gold, his blazoned shield, his proud crest, glittering above the barred visor — had a peculiar glory. Nothing can be more extravagant than a Gothic minster ; how grotesque is the carving ; behold the grim and unearthly monsters, which project their hideous heads and their claws, from the eaves ; behold the quaint forms of the saints, with rays of glory around their heads, and the angels, with outspread wings, who crowd the arches and vaults ; behold the pictured windows, whose very compartments tell many a tale, as wild and improbable as the most extravagant fictions of romance. Yet, is not Gothic architecture a perfect system ? Is not a Gothic Cathedral acknowledged to be a master-piece of art ? Have the hands of man ever reared anything more sublime ?

Is it not original, admirable, magnificent, beyond all other human creations? Does it not triumph over the temples of paganism, in mysterious grandeur, in the idea of vastness which it conveys, in the richness of its detail, in the sublimity of its whole effect and design, and in the deep significance of its structure, every portion of which proclaims the spirituality of our religion, as the elevating doctrines of Christianity, the future judgment, the life everlasting, triumph over the materialism of ancient worship?

Just so does the whole array of the literature of the romantic ages triumph over classic story. It is the Gothic architecture of literature. To a fanciful mind, the analogy would seem almost complete, between the ecclesiastical structures of the Gothic ages, and the romance to which they gave birth. To begin with the most humble instrument of literature, the character in which it is written, the old black letter. This is purely in character with Gothic architecture; the richness of ornament, the delicacy and boldness of the lines, the quaint forms, and the effect of the whole page, are all stamped with the features of the same system. But this is only a partial view of it; who can look upon the gorgeous page of an illuminated manuscript, with its grotesque, yet sublime, effigies of saints and martyrs — with the infinitely labored detail, with the varied and matchless hues, which seem as if they had been printed from the prismatic rays of some oriel — who can perceive this, and not confess that

the Gothic system pervades the outward form, at least, of literature ?

But there is a deeper analogy between them ; for they were both called into being by the same profound sentiment. The fervor of devotion, the martyr-like spirit, the faith and the zeal which breathed the breath of life into chivalry, and sanctified its institutions and its purposes, which created the order of architecture known as the Gothic, also created and inspired romantic literature : the same spirit, and the same characteristics, pervade the whole, and combine all into one grand and perfect system.

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The romance of King Arthur presents us with a bevy of characters, who are gathered into the fellowship of the Round Table, all stamped with the peculiar traits of chivalry, but who nevertheless display a sufficient degree of individuality and consistency of disposition, to distinguish each one, and to add an increased zest to the excitement of their adventures. We look in vain, it is true, for those perfect delineations of character, which form the glory of the Homeric poems. Shakspeare himself has not surpassed, in this respect, the earliest of poets. It has been well said of our great dramatist, that, in reading any of his principal plays, we might distinguish the different speakers by what they say, even if the names were not prefixed to the sentences which they utter ; this remark equally applies to Homer. Each of the principal personages is represented with such consummate art, that we per-

ceive his distinct individuality at once. We seem to have met and conversed with him. We feel certain how he would act, and what he would say, under such and such circumstances. We are no more in danger of confounding the different characters, or of mistaking one for the other, than in the experience of real life. This is not the case with the heroes of romance; their individual traits are less plainly marked, and are in a degree merged, in the general attributes of the chivalrous character. A spirit is over them, which is stronger than the force of individual natures; and which bends into resemblance, dispositions, originally of a contrary tendency; an atmosphere is around them, which spreads over all, a brilliant and fanciful, but uniform, hue. The disguise of the armor, which conceals friend from friend, and brother from brother, seems in a manner to extend to the character, and to conceal the traits, as it bars over with the iron visor the lineaments of the countenance; and as the mailed knights are distinguished by the blazonry on their shields, so their individual attributes seem to be chiefly apparent, through the medium of chivalrous sentiment and purposes.

We may find an analogy for this difference between the classic and romantic creations of character in the sculpture of the two schools. Classic sculpture seeks to portray the perfection of the human form; it rejects all drapery that conceals the outline; it resents every form of unadorned beauty, heightened by the charms of perfect execution, grace

and symmetry. Every statue has its entire individuality ; the Apollo bears no more resemblance to the Hercules, than the character of the Patron of Genius and the Arts to that of the God of Strength. The Venus, the Diana, the Laocoon, the Niobe of ancient sculpture, are equally marked by their own peculiar traits.

Gothic sculpture, on the other hand, arrays the human form in massive panoply, or in full and concealing drapery ; it presents the forms of warriors in complete armor, of mitred abbots or sceptred kings in robes of state. With peculiar magnificence it decorates the tomb with the effigies of those who have died in the faith — for on the tomb, the threshold of another world, the sculpture of Christianity delights to proclaim the triumph over death, the life eternal, and the joys of paradise ! But we look in vain among its efforts for that exquisite finish and that complete individuality which mark the productions of the Grecian chisel.

Thus it is with the characters of romance compared with the creations of classic fiction. Yet their attributes are not entirely blended ; though we do not easily become acquainted with them, and for a long time can distinguish them only by their trappings and their exploits. We nevertheless do find at last, we have formed a pretty distinct idea of the separate and native character of each one of the heroes — almost insensibly, to be sure, and by slow degrees ; but, once perceived, they remain fixed and constant.

It is like looking through the atmosphere; for a short distance it is cloudless and invisible; but as we gaze upon remoter objects, we perceive that the air has given them a softened tinge of azure; and when we look upwards into the broad expanse, it has gathered into a form of noble symmetry, and shines with celestial blue; while here and there the rays of the rising or the parting sun shoot upward towards the zenith and light up the vast dome with a golden splendor.

As would be expected, by the manner in which this work was composed, there is no connected plot pervading the whole; it is a tissue of romantic legends, succeeding each other, with but slight connection; and bearing little nearer relation to each other than that they are commemorative of the deeds of Arthur and his knights.

The life of the king forms the nucleus or centre round which these legends gather; the book begins with his birth, details his adventures, and closes with his death and the incidents attendant upon it; but it is filled with episodes almost entirely unconnected with the main subject: they succeed each other with no apparent order, like the pictured stories of the compartments of a cathedral window; but they partook of the same grotesque and gothic splendor, and here and there glow with lines so rich that they appear like the inestimable touches of a lost art.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

A noble occupation seems to me to be presented in the study of the philosophy of history. This science appears to be yet almost in its infancy. It has various and important branches which yet require great cultivation. Improvements are to be made in the art of writing, and the not less important art of reading, history. It may be, that the history of the human race is to be re-written. It may be, that, with this increased amount of knowledge, there shall be a wiser philosophy of history, which, not contented with the rude records we now possess, shall construct, from the chaos of facts, a new universe of history, in whose beautiful symmetry we may see the career of mankind presented, not, as on a map, in dry and unmeaning detail, but in faithful and glowing pictures, which shall at once delight and instruct. History is to be re-read also. There must be new conclusions drawn from its facts ; there must be new intelligence brought to the study ; the powers of a more enlightened philosophy will not fail to deduce from it lessons of an importance and value that have never yet been realized.

Above all, the philosophy of history seems to open a boundless field to the mind in the contemplation of the intercourse of God with man. A history of the Jews has been composed by a German writer, in the common form ; a narration of the facts which occurred in the origin, progress, and decline of that re-

markable people, without any peculiar reference to the direction and interposition of God in their affairs, as they are detailed in the Scriptures. Now it appears to me, that the very reverse of this process ought to be applied, if not to the composition at least to the study of history. Far be it from me to recommend anything like a superstitious spirit in this, or any kind of composition. But I would have history written with a distinct acknowledgment that the destinies of all human beings are immediately swayed by the hand of the Almighty; and that however ingenious we may be in the search and discovery of second causes, we must never lose sight of the fact, that a great and all-pervading Spirit governs all, and is the First Cause and Actual Principle of the universe.

It is possible, that the successful cultivation of history under such influences, might lead to the foundation of a new science. It has often occurred to me, that it might be the glorious destiny of some mind to discover, if I may use the expression, the philosophy of God's providence, the principle upon which the government of the Almighty over man has been conducted; the system on which He has conducted the progress of the human race, and which will continue while human nature continues as it is. Nothing is more common than to hear of the mysterious ways of Providence. In the common events of life—the career of every human being, the sufferings of the good, the prosperity of the wicked, the successful career of crime, the awful fate of nations,—

we are baffled in our attempts to explain the will of God. Indeed, so hopeless does the task appear, that we have invented a term to express the just distribution of good and evil, that carries with it an implication, that what it denotes does not exist in actual experience. The expression so often used, *Poetical Justice*, might suggest a long train of reflections to a thinking mind. Were the eyes of men open to the providence of God, we should see that, in the career of every individual, poetical justice is done.

The time may come, when some mighty genius, profoundly versed in history and in the Bible, shall effect, for the study of the Almighty's dealings with man, what Bacon did for science; shall point out the proper mode of contemplating them, of reasoning upon them, of drawing conclusions from them, and shall reveal to the astonished world a system of such wonderful beneficence, wisdom, harmony, and perfection, that the order of the created universe shall seem but a far inferior counterpart.

To such a mind will the sublime prayer of Milton be answered —

“ ——— What in me is dark

• Illumine; what is low, raise and support :
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to man.”

POETRY IN THE PRESENT AGE.

The imaginative powers also seem to me to be inexhaustible. I am aware that it is a favorite doctrine of the present day, that the sources of poetry are diminishing. We live, it is said, in an age of realities, of utility, of common sense—but not of poetry; the time for poetry was in the heroic ages of Greece, in the unknown antiquity of Italy, in the glorious days of chivalry. This opinion is undoubtedly erroneous; it arises from the common mistake of fancying that certain periods were poetical, because we live at too remote an age from them to be aware of the common-place realities of existence, which did in fact encumber the people of those times as much as they trouble us at present. No age is poetical to itself. Those occupations, pursuits, manners, customs, habits of life, which any state of society induces, are the realities of life to those who practise them. To a later age they appear poetical, but certainly not at the time when they are common.

In that fine old poem, the *Odyssey*, we have a very beautiful description of the Princess Nausicaa and her companions returning from washing clothes on the banks of the river. This seems highly poetical, as it comes from the hands of the ancient bard. But how did it appear to the real actors in the scene? Certainly anything but poetical. It was their business, their duty, and do it they must, probably as often as once a week, just as in the present time.

Sometimes, undoubtedly, they were disturbed in the operation by a rainy day; this put them out of temper, perhaps, which was not poetical, or the river was cold, and the young ladies in the days of Ulysses not being web-footed, (and it would have been very unpoetical if they had been,) took bad colds in the head; and this decidedly was not poetical. Then came other disasters, among which might be reckoned the picked-up dinner which king Alcinous was undoubtedly obliged to put up with, on washing-days. This position might be illustrated by numerous examples, but the time would fail. The principle I would teach is, that distance in time, like distance in space, "lends enchantment to the view." It conceals the rugged features of life, and spreads over them a misty and beautiful hue, like the blue of our distant hills, and as the far-off mountains and the clouds that skirt the horizon, can scarcely be distinguished at times, so life, viewed in the horizon of antiquity, appears to blend with the unreal and imaginary, the cloud-piles that rear themselves in the heaven of invention.

To a future race the present times may offer no fewer sources of poetry than the heroic or chivalric ages do to us. Did the Trojan war, or the wanderings of Æneas afford a higher subject to the epic muse, than the career of Napoleon will do? Even now, the shades of poetry are closing upon his history; and the future poet will find a subject worthy of the powers of a Milton, in that colossal enterprise of the Man of Destiny, the attempted conquest of

Russia. I doubt whether the history of the world affords an exploit, which, considered with regard to its intrinsic greatness and the immense consequences to which it led, is more truly sublime and heroic than the burning of Moscow, the mightiest holocaust that was ever offered up on the altar of Patriotism.

DON QUIXOTE.

The ludicrous effect of Don Quixote is produced by the contrasts which appear not merely between the conceits, fancies, and the great ruling monomania of Don Quixote, and the realities of life, but also between the real, unassumed traits of his character, such as we have observed them, and the circumstances of his outward existence in all respects. And in so framing his work, Cervantes appears to me to have displayed the highest order of wit, and to have achieved his greatest triumph. The idea of a crazy man fancying himself a knight-errant in the midst of the days of chivalry, mistaking taverns for castles, ordinary peasant girls for peerless ladies, wind-mills for giants, and sheep for soldiers; constantly acting under this strange infatuation, constantly rebutting by stubborn realities, yet never for a moment convinced of, or even suspecting the fallacy of his conceptions, and plunging deeper and deeper into the sea of absurdities which his disordered brain has created, is indeed a source of endless amusement and an inexhaustible display of hu-

mor and wit. But the genius of Cervantes perceived that a deeper source of wit was opened in the contrast between the moral and intellectual qualities of the knight, between his whole spiritual existence and his physical being; his age, appearance, and strength, and the whole array of his worldly circumstances. Let us illustrate this idea by examples.

In the examination of his character, we have seen that he is a truly chivalrous person; his soul is filled with the lofty sentiments of romance; in addition to this, he is completely familiar with all the customs, requisitions, and magnificence of ideal chivalry. The real circumstances of his life are, that he is advanced beyond the meridian of life, he is grim and lantern-jawed, with a physiognomy rather hideous; not very strong; miserably arrayed in the fragments of an ancient panoply; poorly armed, and worse mounted on a steed, whose name of Rozinante will stand forever for the image of a starved, broken-down hack; of scanty income, and in every possible way deprived of all the paraphernalia which confer dignity or splendor upon chivalry. The chivalrous sentiments which inspire him, are becoming to a young man in the bloom of life; indeed, he must be but a poor character, who never, in his early days, experienced any such dreams and aspirations; but they are made ludicrous by their utter inaptness to the age and respectability of Don Quixote. The passion of love, too, which has taken such hold of him, has nothing in it of the ridiculous, when it appears in the young and romantic heroes of ideal

chivalry, but is infinitely absurd in a toothless old creature, who has passed the time for youthful passion. His high sense of honor, and his perfect good faith, again contrast most amusingly, with the selfish and false nature of his companion, and the tricks and falsehood of the low company into which he falls, or the ingenious frauds of the higher classes, who comprehend his mania, and attempt to humor it.

We must not fail to notice, that the entire character, and all the circumstances of Don Quixote, are exactly contrived, to render the contrast between them as strong as possible ; any change would injure or destroy their effect. Suppose, for instance, that instead of making him a feeble, poor old man, Cervantes had assigned to him great personal strength, had arrayed him in perfect armor, mounted him on a powerful war-horse, and given him an attendant equally well equipped, but in all other respects left the picture just as we now have it ; the story must soon have ended, for he would either have broken his neck against the first windmill that he encountered, or else would have committed such terrible devastation among peaceable and unarmed men, whom he mistook for knights-errant, or among flocks of sheep, which he supposed to be armies, that he must have been destroyed as a public terror. Or, suppose that he had been represented in all respects as he now appears, excepting that he had been made in reality a coward, instead of the truly brave man, as we now have him ; the effect of this would have been, either to entirely destroy our interest in him,

as it must have defeated many of the most amusing incidents, or else it would have degraded the work to a mere farce, which would have been forgotten long ago. Suppose that he had been represented as a shrewd and calculating person, would not the whole character have appeared ill-contrived, disjointed, and unnatural? and would not the effect he now produces upon us have been lost for ever? Lastly, we must observe, that the pictures which Cervantes presents to us, never degenerate into caricatures; there is nothing forced, unnatural, or impossible in any of his characters. "Even in the midst of madness," says an able writer, "we respect Don Quixote himself. We pity the delusion, we laugh at the situation, but we revere, in spite of every ludicrous accompaniment, and of every insane exertion, the noble spirit of the Castilian gentleman." So with his other personages; they produce their humorous effect upon us, not by transcending or violating human nature, but by their perfect and wonderful harmony with it. The wit of Cervantes is never degraded into farce; throughout it commands our respect, while it convulses us with laughter.

The Spanish Academy, in their splendid edition of Don Quixote, seem to have adopted this idea; for, in the numerous engravings by which the work is illustrated, they make no approach to caricature. The Don is ever represented as a forlorn and woful figure, yet every inch a gentleman. Never entirely ungraceful, and never undignified. Sancho appears as the rude and churlish-minded clown, but not a

monster ; and Rozinante, as the lean, half-starved jade, but never like one of those impossible horses, which caricature delights to portray.

I conclude, with the remarks of the critic whom I have already quoted. " In our time it is certain, almost all readers must be content to lose a great part of the delight with which Don Quixote was read on its first appearance. The class of works, to parody and ridicule which was Cervantes' first and most evident purpose, has long since passed into almost total oblivion ; and therefore a thousand traits of felicitous satire must needs escape the notice, even of those best able to seize the general scope, and appreciate the general merit of the history of the ingenious hidalgo." Mr. Southey's admirable edition of *Amadis de Gaul*, and Palmerin, of England, have indeed revived among us something of the once universal taste for the old and stately prose romances of chivalry ; but it must be had in mind, that Cervantes wrote his book for the purpose, not of satirizing these works, which are among the most interesting relics of the rich, fanciful, and lofty genius of the middle ages ; but of extirpating the race of slavish imitators, who, in his day, were deluging all Europe, and more particularly Spain, with eternal caricatures of the venerable old romance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Matanzas, November 26th, 1842.

THE voyage was eighteen days long, and we arrived here on Thanksgiving day, just at the time that you were probably gathering, in some joyful family circle, round the festive board. Think if I was not with you, in heart and wishes at least ! Our voyage was most uncomfortable. All the old sailors on board said, they had scarcely ever made so rough a passage ; and sure I am, that all my voyaging put together is nothing compared with it. And yet we had but one small gale of wind, and only two days of rain ; but the voyage was excessively rough, notwithstanding. It constantly reminded me of an adverse game of whist ; sometimes we had a fine fair wind ; but just so surely we encountered a head sea, which prevented the vessel from making much progress, and kept her tossing and pitching so, that one could hardly know his head from his feet. And this was like holding a good hand of cards, and having them all trumped. Sometimes we had smooth seas and head winds, so that for five whole days we

only made fifty miles on our course; but during these days, the weather was pleasant, and the sea calm. And this seemed to me like having such poor cards, that you could never get the lead, and therefore had no other trouble than to follow suit, and let your cards be taken. Sometimes we had dead calms, but rough seas, and the vessel rolling deep from side to side.

* * * * *

We came on shore towards night, on Thursday, and took lodgings at a boarding-house, kept by a Señora Palas, a Spanish woman. I believe it is the best in Matanzas; and so to give you a touch of life here, I will write a short description of our room.

We are in a room, which would be fifteen feet square, if it were square at all; but it is not; nor is it of any shape that has a name in geometry, geology, or geography, so far as my researches extend. It is finished precisely like the interior of your coach-house, excepting that the floor is made of planed boards; the walls and ceiling are of rough boards, with the joists and beams left bare; and the whole very sumptuously whitewashed. There is one window of glass, a great rarity in Cuba. The furniture consists of two beds, covered with mosquito nets, two washstands, two chairs, one table, and one small looking-glass. Everything is kept very neat, however. The whole house is finished like our chamber. We take our meals in a large hall, which is very cool and pleasant. And the table is very neatly set, and has plenty of good things on it; to

which an excellent appetite enables me to do ample justice.

From our chamber window we have a view of the hills around Matanzas, which are very picturesque ; covered with verdure, and dotted here and there with pretty white country-houses. The houses in Matanzas are almost all of one story. And the arrangement of the streets, with a narrow raised foot-walk on each side, and the long row of low houses, reminded me very strongly of the ruined city of Pompeii. I think, too, that I can discover a resemblance, in the internal arrangement of these houses, to those of the Roman city. The kitchens are exactly alike.

November 30th.

We went one afternoon, to look down upon the valley of Cumbre (is not that a pretty name ?) Mounting our horses, we began to ascend a hill, immediately after emerging from the town. After climbing about two miles, we found ourselves on a rather narrow ridge, from which the view was magnificent. On our right hand, the hills sloped gently down, for about two miles, to the bay shore, and we could trace the whole length of the bay, running in from the sea, about five or six miles, and the pretty picturesque town at its very extremity. Far beyond were the mountains of Camerico, rising into sharp peaks and pinnacles. In front, the hills again sloped gradually down, for a distance of three miles, and there lay the waters of the Gulf of

Mexico, a sea of ultramarine blue, meeting the horizon. On the left hand, the hill descended almost precipitously, so that directly beneath our feet was the valley of Cumbre. You can form a very perfect idea of this valley, by remembering the view at Northampton of the meadows and Mount Holyoke. The valley of Cumbre has the same rich look as the meadows, only heightened by the tropical luxuriance, and the groups of giant palm trees, scattered over it. Just beyond it rises the Pan of Matanzas, a high mountain which bounds the prospect.

Cafetal La Martha, December 8th, 1842.

Here we are, embowered in groves of orange trees, and looking out of long avenues of palms and mangoes, and various other fantastic plants, in which dame Nature has displayed her witcheries. I am sitting at a table, which, for the sake of the cool air, I have ordered to be carried out on the piazza. It is near to five o'clock in the afternoon, and the daylight will not last more than an hour longer. This departing hour belongs to you; by the magical spell of this letter, I shall rescue it from the grasp of the past. In a fortnight, or three weeks, or whenever the time may be, that this letter reaches you, you will live over again, while you read this, the hour which I am now living. I wish I could transmit with it, the delightful scenery which surrounds me; the balmy air I am breathing, the rich festooned

and glowing verdure, which blooms on every side. We are living on a small coffee estate, about twenty miles from Matanzas ; an avenue, rough with grass and weeds, leads from the king's great road. The first half mile of this avenue, is rude and unshaded ; the next quarter of a mile rather pleasanter ; and the last quarter overbowered by a beautiful row of oranges on each side. Here we are in the most perfect retirement. No other house is in sight, or near us ; no sound of the world comes to us, except at matins and vespers, when the fine deep tones of some Spanish bell—not from church tower, but from the estates around us—calling the family to oraciones, is borne to us on the morning or evening breeze.

The estate of La Martha is a pretty grove, perhaps half a mile square ; the undergrowth being the coffee tree, which is very green and pretty, about four feet high, and overshadowed by plantains, orange, lemon, mango, and palm trees. The house stands in the middle of the estate ; it is a neat cottage of stone, whitewashed, with piazzas all round it, and spacious rooms, and floors of a composition as hard as stone. We have plenty of horses, excellent for the saddle, and we ride every day ; and the beauty of the whole is, that the entire country around us is a perfect wilderness of paths among the mountains and forests, and over the plains ; not roads, but only horse-paths, like those we used to delight to explore at home—now leading, by wild passes, which make me think of the scenery where

Don Quixote met Cardenio and the beautiful Dorothea — now winding under the shadow of some dense hedge, higher than our heads — now emerging upon some vast savannah, waving with sugar cane, or leading us by the shaded and stately avenues of some coffee estate, through all of which we have perfect liberty to ride. I have become so strong, that a dozen miles' ride is nothing to me. I was in the saddle, almost without stopping, for two hours and a half, this morning. I think we might find some new road to explore every day, if we were to stay here all winter. The thermometer ranges a little above eighty, all the day long ; but there is always a fine breeze, which makes the heat easy to bear.

Cafetal la Martha, near Limonal, Dec. 11, 1842.

I am on a coffee estate named La Martha, about five miles from a village, consisting of perhaps a dozen huts or cottages, with a small stone church, this village being about twenty miles eastward of Matanzas. We spent nine days in that city, and a week ago came to this place. We intended to travel half the distance by water. There is a very beautiful river emptying into the bay of Matanzas, called the Canimai ; and it is a very common way for people going to Limonal to hire a boat, with four stout men, and row up the Canimai about a dozen miles, and then take carriages for Limonal. This was our plan, and accordingly we got up very early and made everything ready for our boatmen ; but to our great

disappointment, the owner of the boat came to inform us that the Norther was dashing the waves so furiously over a sand-bar, at the mouth of the river, that no boat could live there. As we were determined not to stay any longer in Matanzas, we immediately set about hiring two volantes, to convey us and our luggage; and in somewhat less time than is required to settle the North Eastern Boundary question, we concluded a bargain with the proprietor. O that my aunt Margaret's mirror could have been displayed to my friends at home, just at that moment, that they might have seen us as we started. The travelling party consisted of Mr. H., of Boston, Henry P. and myself. The volantes were each drawn by two horses; one harnessed in the shafts, the other abreast of him, on the near side, being attached to the carriage by traces of preposterous length, and rode by the calesero. In the first volante, Mr. H. and I took our places. We had a trunk tied, (not fastened) behind, and a large carpet bag under our feet. Hal took possession of the other volante, having a trunk behind; and inside the carriage, beside himself, was a trunk, a carpet-bag, a tin canister of crackers, and two hams, which we were requested to leave at a plantation through which we were to pass. Our equipages were anything but stylish; the caleseros were ragged and barefooted; the harnesses of rope and leather, which were like the fossil of a harness; and as for the steeds, the very turkey-buzzards could not resist the temptation of accompanying them on the way. Off we went, like mad; the

huge wheels of the volantes passing without jolting us, over rocks, and through gullies, which would have broken the heart of a Yankee coachman. The horse which went in the shafts of our volante had an inconvenient propensity to go down a hill when he ought to have gone up, which amusing idiosyncrasy somewhat impeded our journey, as we were obliged to walk up the hills; while our Spanish vocabulary was much enlarged by the language addressed by the two caleseros to this theoretic animal between the application of their whips. One time, as we were riding along very pleasantly, where no stone projected more than three feet above the road, crash went our carriage all at once; and we perceived that we had made a considerable descent. It was only that the wheel had come off. The trouble was soon over, and we had no other adventure, except fording a river where the water flowed six inches deep over the floor of the volante. We held up our feet, and comforted ourselves by thinking how much better we fared than Pharaoh did when he rode after the Israelites. We are boarding with a widow, who lives with her niece on a very pretty coffee estate, near Limonal. The quiet is delightful here — we are out of sight, and out of hearing, of any other house; except, that sometimes the sound of the matin, or vesper bell, from some plantation near to us, comes sweetly along the breeze. It is the fashion here to hang up a large church bell on the estates, and to ring it morning and evening, when the family are supposed to say their prayers. The effect is delightful; sometimes

we hear four or five of these fine-toned Spanish bells at once; the sound coming to us from different directions. We are embowered in the rich and passionate foliage of the tropics — avenues and paths wind about in every direction, and afford shady walks even at noon-day. I have certainly seen nothing so beautiful as the mornings here. They have a balmy freshness in them, which reminds one of Milton's pictures of Paradise. The sun rises amidst a drapery of clouds, of a soft yellowish hue, like the wings of the bird of Paradise, but soon comes out clear. The dews are like rain, absolutely drenching; and the drops hang on the grass and trees, as if it had been raining diamonds all night. The birds are singing; the weather is warm — almost hot — winter seems to have gone a masking in the garb of young summer; and the delightful air inspires a cheerfulness and lightness of heart, which no other climate can effect.

Havana, Dec. 29, 1842.

I wish you could have been with us on that beautiful ride to see the glories of a Cuban forest — the road broad, and rough enough, but made a complete arbor by the overreaching trees. So far from finding my early recollections of Cuba disappointed by this second visit, I am even now filled with wonder at the excessive beauty of the scenery, and the brilliancy of the climate. It seems as if nature were passionate in the very formation of the soil here, as well

as in the luxuriance of vegetation — the scenery is absolutely theatrical, if I may apply so feeble a word to so grand a thing. Hills and valleys, rivers, precipices, and rocks and forests, seem to be grouped on purpose for effect, and this gladdening sun over all. Yet on the whole, the longer I stay here, I am more than ever impressed with the disgusting horrors of slavery; far more than when I was here before. I will not enter into any details; they would be too shocking to you. I have seen many things, and heard many things, which would have almost broken your heart to see and hear; and yet the cruelty of slavery is not what makes the deepest impression upon me. What I now perceive far more than I ever did before, is the curse that slavery is to the whites. To them it seems to me more dreadful than to the negroes; it degrades, subdues, pollutes and deadens them.

January 8, 1843.

My early impressions of this island are not at all disappointed; the country is not less beautiful nor is life less magnificent than my memory had painted. But at the same time, I have a curious feeling connected with everything here. I feel as if all was outside show, without any reality. The superb roads which branch out of the city in every direction, soon end in quagmires and open wastes; and in the same way I feel as if the civilization would break down at every step. I cannot feel a confidence in anything; it seems to me that the wealth and refinement which are before me, are only exotics blooming in hot-beds

on the very verge of deserts of barbarism ; everything confirms this feeling ; the very prices of things here seem to me only a practical joke — a masking which can last but little while. The rent of a house is more than the whole income of a rich man in any other country ; the price of provisions would be an infallible sign anywhere else of a prevailing famine. I go into a little mean-looking shop, which you might set bodily into your wash-house, and I judge from the price of two or three articles which I ask for, that the stock on hand in the same proportion must be worth the fortune of a prince. The owner seems to be playing at shop-keeping for his own amusement ; asking prices only to excite a laugh, without the remotest expectation of ever selling anything on such terms. In short, the prices of everything seem to me as if they could only be meant for a carnival, and that nothing but universal ruin could ensue, if they were to continue for any time. Among other hollow mockeries, are the poor shreds of religion which are left. The church has come to be despised ; even the outward forms of religion, which existed when I was here before, have now almost passed away. The monks, who thronged the streets before, are seen no longer ; convents are suppressed, churches closed, ecclesiastical property thrown into the market. The old church of St. Francisco, the architecture of which I have always admired so much, and the enormous convent attached to it, are now converted into government store-houses.

La Recompensa, February 5, 1843.

Dr. and Mrs. Morell are all kindness. I have been a fortnight in their hospitable mansion, and they still urge me to stay longer. I get up at half past six every morning, and ride on horseback for an hour. There are pretty rides in every direction about here; wandering away amid the forests, sometimes emerging into the wide open fields without fences, sometimes bordered by lime hedges and colonnades of palm-trees, with the beautiful coffee estates behind them. I had quite forgotten the beauty of the potreros or pasture grounds, till I came here this time. These are vast open fields, with clumps of palms or other trees scattered about, as in an English park, and perhaps in the back ground a forest, or grove of trees, clear of undergrowth and affording an impenetrable shade even at noonday. The green sward, however, does not compare with that of England or our country, the grass being coarse, ragged and thin. But the palm trees give it an air of majesty and grandeur. You would take one of these potreros to be the park and pleasure-grounds of some giant, some colossal race, who could not walk beneath the shades of our lilliputian oaks and elms. They look as if the Titans might have roamed in those groves, and rested beneath those palms. If I find that I must pass the next winter here, of which I have some apprehension, I shall devote the whole summer to studying that portion of botany, or whatever the science is, which relates to forest trees, and spend my time while in the country here, in making an account of

the forest trees, which I consider one of the greatest curiosities in the island, even more so than the fruit trees.

This island seems to me politically and commercially to be in a miserable condition. The government is growing every year more oppressive and more odious to the native inhabitants and the owners of estates. All the offices of government are given to the natives of old Spain, and a hungry army of place-holders of every degree and kind come to wring out all they can extort from this oppressed people. Every contrivance, by which money can be extorted, in the shape of taxes and imposts, is now resorted to. For instance, quite lately an edict has been published, requiring every male white to obtain from the captain of the partido or county in which he resides, a licencia, or permission to reside there; thus people are obliged now, in 1843, to obtain a license to live on estates where, perhaps, they were born and have lived till their old age. This license costs nearly two dollars for each man. If a person desires to pass from one country to another, he must have another license, which costs as much. Similar laws are enacted about slaves, occasioning great expense to their owners. Only a few weeks ago, Dr. Morell had loaded his carts to send the coffee crop into the city; some of the carts had started, and others were just ready to go, when a friend arrived from the city with the astounding news, that a bando or edict had just been published, ordering that no carts should go upon the highway with fellies less than six inches

broad. The cruelty and tyranny of such an edict, does not appear in its whole extent at first. Such laws are often made in civilized countries, but they are always promulgated five or six years before they are to go into effect, so that the change may be gradual, allowing time for old wheels to wear out before the new ones are required. But in this case, the wheels were required to be changed immediately, at a moment's warning. This would have plunged a large class of poor men into utter ruin. The arrieros are owners of carts and oxen, and their business is to convey the crops of coffee and sugar into the city, for exportation. They are very numerous of course, and their whole capital is invested in these conveyances ; the cost of changing their wheels would have ruined them. But besides this, the roads are of such a nature, that the broad fellies could not be dragged through them ; and it would have cost about as much as the crops were worth to transport them for any distance with such wheels. Here then was a desperate loss threatening the planters. Urgent remonstrances were made to the Governor ; and he, finding it a law which it was impossible to put into practice, gave it up. I have mentioned this, to show you the kind of tyranny to which these unhappy people are subjected.

February 10th.

From the deepest abode of loneliness and silence, I salute you, dear M., as one who would welcome and hail, as I have done, this profound retirement.

I am as much alone here, as I could be in the deserts of Africa. I hear the voices of man, but they utter no sound that wakes my reason. I listen to the footsteps of childhood, but for me they are charged with no gladness. I am far away from all with whom I can hold any converse, or find any sympathy. I came to this beautiful place, three weeks ago, and have passed my time very happily here. Three days ago, Dr. and Mrs. Morell were called to Havana, on urgent business; and as I was at that time a little unwell, and not able to leave, it was settled that I should remain here as long as I chose, and play the hermit. Nothing could have been more to my taste, for a variety, than this arrangement. A few days of entire desolateness, with no companions, but my books and the memory of my friends, — no conversing, but with my own thoughts. So I have set up my household gods, and they watch over me in silence. Around me are the huts of the negroes; on the green sward, the little swarthy scions of servitude are playing out their few gambols, which must soon give way to the iron hand of labor. "There are his young barbarians all at play."

I find myself in the very temple of solitude. I can hear the golden sands, as they drop in the glass of time. I catch the tones of that celestial music, which is never heard but in the presence of perfect stillness. Kind nature wooes me, with her thousand voices; from the bowers of flowering roses, from the aromatic coffee-groves, from the

green and gold avenues of oranges, she comes and lays her gentle hands upon me, and leads me abroad into this, her very garden. Beautiful sights and sounds refresh me. She bids me see winter masked for the gay carnival, in the green mantle and emeralds of our June; and then she whispers the names of dear friends far away, and promises that I shall live to see them again. Think you not that I am happy in my solitude? How strange are the fortunes which have sent me here, a lonely mariner, thrown on an island in the ocean of time, the sport of its waves! All life is a mystery; for our existence is a kaleidoscope, of which we are only permitted to see the wrong end. Dimly through the glass we discover a few shining fragments, lying in a disordered heap, without shape or comeliness, — without design or significance. The eye of omniscience looks through the other extremity, and beholds the perfect picture, symmetrical and graceful, glowing with divine hues, instinct with meaning, and harmonious and complete in design. We can do nothing to penetrate the mystery of these glittering fragments which we see; our lives change, as the picture which they form changes; we can only trust shape.

Havana, February 21, 1843.

I am now passing my last week in Havana; for, if I should return here from Jamaica, I shall embark almost immediately for New Orleans. My

recollections of the island are in no way disappointed; the country is not less lovely, the city not less picturesque, the climate, though we have had a poor specimen of it, not less balmy than I remembered it. Havana is certainly the most peculiar and odd place that I ever was in.

I went this morning to look at the deserted church and monastery of San Francisco. When I was here before, it was full of monks, and all the imposing rites of the Romish religion were performed there. The whole establishment, church and all, has been seized by the government, for a sort of storehouse, and the monks expelled. This was nothing but high-handed robbery, on a very large scale. The building is immense; I should say it covers quite as much ground as the Astor House, though it is not so high. The church is at least as large, and I should think as costly, as the New Trinity in New York. The steeple is very beautiful; it has no spire, but rises up in a succession of square towers, finely proportioned, and gradually diminishing in size, to the height of two hundred feet; the whole of solid blocks of stone. On the summit is a statue of the saint, of the same grey stone. The dome over the transept is also very finely proportioned, and is built of blocks of stone of solid masonry. I went in, and found the lower part occupied by boxes of sugar and bags of coffee, which were piled even on the floor of the church; but when we mounted up one story, we found all silent and deserted. The building inside is divided

into several quadrangles ; long arched galleries surrounding the open court, and opening into the cells of the monks. It is quite magnificent from its size and grandeur. Innumerable stone staircases, with richly-carved balustrades, and broad enough for a palace, conduct to the various parts of the building, which is a perfect labyrinth, and the most romantic place, and would answer entirely for the scene of one of Mrs. Radcliff's novels. The silence, and solitude, and vastness of the place, were absolutely oppressive ; it seemed, at every moment, as if the shade of some old abbot would start out at the sound of the strange feet, which were profaning these sacred retreats. The windows, on one side, look out on the bay ; and one cannot help thinking what a pleasant life the monks must have led here.

Picturesque is the proper word to apply to Havana. There is nothing to see but the outside of things ; you need no study to see this city. You see no genuine works of art. Architecture is peculiar, but perfectly out of rule here, except that the very peculiarity constitutes a style in itself, which is imposing and beautiful, but unknown to the art ; and, as I have told you, I believe, in my former letters, there are no collections of statues or paintings, or books. For the Creoles, the native population of the island, I feel a mingled pity and contempt ; pity, for their circumstances, and contempt, for their characters. The oppressions of the English government, which brought on our war of independence, were trifles, compared with the tyranny under

which these colonists are groaning. They are absolutely becoming impoverished with the taxes, as you may imagine, when I tell you that fourteen millions of revenue are raised by taxes and imposts, in this island, annually. The population is a million and a half, including slaves and free blacks. The revenue raised by the United States, with seventeen millions of inhabitants, is but a little over twenty millions. Of the fourteen million dollars paid in taxes here, annually, only about three millions are needed for the government of the island; all the rest is poured into the treasury of Spain. You will ask, naturally, why they do not attempt to establish their independence? They are entirely unfit to do it; they have not numbers, or intelligence, or courage enough for the task. They are cowards, and only fit to be slaves; and if they could, by any strange accident, throw off the Spanish yoke, they have neither sense or virtue enough to govern themselves. And in speaking of this, we have another beautiful illustration of the effect of slavery. The number of slaves in the island is just as useful to Spain, in keeping the colonists in subjection, as a standing army would be. The owners of slaves dare not engage in any hostilities against the government, because they are well aware, that the moment they should make any show of resistance, that moment would be the signal of general insurrection among the blacks. So that literally the slaves settle up scores, by keeping their masters in slavery. Such is the condition of the Spanish Creoles.

Bonaire, March 13th, 1843.

We are fast at anchor, at the island of Bonaire, and I am going to give you a sort of journal of the voyage, which certainly forms a queer episode in the history of my life. On Saturday, the 25th of February, I got my trunks and bags ready, and was waiting only for my passport to be prepared, which had been ordered the day before. The captain sent me word that he should sail in two hours, (it being then about ten o'clock,) and, accordingly, having received my passport about half past eleven, I put my trunks into a boat, and pushed off for the ship. Getting out into the bay, conceive of my mortification, disappointment, and vexation, at seeing my vessel sailing away, a mile from me, at least, and just passing the Morro Castle, in her way out. To give chase was perfectly hopeless; for a few moments, I believed that she was waiting for me outside, as her mainsail was thrown back. I instantly commenced pursuit, but in a minute afterwards she filled away again, and was off with a brisk wind. I returned very sorrowfully to the hotel; for, having made up my mind to go, paid my bills, taken leave of my friends, and gone through the excitement and fatigue of getting away, it was peculiarly disagreeable to be balked in this manner. However, I comforted myself as well as I could, had my trunks taken to my chamber again, and lay down on my bed, completely worn out with heat, fatigue, and vexation. I had not been there ten minutes, before

H. S. rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Why, Cleveland, what are you thinking of? your ship is waiting for you." Without stopping to ask any questions, I sprang from the bed, called to the servant to take the trunks again, and in five minutes more I was in a boat, with two men to pull the oars, and a sail hoisted, and dashing down the bay, leaving my host, Mr. West, to fight my battles with two petty custom-house officers, who came to the wharf after my things were in the boat, and insisted on my taking them out, to be searched. I had pushed off, and thus cut the Gordian knot of the dispute, as far as I was concerned myself. Fairly in the track, S. explained to me, that the captain of the Velasco had left word for me at the quay, that he was going outside of the Morro, for fear the wind might change, and prevent his getting out, and that he would wait for me outside; it was merely through S.'s kindness that I received this message. It took us a good hour's sailing, before we reached the vessel, which was hove to, a mile outside of the Morro. I soon transferred myself and luggage to the Velasco, bade farewell to S., and away we went, dancing over the sea, with a fine breeze, and all sails set.

No sooner had I got fairly on board, and waved my last farewell to S., as he returned in the boat, than I began to reconnoitre, with no small interest, my new residence, in which at least a month was to be passed. I found everything extremely satisfactory. There was a large cabin on deck, like the

Ellsworth's, only about twice as large, and a convenient state-room, with two berths in it, allotted to my use. A window opened into the upper berth, and I chose this to sleep in, using the lower as a bureau for my clothes. In half an hour I had arranged my things to my mind, and set up my household gods; and the little state-room already began to have a home-like aspect. Dinner was served soon after, and I found that everything was neat and well cooked, and that there need be no culinary apprehensions for the voyage.

The voyage was most delightful; no storms, no head winds, scarcely any calms; the weather beautiful all the time, and with a cooling breeze, it felt every day like a summer's day at Nahant. The distance we have sailed is about two thousand miles greater than it would have been to sail from Havana to Boston; for although Bonaire is only about a thousand miles, in a direct line, from Havana, we were obliged to come a round-about way to get here; so that we have traversed a little more than sixteen hundred miles. Bonaire is to the eastward of Cuba, and we could not steer directly for it, because the head winds blow steadily from the east. We steered north, at first, as far as the northern point of the island of Abaco, keeping, part of the way, in sight of the coast of Florida. This brought us out of the way of the trade winds. Then we steered eastward, till we came nearly into the longitude of Bonaire, when we directed our course southerly, sailed between St. Domingo and Porto Rico, getting a near view

of the latter, and arrived at Bonaire in a little less than fifteen days from the time we left Havana; thus making the passage in about two thirds of the usual time.

When we had been out just one week, I was walking the deck a little after sunset, when my attention was attracted by a singular appearance in the western sky. At the first moment, my thought was, that it was a lunar rainbow, partly formed, but an instant after I saw that there were no clouds, and that it could not be. It extended in a clear column of light, like the aurora, from the horizon to a height of about twenty degrees; yet we watched it for nearly an hour, when it disappeared, without observing more than this solitary column of light. It did not act like the aurora, and was not in the right part of the heavens, being in the south-west; or, as the mate expressed it, it was about "a-beam of sunset." It died away in the course of an hour, and I thought no more of it. The next evening, to the astonishment of all of us, there was the same bright column of light; it was higher up in the heavens, and we now perceived that it did not shoot up from the horizon, but terminated in a bright star, or ball of fire; and we concluded, that it must be a comet of greater size, in appearance at least, than any which had ever before visited our system. Sublime, indeed, did the mystery seem to us, of this fiery phantom of the night, which had thus all suddenly appeared in our firmament, unheralded by astronomical prophecies, unheard of, unexpected.

How impenetrable to us is its appearance ; we, a separated speck of human life, cut off from all intercourse with men, on a boundless sea. How I have longed, and now long, to break the spell — to know what it is, whence it comes, and why ; even the most vague speculations, from men of intelligence, would be satisfactory to me. How I long to know what the astronomers say of it — why they did not know of its coming ; whether it has ever before been seen, or whether it has been flying in its immeasurable orbit since the creation, and has only now, for the first time, reached our universe, and come to claim a fellowship with the sun and the stars. It impresses me with a feeling of awe, which is increased, perhaps, by the profound ignorance in which I must remain for the present concerning it. There, nightly, it flames in the western sky, stretching far across the heavens, in the pathway of the stars ; perhaps for countless ages it has been wandering, in infinite space, till it has reached a solitude where creation ceases — a desert of systems, which is beyond the reach of the most distant suns — where the rays from the solar system are wearied out, and fade into darkness, before they pierce the inconceivable distance. Perhaps it has now, for the first time, arrived within the genial circle of created worlds, and is rejoicing in their brightness. Perhaps it will wander again into the unfathomable abyss, and continue to wander, till its next return shall witness the death of creation — the sun blackened in the firmament, the stars shooting madly from their

spheres, the earth shrivelled, and burned with fire, and the nations gathered before their Maker. I shall not be able to hear anything about it, till I reach Havana again. Here I can only learn that it was seen two nights earlier than we observed it, which was the 4th of March. I cannot help thinking of the tumult its appearance will create among Miller's people, and the numbers it will add to his band ; of the consternation and amazement it will cause ; and I could laugh outright, to fancy the wise looks of the astronomers, upon whom the comet seems fairly to have stolen a march.

On Sunday morning, March 12th, when I awoke, on looking out of my state-room I saw the land very near us, and before I could dress myself, I heard the pilot come on board, and soon after the anchor dropped. When I came upon deck, I found that the ship was anchored about a cable's length from the shore ; a long beach, resembling Nahant beach, at high tide, extending several miles on either hand ; the shore before us quite low ; and directly opposite our anchorage a large number of heaps of salt, of conical shape, about twenty feet high and of glittering white, and two or three small huts. There was also near the salt-heaps a pyramid about twenty feet high, looking highly ornamental, and apparently built of salt. I asked the pilot, if that was Lot's wife ; he very gravely assured me that it was not Lot's wife, but that it was placed there to indicate a good anchorage. After breakfast, the captain ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered down and the mast

put in, and he and I got in to sail up to the town, a distance of seven or eight miles, taking the pilot with us. Nothing could be more delightful than this sail; the wind is never lulled here, but blows constantly from the east, and as the coast runs north and south, we of course have always a fair wind, both going to town and returning. The boat went bounding over the waves, and we could see the coral reefs, and trees with full branches all of coral, deep down through the limpid waters, which, if I had not an infirmity of color, I should say were of a beautiful torquoise blue. A little more than an hour of this enchanting sailing brought us to the town, and we fastened our boat at a small wharf just in front of the Governor's house. If you remember the looks of the fishing village at Phillips's Beach, near Nahant, you can form a pretty good notion of the appearance of Bonaire. It consists of twenty or thirty white cottages, straggling without any order or reference to each other along the beach, which is entirely covered, up to the house doors, with loose bits of white coral, just as the higher part of Nahant or Chelsea beach is covered with loose stones. There is no tide in this sea, so it is always high tide. The Governor has the finest house in the town of Bonaire. It is a long, two-story building, covered with white plaster, and quite substantial and comfortable; the family occupy the upper story. Adjoining the house is a small, low fort, mounting three or four guns, but destitute of men. The Governor received us politely, and the captain made his arrangements with him

about loading the ship, the salt belonging to the government. His Excellency is an enormous Dutchman, more than six feet high, and rather good-looking. He speaks English enough to communicate with us, but not enough to satisfy the demands of even the most unpretending grammar. After paying our respects to the Governor, we took a walk through the village. The houses are almost all of one story; the better class built of composition and covered with plaster — the poorer ones are a sort of ozier-work, consisting of long poles woven together like a basket, and filled in with mud; and these have all a high fence and gate in front, which reminded me very much of the descriptions of Robinson Crusoe's fortifications round his hut. These houses are scattered about at small distances from each other, without the slightest attempt at order or symmetry, and ingenuity itself would be puzzled to trace anything like a street. We got a luncheon at the house of the pilot who accompanied us. Fancy us in a mud cottage, seated at a table spread with salt fish, boiled eggs, cheese, bread, and water, making a most hearty meal of it; the pilot's wife, a queer-looking old Dutch woman, contemplating us with great benevolence of expression, though unable to speak a word of our language; her daughter also in the room, a very pleasing and handsome girl, a little taller than I am, tending upon the table, and at intervals spinning cotton thread with a true old-fashioned distaff, such as I have seen in pictures, but never saw in use before; and a number of grim-

looking females, half Indian, and half mulatto, looking at us, evidently with great satisfaction.

This island produces nothing but salt ; from the want of rain no crop can be raised here. There are plenty of goats, who browse among the hills, and a few pigs, but the inhabitants are obliged to depend upon Curaçoa even for their bread. They have no fruits, wild or cultivated ; nothing, indeed, which would prevent a man from starving, as far as the productiveness of the soil is concerned. Yet the island has not a desolate look ; the hills, which stretch along the northern part, are very pretty and quite green, being overgrown with a low tree or bush, which flourishes here in spite of the want of water. In the afternoon we returned to the ship. It had been my intention to remain at the town while the ship was loading ; but I found that no one could give me a lodging, and that I should be infinitely more comfortable on board, even if I could have found accommodations in the town.

15th. Monday was employed, on board ship, in throwing out the ballast and making everything ready to receive the cargo, while a number of people were employed on shore in getting the boats in order and building out a little wharf from the beach. And when I first looked out on Tuesday morning, a busy scene was before me. A large gang of men and women had come down from the village, by the orders of the Governor, to help load, and were already at work by sunrise. I went on shore, to see the way they manage. Two men shovel the salt, in the

first place, into a barrel, because it is sold by the barrel, and they keep an account of the number. As fast as it is thus measured, it is poured out upon the ground, and then two other men keep at work, shovelling it into canvas bags, which hold a little more than half a bushel each. As fast as each bag is filled, a woman takes it on her head and carries it down upon the wharf, where she tosses bag and all into a boat lying along-side. There are eighteen women employed thus in carrying the bags. There are two men in each boat; and as soon as they have got in a load, they haul the boat to the ship, by means of a hawser, which is passed from the ship to the wharf. As soon as they get to the ship, they hand the bags up, one at a time, to two other men, who are on a staging over the side, and they hand it to two more in the ship, who empty it into the hold, and throw the empty bags back into the boat which brought the salt. The boat is then hauled back to the wharf, and the women take the bags and carry them up to the salt-heap, to be filled again. Three or four boats are thus kept going all the time, so that the salt is incessantly pouring into the ship. The men and women employed for this work are not whites, neither are they negroes; they are darker than mulattoes, most of them. They are of a mixed breed, composed of native Indians, negroes, mulattoes, &c. &c., in all degrees. Many of the women are very pretty; their features are regular, and not at all like the negroes—for I have not seen any thick lips or noses among them. They are very

handsomely formed too, and their skin has that same smoothness and polish which you noticed in Keokuck, and the other Indian warriors. I have been on shore a good deal, for the place about here is very curious. I have had some delightful bathing here, plunging out into the sea, and riding back on the comb of the waves. The salt-heaps greatly resemble the snow when it is hardened with a stony crust; the outer shell being so hard that it has to be broken with a pickaxe. Behind the beach are the salt-pans. These are shallow pools, extending over a great many acres. The water deposits the salt, and evaporates, leaving a crust of white salt three or four inches thick at the bottom of the pans. This water is not supplied by the sea, but from springs, which abound here, and is a great deal saltier than the seawater, and of a deep crimson color, so that you have a lake of crimson before you.

Saturday, March 18th. The Governor invited the captain and me to accompany him to a plantation which he is making, in the north of the island, for the cultivation of the cochineal. This invitation was just what we wanted, as the expedition would take us into the higher grounds and show all the varieties of the island, and it was impossible to go without such an invitation; because the only horses in the island apparently belong to the Governor; at least it is impossible to hire any. On Thursday morning we got into the boat and sailed down to the town, and went immediately to the Governor's house. The horses were soon ready, and off we went, the

captain and an old Dutch gentleman from Curaçoa on horseback, and his excellency and myself in a queer old rickety chaise, in shape and contrivance very much like those which we use at Boston. The road was excellent, as the soil appears to be a hard gravel all over the island. The whole country, as far as we could see it along the road, was covered with a thick growth of dwarf trees, or bushes, plentifully interspersed with a species of cactus tree, about twenty feet high, very ugly, and resembling in color a dead poplar. The whole tree resembles a gigantic candelabrum with the candles in it; for the trunk grows up about four or five feet, and then shoots out into a dozen or twenty branches, which rise up perpendicularly, like the candles in the candelabrum. It is entirely covered with thorns like the prickly pear, and appears to be of nearly the same consistency. I observed that the branches of this tree were used to make fences. After a drive of nearly two hours, we came in sight of the sea on the north side of the island, and descending the hill we found ourselves in one of the most extraordinary places I ever saw. We were on a plain raised but a few feet above the level of the sea, about half a mile wide, and stretching away to the north and south as far as the eye could reach. On one side it was washed by the sea, which was breaking up in foam and spray all along the shore; on the other side it was bounded by a ridge or inaccessible wall of rocks two hundred feet high, with here and there some large crag standing out from the mass in lonely gran-

deur, the whole worn and hollowed in, as if the waters of the sea had beat against it for ages. I have no doubt, from appearances, that these rocks, at some remote period, formed the shore of the island, and that the plain we were riding over was then the bottom of the sea. It was a dead level, with the exception of here and there some huge rock rising up suddenly, and a scene of more wild and desolate grandeur I have scarcely ever seen. Most of the plain is a perfect desert, not of sand, but of gravel, and small rocks lie scattered as the ocean left them the last time it washed over them.

The Governor has chosen a part of this plain, where there appears to be some soil, for his plantation; and he has chosen that particular spot, because the only spring of water in the island gushes from the wall of rock above it. On a projecting ledge, or shelf, part way up this wall, the Governor has built a small house, which is reached from the plain by two lofty flights of steps. Near the house is the spring. There is a grotto, or cavern, running directly into the hill side, for a distance of twenty or thirty feet, and high enough for a man to walk into it. At the extremity of the cavern, the water flows from the living rock. It runs in a small stream through the grotto, and is then conducted into an artificial reservoir, from which it is taken to water the grounds. The plantation has no trees yet, of any size, though a number have been set out. The whole plain is rolled smooth, like a brick-kiln, and planted at intervals, all over, with the

prickly pear, or something closely resembling it. The grounds extend, perhaps, over forty or fifty acres; and if the experiment succeeds, the cochineal will yield a revenue of forty thousand dollars a year. It is only a year since the operations were begun, however, and it will require two more, before they can put the cochineal insect upon the plants. We took a luncheon at the house, and returned in the afternoon, quite tired out, but well pleased with the experiences of the day. And now we have taken in all the cargo, and to-night we are to sail for Curaçoa, where we are to stop a day or two, just to see the lions. And this night, I feel, for the first time, that I am going homeward. A long way I have to travel, indeed; nearly or quite four thousand miles, but every step is to bring me nearer home, and I date my return from this day.

Wednesday, March 22d. Once more upon the boundless waters. The sun is shining bright; the winds are blowing fresh, and the canvass swells from the mast, in "silent marble sails." The foam dashes up from the bows of the ship, and falls around us in diamond spray. We are flying before the trade winds, royals set, and studding-sails aloft and aloft, measuring the ocean, at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles a day. On Saturday night, we left Bonaire for Curaçoa, and, about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, took a pilot on board, to conduct us into port. No sooner had we passed the castle, at the mouth of the bay, than we were boarded by people from half a dozen different boats.

First were the custom-house officers, making the usual official visit; then the American consul; then some officer from an American ship of war, who came to see if we had any late papers to spare them: besides these were brokers and newsmongers, butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers — *id genus omne*—who are ready to pounce upon every new coming vessel, the moment it arrives. It is remarked by naturalists, that no part of creation is destitute of animal life. In the same way, it appears to me, that there is no condition, situation, or occupation, without the right sort of people to fill it. Thus, there is an entire class of persons, living in seaports, destined to blink and crawl about coming and departing vessels, totally different from sailors, and of whose very existence we should be ignorant, if we did not go through the experiences, such as I am now meeting.

I was exceedingly pleased with Curaçoa. I cannot give any intelligible description of it, as the city is somewhat complicated in its plan; but will try to present some of the most remarkable features. In the first place, it is kept very neat, which is a great charm. The captain, who has been in Holland, tells me, that it looks exactly like the cities there, and it certainly has one purely Dutch attribute; for, like Albany, in Morse's Geography, "the inhabitants are all standing with their gable ends on the streets." The houses are of a light yellow color, with green blinds, and balconies, and the streets have a most picturesque look, yet entirely

European. I can show you, in the landscape-annuals, half a dozen views of streets, which might stand for those in Curaçoa. There are a great many very fine and stately mansions, for the place had anciently an extensive trade, and though the commerce has greatly declined, there is still no outward appearance of decay, except in one very remarkable house which we visited. In company with the consul, we walked up a long and beautiful street, which runs by the sea-shore. The houses on the sea side of this street, are very delightful residences. They stand back a good way from the street, and have neat little shady gardens in front. Passing through the house, you find another neat little garden, terraced upon the sea-shore; so that from the back door you may toss a pebble into the water. The sea is tideless, and the surf thus comes rolling up to the garden's edge, at all times; so that you never have any of the disagreeable effects of low tide. Remember, too, that the trade wind is blowing always, and that these delicious gales sweep through the houses day and night, making the climate, though only ten degrees north of the equator, as cool as Nahant. In this street stands a ruined palace, formerly the residence of the Governor. The building is about a hundred and fifty feet long, and of very handsome architecture. It has been deserted for about fifteen years; and the windows have fallen in, the grounds run to waste, and the extensive out-buildings fallen in ruins. Houses are absurdly cheap in Curaçoa. One of the

most splendid in the city, which looked to me, at a distance, as large as ——'s, in Beacon street, in perfect repair, and richly finished, was sold the other day for twelve hundred dollars. The hotel at which we staid, quite a handsome three-story building, in the most frequented part of the city, is hired for two hundred and eighty dollars a year. All other expenses are in proportion.

There is an establishment for invalids, about six miles from the city; a neat plantation, where you have board, washing, and horses and carriages at command, for eleven dollars a week. Or, you may hire a good house, nicely furnished, and servants to take care of it, for nine dollars a week. A thousand dollars a year is a large income here; and a man who possesses a hundred thousand dollars, is in about the relative position of a millionaire in our country. I have never seen anything more picturesque and beautiful, than the harbor of Curaçoa. The entrance is so narrow, that only one vessel can pass in at a time, and the bay runs back for a mile, not wider than the Charles River at Cambridge. The shores, on both sides, are low, and the city is built on both sides; in fact, the bay resembles, exactly, a broad canal, cut through the middle of the city. All along the quay, on both sides, are very nice, clean, flat-bottomed boats, on purpose to convey passengers across this canal, or bay, which you may hire for a couple of cents. After running back about a mile from the sea, this narrow bay, or inlet, breaks through a high wall of hills: and here the

shores become very romantic, being steep, inaccessible cliffs. Having forced its way through these cliffs, it spreads out into a beautiful inland lake, at least five miles wide; its shores dotted with pretty country seats and plantations, and the waters so deep that ships of war may sail up into it.

Havana, April 3d.

Here I am, again, established in comfort and safety, at West's hotel. We left Curaçoa, the afternoon of the 20th of March, Monday; and the next Saturday morning we came in sight of Jamaica, and all that day were sailing along the beautiful northern coast of that island, so near, that we could see plainly the neat villages and plantations, forests and valleys, which slope down to the water; and the fine chain of mountains rising behind them, their summits lost in the clouds. These mountains reminded me very much of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. Another week's sailing brought us to Havana. We came into port yesterday afternoon, and, as soon as possible, I came on shore for my letters. Oh, what a wilderness — or, rather, what a paradise, of them I found.

Barque Velasco, March 26, 1843.

It is Sunday, and as lovely a morning as ever bloomed in Paradise. We are sailing westward, along the northern coast of Jamaica, which we have

had in sight ever since six o'clock yesterday morning. The view of the island was very beautiful yesterday, for we were nearer the shore than we are to-day, and could plainly distinguish the houses and villages, hills and valleys, green forests and open fields. Behind the gentle slopes which came down to the shore, arose a chain of mountains whose peaks were lost in the clouds. To-day we have left these mountains in the dim distance; the coast nearest to us is lower, and we are so far from it, that it is blue with the distance. When the sun goes down, we shall see no more than a blue speck to the eastward. Nothing can be more delightful than this weather. It is the climate of Nahant in summer. The thermometer stands at eighty-three, but a delicious breeze is fanning us, so that there is no inconvenience from the heat. Ever since leaving home, I have devoted my Sundays to different objects from those which occupy me on the week-days; which is particularly agreeable in a country where there is no church that I can attend, and where the business and amusements of life go on the same as other days; but peculiarly is this difference to be observed at sea, where, from the dreamy kind of life one is tempted to lead, it is hard even to keep account of the days, or to remember when Sunday does come. I generally, unless particularly interrupted, pass my Sundays with my friends at home; and happy days they are to me. In the first place, though at sea, I dress myself with care and neatness. Then, after breakfast, I generally read to myself the morning service

in the prayer-book, with the appropriate lessons for the day from the Bible; and this brings me directly home to those I best love. For, from frequent repetition, having the service almost by heart, it is inseparably associated in my mind with those who have heard and read it with me. Well-remembered scenes rise up in my thoughts, and the memory of happy days that have been, and happy days that are to come, beam gladly upon me. Besides which, it is pleasant to think that those dear ones who are thus present before me, are in reality at the same time employed in the same manner, and perhaps reading the very words which my eye dwells upon. After this, I get out the letters which I have received, reserving this day particularly to read them over; this also as it were brings me immediately into the presence of dear friends. . . . I like, too, to write to my friends on Sundays; and thus I pass the day very differently from the week-days. I find the advantage in it too; for the next day I return with a refreshed mind to my studies, which of course I have pursued with regularity ever since I left home.

I have had a most delightful voyage thus far. The weather has been perfect; no storms, no head winds, no calms; but halcyon seas and skies, and prosperous breezes. The ship is large, and the cabin is on deck, so that we have a delightful air all the time, day and night. I am the only passenger, and have the cabin pretty much to myself, besides a very comfortable state-room. Everything is kept very neat; and, in short, it has been the very poetry of sailing.

You know I am never sea-sick ; and I have been able to study and read to my heart's content. . . .

I have had a delightful time to study and read during the voyage, and have been able to accomplish a great deal. Indeed, I think that if I had no wife nor child, nor any dear friends, and no heart — a considerable accumulation of negatives to be sure — I would spend the next six years in making voyages to China and back, merely for the sake of study ; and so dawn upon the world at the respectable age of forty, the most learned of mankind ; for it seems to me that six years of such kind of studying as I have kept up on this, would put me in possession of all the learning of the earth, and I should probably at the same time enjoy the pleasure of presenting to the world, in my own person and attainments, a species of marine monster so utterly new and grotesque that the very ghost of Cuvier would come back upon the earth to study me.

Havana, April 6, 1843.

Since my return to Havana I am more than ever impressed with the difference which one feels in the luxury of time between ship and shore. Here I am with nothing to do ; that is, I mean, with no business to absorb me, no duties to bind, no tasks to accomplish ; and yet every moment seems to be occupied, and I have a sensation of hurry from morning till night. I get no time to read or study ; and scarcely enough to write my letters. The fact is, it

is impossible to go through life as some men are said to go through college, without touching. We must feel something of the heat, and bear away some of the dust of the great arena on which so many fierce champions are contending. During the voyage, I revelled in the luxury of time; and as time is money, I felt immensely rich. I read a great many books, having been fortunate both in borrowing and buying a good collection. I received during the winter several numbers of the "New World," in two of which I found the greater portion of a book of Macaulay's, which interested me a good deal — "The Lays of Ancient Rome." I found only the introduction, with the lay of Horatius Cocles, and the lay of the battle of Lake Regillus. I shall not be able to get the rest till I arrive in New Orleans. I was pleased with the introductory remarks upon the early Roman literature, which has perished; and they appeared to me correct and philosophical, though perhaps they exaggerate a little the value of that literature. I am much inclined to think, that, as far as literary merit is concerned, Macaulay's "lays" are worth more than all those ancient ballads put together. His poetry seemed very good and quite interesting. But, with all deference to the distinguished name of Macaulay, I will venture to remark, that I do not think he has conceived them in a very classic spirit; they seem to me, in the sentiment and spirit as well as language, to be English ballads written about Rome. The painting is too vivid and too minute. I fancy that the ancient Ro-

man ballads, if there ever were any, must have described events, not as pictures but as bas-reliefs; with the simple light and shade of sculpture, not the colors of a fresco; with the plain, unvaried surface, not the lengthened and changing perspective. However, it is the easiest thing in the world to make theories about the classic spirit, and the most difficult thing to attain that spirit, or even to say distinctly what it is; and I am wandering beyond my depth in this criticism. I cannot help reflecting what a fine thing it is, to see a man so much engaged in state affairs as Macaulay undoubtedly still is, finding leisure in the midst of all, for these sparkling literary efforts; and I certainly think that the composition of these lays of ancient Rome is one of the boldest attempts of these times — a failure is so easy, and success so difficult. When I read the title, I thought the whole was a quiz; and I was obliged to read a long way to convince myself that the author would be able to sustain himself.

New Orleans, April 17th, 1843.

Here I am, once more, on the soil of my dear native land. I am utterly surprised to find how delighted I am to get here. I had no idea, that it could have such an effect upon me. Yesterday we came to the wharf, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and in half an hour I was safely and comfortably established, in one of the best hotels I ever saw. It positively seemed to me as if I was in Par-

adise, to be once more in the land of my own language — to see civilized-looking streets, with sidewalks, and carriages, such as I have seen at home. Yesterday was Easter. I was only disappointed in arriving too late to go to church; for I had made all my calculations for more than a month past, in reference to it. But for all that, I will say that it was the happiest day I have passed since my departure from home, the sad 6th of November; for yesterday, for the first time, I had a sense of getting home; I realized, for the first time, that I was to return, and be with you once more.

Everything happened to make me leave Havana with a light and happy heart. In the first place, I got a letter from R. E., saying that he should wait for me in New Orleans, and would go up the river with me. Then I felt some misgiving about getting to New Orleans, even so early as the 15th of April; for the steam packet, which arrived at Havana on the 9th, had left people sitting by their fires in New Orleans, on the 1st. Mr. S. tried very hard, to persuade me to stay longer, but I was very anxious to come; and, having consulted several New Orleans' people, I found that I might reasonably run the risk, and so engaged my passage in the steamer *Alabama*, to leave on the 11th. But the day before I sailed, a vessel arrived at Havana, from here, and brought the news that the warm weather had set in. On Tuesday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, we sailed, or rather steamed, out of Havana bay; and, to complete my satisfaction that I had decided to

come, the captain mentioned at tea, that evening, that the yellow fever was very prevalent in Havana, and that fourteen new cases had occurred the day before; so it seemed as if I had escaped from danger. Knowing my contempt for a steamer, and my dislike at a crowd of passengers at sea, you will wonder that I attempted to go in the steamer. I did so from necessity, as there was no other chance for a week, and I was very eager to be off. I was not sorry for the chance, as I thought I could conjecture by this passage, how I should like a passage to Europe in a steamer. After the spacious accommodations of the Velasco, it seemed almost narrowing down to the small necessities of the tomb, when I had to put myself and luggage into a little state-room, just the size of those for two people, in our Providence boats.

I got along with tolerable comfort, though the servants were good for nothing, and the living detestably bad. I found that a steamer at sea, had no more power over my *seasickables*, than a sailing vessel. I had no approach to sickness. The boat was crowded, and I concluded that I could stand anything in the way of European packets, after that. The passage was very long. It would have been a good passage to have arrived Friday evening — a fair one, if we had got here Saturday morning — Saturday evening would have been a long passage. Saturday morning we were in the mouth of the Mississippi, having been detained all night, and a great part of the day before, in a fog. But the sun dis-

pelled it, and, by eight o'clock on Saturday morning, we were puffing our way on the Father of waters. The banks were low, and the river full; yet, these low, muddy banks looked beautiful to me. They were covered with a rich turf of white clover, which perfumed the river. You know they have no grass in Cuba; and you cannot conceive how beautiful this seemed to me. I got, too, a breath of spring; for the trees along the banks had put forth their foliage, within a fortnight; and after the old age of summer, in Cuba, this youth of nature was like a glimpse of the abodes of the blest. Some characteristics of western population, too — for we saw a huge alligator crawling along the shore. Saturday night we were stopped again by fog, and did not get under weigh till eight in the morning, yesterday. Arriving here, I find the climate not perceptibly different from that at Havana; and, to complete my satisfaction, saw strawberries for sale in the market, and we had green peas for dinner; and you know Dr. M. told me to keep along with the green peas and strawberries.

I am happier, and feel better in health, than at any time since I left home.

New Orleans, May 3.

And now, I am sitting down to write my last from the Crescent City; for next Sunday we embark in the steamer Missouri, for the good city of St. Louis. And before I go, I must give you some account of this famous place, in the appearance and

comforts of which, I have been most agreeably disappointed.

The appearance of the banks of the Mississippi, as we came up, in many places reminded me of the Delaware, where the banks are low, below Burlington ; and believe me the resemblance was delightful to me. There were the same homely-looking farm houses, with cattle about them, seeming vastly more comfortable than their owners ; and pretty, rich pastures, with back-grounds of dark forests. Groves of live oak skirted the river along ; and I think them among the most beautiful trees I have ever seen. They are evergreens, which I did not know before, and resemble a gigantic apple tree. The leaf is small and graceful, resembling the olive greatly. As we approached the city, the banks of the river were lined with sugar plantations. Most of the houses on them are very pretty, and embowered in groves of live oak, magnolia, and cotton trees ; which last are not the tree which produces the cotton, but a stately, spreading, fine forest tree. Why it is so named, I know not.

I can give you very easily, I think, an idea of New Orleans, as I approached it from below. Only imagine yourself going to Philadelphia, in the steamboat from Burlington, and that the Delaware, at the spot where the city stands, instead of running straight, bends round into a semicircle, and you have a complete idea of the appearance of New Orleans, as you come up the river. It looks much

more like our northern cities than I expected; the streets, shops, dwelling-houses, sidewalks, churches, &c., &c., are all perfectly American in their appearance. But what seems very strange is, that walking in a certain direction along any of the principal streets, I find myself, after passing the distance of half a mile from my hotel, in a French town. The outward appearance of things has not perceptibly changed, except that some slight differences in architecture may be discovered. But every one about me, men, women, and children, negroes and white, all are speaking French. The ladies are dressed in French style; the names of the streets, and the signs on the shops, are in French. I have changed, in fifteen minutes, from Yankee-land to France. The effect is strange, and almost bewildering. It seems, exactly, like the changes of a dream. It is said, that for the amount of shipping, New Orleans is the second city in the world. And it is, certainly, a majestic sight, to see six miles of shipping, lying three deep, against the levée, of the most superb palaces of ships and steamboats. There are very few buildings which have a foreign look, and none are remarkable. Indeed, there is nothing remarkable in the looks of the city, except the crescent form, and the majestic river which rolls by it. The Mississippi is not broader at New Orleans, than the Delaware at Philadelphia. It looks very different, however, from the Delaware, or any other river I ever saw. In the majestic roll of its waters, it

impresses you with its kingly power. It has a royal look, of irresistible force. The banks of other rivers attract your attention, and form half their beauty; here they are nothing — you do not think of them — you find enough to fill your mind in the waters themselves. The gem is so vast, and so priceless, that you forget the setting. Your head grows dizzy, and your heart faints, at the contemplation of this awful strength; and, as you look, the whirling torrents, bright and glassy through their very swiftness, seem to have a power to rivet and fascinate the eye. You can think of nothing else, when you stand in the presence of the Father of the waters. I crossed the river, yesterday, in a skiff, pulled by two men; and it seemed almost a profanation to venture, in so frail a craft, on the mighty stream: nothing but the noble ships, and these huge floating palaces of steamboats, seem worthy to float on its waters.

There are some beautiful roads leading out from New Orleans, in a northerly direction, about seven or eight miles, which I have several times driven over, in company with M. The first is along the banks of a canal, and is one of the finest roads I ever saw, being made with shells, immense quantities of which are found near lake Ponchartrain. The road is as smooth as a fine gravel avenue, and looks very much like those in Mr. Cushing's place, being almost white. On the right hand, as you go from the city, is the canal, and on the other side, a

dense forest, growing out of an impenetrable swamp. The canal leads to lake Ponchartrain; so does the road. We could not see the lake, till just before we came to it, because the country is a dead level. There is no such thing as a hill, for hundreds of miles around. And I have been told that it is very difficult to make the natives here understand what kind of a thing it is. They cannot form a correct notion of it. Lake Ponchartrain is a magnificent inland sea, bounded only by the horizon.

One morning I went with a friend, to visit the battle-ground. Now, as all the details of the battle were entirely new to me, I will take it for granted that they are so to you; and proceed accordingly. In the first place, then, the battle was not fought at New Orleans, but four miles below, which I did not know before. Then, the British troops did not come up the Mississippi, but across the country. The English sailed from the Gulf of Mexico into lake Borgne, and then came along the canal, in their pinaces, to Villeré's plantation, which is about nine miles from New Orleans. The people in the city did not know which way they would approach; whether by the river, or across the country; and were, of course, very anxious. The first that was known of them was, that the heads of their columns were seen coming up to Villeré's house, on the side towards lake Borgne. Mr. Villeré had just time to jump out of the window, on the other side. A horse happened to stand at the gate, ready saddled, and

he sprung upon him, and rode off towards the city, with the musket balls flying after him, and was the first to give notice of the approach of the enemy. The Americans then marched down four miles, and made an entrenchment from the river to an impenetrable swamp, about a mile from it; and there the battle was fought. For the number of troops engaged, it was one of the most deadly that was ever fought. The fire of the Americans, from behind their entrenchments, was not in volleys, but was one incessant volley; one ceaseless roll of fire. The British troops behaved with almost inconceivable courage, but they were mowed down like the harvest before the hand of the reaper. Some of them succeeded in reaching the intrenchment, and one brave fellow even mounted upon it, but they were swept away instantly. Between twenty-five hundred and three thousand of the British were killed, while the Americans lost but thirteen. I went with a friend of Mr. Villeré, and breakfasted with him at his plantation. He is an old man, or rather past the middle age, now. He was very hospitable and pleasant, and gave us many details about the battle. His house was used as Packenham's head-quarters, till the day of the battle. In the garden, he showed us the graves of thirty-two British officers. Many rusty old cannon balls were lying about, and he told us, that they constantly turned them up, in ploughing in the plantation. I have been at no loss for occupation and amusement since I have been here, having

many friends and acquaintances. But I shall be glad to leave. I long, with unspeakable desire, to get home, and feel that I shall never get well till I am at home. I shall be with you the first week in June; nearer than this I cannot say.

THE END.

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